THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

By R. Cobden-Sanderson

'Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.' By John Beresford.

'Poems of Charles Cotton: 1630–1687.' Edited by John Beresford.

THE REVEREND JAMES WOODFORDE

By Samuel Woodforde, R.A.

THE

DIARY

OF A

COUNTRY PARSON:

THE REVEREND

JAMES WOODFORDE.

1758–1781.

EDITED BY JOHN BERESFORD.

LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD,
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TO

LORD FITZMAURICE

OF LEIGH

In Memory of many Good

Talks of HISTORY, BOOKS,

and MEN

in a Wiltshire Garden.

PREFATORY NOTE

The Diary of the Reverend James Woodforde covers nearly every single day of the long stretch of years from 1758 to 1803. It is written in a handwriting as clear as print, almost as small, and much more closely compressed, and the manuscript runs through some sixty-eight booklets. Were the whole to be printed, it would hardly be contained within less than a dozen stout volumes. This remarkable manuscript is in private hands, and its very existence is unknown even to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, who have cast their invaluable net over most of the private collections in this country.

My introduction to the Diary has been made through my friend, Dr. R. E. H. Woodforde, of Ashwell, Herts, the great-great-great-nephew of the Reverend James Woodforde, who now possesses the manuscript, and who, with much kindness, has allowed me to read it through and take extracts from it.[1]

I have dealt with the characteristics of the Diarist and the Diary in the Introduction, but there is one overriding characteristic which I wish to emphasize at the outset. The Reverend James Woodforde was not in his own day a great or even a distinguished man, whatever place he may take hereafter in the world of letters. The passion

[1] Dr. Woodforde possesses numerous portraits, records, and ancestral relics of the Woodforde family. I am indebted to him for much genealogical and other information.

for notoriety is wholly absent. In the concluding words of a famous sonnet—'tranquillity is here'. To me this country voice, till now as unknown and as mute as those immortalized in Gray's *Elegy*, came with a wonderful and contrasting freshness.

One word as to my editorial method is necessary. As I have explained, if the Diary were to be printed in its entirety, a dozen stout volumes at least would be required. One day I hope the whole Diary will thus be presented to the world. Meanwhile my transcriptions are sufficiently full, frequent, and continuous to present the character of the Diarist and his time in very intimate detail. In order to accomplish the essential project of a continuous narrative, I have linked up intervening periods of days, weeks, or months, where necessary, with a brief account of what was happening in those intervening periods. And in the same way I have interspersed, though as rarely as possible—and more and more rarely as the Diary proceeds, such explanations of the historical scene as seemed likely to assist the reader. Had the present edition of the Diary been a day to day transcription, this method would for the most part have been unnecessary, and foot-notes could have accomplished much, though by no means all, that an editor should supply: for instance, the Diarist's career at Oxford would not be intelligible without some account of the University system in the eighteenth century, a subject altogether beyond the scope of a foot-note (see pp. 158–62). In a work of this character I would rather not be distracted frequently by those compelling foot-notes which one hates to read and fears to miss. If the reader dislikes

me, he can see me coming, skip me, and proceed with the Diary. Only he must be careful how he skips, because in so doing he may lose the thread of the narrative.

I have adhered to the Diarist's spelling, which in accordance with eighteenth-century idiosyncrasy in this matter, was by no means consistent, especially in the case of proper names.

This volume covers the period 1758–81. If public appreciation and support are forthcoming, a second volume will carry on the narrative through the years which follow, years pregnant with war, with peace, with the French Revolution, with the wars, excursions, and alarums arising therefrom—rippling even to a Country Rectory,—and with the vanishing stream of human things, as viewed by that lovable being, the Reverend James Woodforde.

JOHN BERESFORD.

Ashwell End,
Baldock, Herts.
Christmas, 1923.

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Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

(*Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*)

INTRODUCTION

In the first place it will be convenient if I give some account of the family of the Reverend James Woodforde (1740–1803), specially as it will throw light on how the Diary came to be written at all. For James came of good literary stock. His earliest known ancestor was one John Woodforde of Scaldwell, Co. Northampton, who was living in 1513. His great-great-grandfather, Robert Woodforde (1606–54), Steward of Northampton, kept a diary in the days before the Civil War, a diary parts of which have been published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission.[1] By way of gossip it may be said in passing that this particular diary opens with an entry about a dispute, which had arisen between Robert's wife and Robert's mother, as to the preservation and disposal of some sugar plums. Robert, who was a grave man and of the Puritan persuasion, is much perturbed by this domestic difference, and enters a prayer in his diary that greater discretion may be vouchsafed to his wife in future.

Robert's son was the Reverend Samuel Woodforde, D.D. and F.R.S. (1636–1701) who wrote *A paraphrase upon the Psalms of David*, and numbered among his friends Bishops Ken and Stillingfleet, the Poet Flatman, Cooper the famous Miniature Painter, Gilbert White—grandfather of Gilbert White the Naturalist—Dr. Sprat, Historian of the Royal Society, Dr. Croone, Founder of the Croonian Lectures, Bishop Morley, and—more famous still—Izaak Walton. To Walton Woodforde dedicated two poems in 1670. Professor Saintsbury refers to him

[1] *H. M. C., Ninth Report*, App. II, 493–9.

in one of those erudite and delightful notes to his *Caroline Poets*.[1] 'Woodford . . . though much forgotten now, must have been something more than an ordinary person. As such he might have been, as he was, a St. Paul's boy and an Oxford (Wadham) man, a member of the Inner Temple, an early F.R.S., and, later, a Canon of Chichester and Winchester. But as such merely he would hardly have been, in the Preface to his *Paraphrases of the Canticles*, the first, and for a long time the only, " ingoing " critic of Milton's blank verse. He does not take quite the right view of it, but it is noteworthy that he should have taken any view of an intelligent character.'

But more interesting and important than all this is the fact that both he and his wife wrote Diaries which I hope, in due course, to have an opportunity of editing.[2]

Samuel's son was Heighes Woodforde (1664–1724), Rector of Epsom, and Canon of Chichester, and his son was Samuel Woodforde (1695–1771), Rector of Ansford and Vicar of Castle Cary in Somerset, whose second son was James, our Diarist. Of James's father we shall hear something in the Diary; he was a good country parson as his father was before him.

It pleases me to think that the Diarist's ancestors were not only, in the best sense, respectable, but learned and good men, and that he clearly owed much to them. I confess to an old-fashioned belief in the profound importance of great-grandfathers; but not in any snobbish sense. Whether a man's great-grandfathers were Dukes or Dustmen is a matter of relatively minor interest; the interest consists in finding out what manner

[1] Vol. iii, p. 306. There is a notice of this Woodforde in the *D. N. B.*

[2] An extract from Samuel's diary appears in my *Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, pp. 55–6 (R. Cobden Sanderson, 1923).

of men the great-grandfathers were, and to what extent their qualities have re-emerged in their descendants. I do not understand a certain modern school of thought which steadfastly ignores the past and, with child-like simplicity, believes it can instantly create something in art, literature, or politics which shall be completely new. It is an impossible theory, for the plain fact is that we cannot escape from the past, and progress consists but in a slow and gradual engrafting. Moreover, a disregard of great-grandfathers is peculiarly inopportune in an age when Science has demonstrated, even in Sweet Peas, the immense importance of pedigree.

But apart from these considerations, the fact that the Diarist's ancestors were what they were is of interest from an historical standpoint. In the famous third chapter of his *History of England*, Lord Macaulay has given a brilliant but devastating description of the condition of the Country Clergy during the latter part of the seventeenth and earlier part of the eighteenth centuries.[1] The Country Rector was in general not regarded as, and indeed was not, a gentleman; 'often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dungcarts, that he could obtain daily bread'; he was ill-informed, and grossly prejudiced, and he was a passionate supporter of the Tories. The great Historian contrasts with the Country Clergy the eminent Divines to be found 'at the Universities, at the great Cathedrals, or in the Capital'. He gives a list of the men who flourished there towards the end of the seventeenth century; and an exceedingly imposing list it is, not the least eminent name being that of Bishop

[1] Although he concentrates on the latter part of the seventeenth century, Macaulay, with a characteristic sweep of the pen, starts with the Reformation and runs into the reign of George II.

Burnet, who is generally acknowledged, by those who have studied his works and his life, to have been a very great man, a very excellent Bishop, and a very good Whig.

It would be not only impertinent but idle to suggest that much that Lord Macaulay says of the Country Clergy is not true. Lecky, while admitting that 'Macaulay greatly understated the number of men of good family that entered the Church, and [that] his picture is, perhaps, in other respects a little over-coloured', endorses 'its substantial accuracy'.[1] On the other hand, those who have made a special study of ecclesiastical history in this period present a less gloomy picture, and suggest that 'the wholesale censure of the whole body of the parochial clergy in the early part of the eighteenth century has been far too sweeping and severe'.[2] The first and most formidable assailant of the Macaulay view of the Country Clergy was Churchill Babington in his brilliant *Mr. Macaulay's Character of the Clergy in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century considered*, which was published in 1849. One of Macaulay's and Lecky's[3] main authorities is Dr. John Eachard, who in 1670 wrote an anonymous pamphlet on the grounds and occasions of the contempt of the Clergy. A careful reading of Eachard's witty work makes it plain that he did not intend every word he said to be taken

[1] Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i, p. 97 (foot-note).

[2] *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, by J. C. Abbey and J. H. Overton, 2 vols., 1878; vol. ii, p. 66. See also Hore's *The Church in England from William III to Victoria*, 1886, vol. i, p. 299, and J. W. Legg, *English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement*, 1914.

[3] Lecky's view, as already indicated, is more moderate than Macaulay's: nevertheless, though he had benefited by Churchill Babington's book, it does not seem to me that he quite adequately appreciated Churchill Babington's scholarly and brilliant criticism.

literally ; his wit is of the Bernard Shaw type, only more amusing and less perverse. Nevertheless Macaulay accepts him implicitly. In a later pamphlet Eachard admits that the state of the Clergy 'does daily considerably improve' ; all he wanted to do was to hasten the process by fruitful criticism, which he made exceedingly humorous.

In short, one is left with an impression that, however true a considerable part of the Macaulay picture may be, it is not the whole picture. There is nothing to suggest that a great number, if not the greater number, of the Country Clergy had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge. In connexion with the latter University that wonderful work by J. and J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, now being issued by the Cambridge University Press, will, in itself, afford a fair corrective of the Macaulay description. Nor would one have supposed that at least eleven of the twenty-two eminent Divines named by Macaulay were at one period of their careers simple Country Parsons,[1] or that men of genius like Robert Herrick and Thomas Traherne spent their lives and died in their Country Parishes, both as it happens in the same year 1674; this is three years before the death of Barrow at Cambridge, with whose name Macaulay begins his list. Certainly, in the years immediately following, the Woodforde family, with its honourable clerical record, repeated through four successive generations,[2] can be cited as a witness, as can the Wesley family, and there are numerous others,[3] that the light of the Anglican Church in the villages was not universally low.

[1] Beveridge, Burnet, Collier, Fowler, Patrick, Pearson, Pococke, South, Stillingfleet, Tenison, and Tillotson. See *D. N. B.*

[2] Samuel Woodforde, D.D., &c., was a Country Parson prior to promotion.

[3] As, for instance, the Burton parsons of the parish of Sutton Montis, Somerset, to whom see a reference hereafter, p. 112.

Of the Diarist himself and his Diary it is necessary to say little: they will speak for themselves. But this much may be said. The key-note of the Diarist's life and character was and is tranquillity. Unlike Pepys he does not move in the great world, and again unlike Pepys he is not minutely interested in himself. With Pepys it is difficult to say which mood is the most entrancing, the mood in which he is absorbed in himself, or the mood in which he throws himself completely into the scenes of which he is a mere spectator. The Reverend James Woodforde holds a middle course. He is not uninterested in himself, and he is clearly interested in all the external affairs which touched his quiet life. Though he is not a man of grand passions or brilliant qualities, his personality is such that the whole Diary is steeped in a unique atmosphere. As you read his daily record, continuously kept for forty-three years, you realize that he is that very rare and beautiful bird—a typical Englishman. For the typical Englishman, in fact, is not every other man who passes in the street, but the man in whom are gathered together those various qualities which compose the national character; and this man is a rare man. The Reverend James Woodforde loved his father and his family and his home with a completely contented love; he loved good food and good drink; he loved sport, specially coursing hares and fishing; he loved a country life; he loved established institutions—therefore he will be found, on the one hand, reverently keeping the religious anniversary of the 'martyrdom' of King Charles I, on January 30th of each year, and, on the other, on the side of liberty and against King George III in the Wilkes controversy; in short, he believed in Parliamentary government and in the Revolution of 1688, and is not a high Tory; he liked Lords but he is no snob;

he liked women but not in the amorous way; he has one love affair, and the girl failing him, he remains a bachelor to his dying day; he is most friendly to his fellow men, without distinction of class, and he is merciful to all animals; finally, in religion, he loved the quiet way, that 'mean between the two extremes' which Bishop Saunderson explains in his beautiful preface to the Book of Common Prayer.

Reading the Diary of the Reverend James Woodforde is like embarking on a long voyage down a very tranquil stream. There is no grand or exciting scenery; there are no rapids, nor is there any ultimate expectation of the sea. But there are green fields on either side, and trees, and a very pleasant murmuring of water; there is the harmony which comes only from controlled movement, and there is peace.

From the historical standpoint, the Diary is of the greatest possible interest as presenting a complete view of English village life in the second half of the eighteenth century. It answers for that period the question which, I must confess, is to me the most interesting question in history—how did plain people actually live their daily lives in the ancestral centuries. It answers the question mainly for village and country life, but there are also intimate views of University life, and life at Bath, Norwich, and elsewhere.

This picture of village life as it was a hundred and fifty years ago is all the more interesting because village life was then the normal life. Mr. George Trevelyan emphasizes this in one of his latest and most excellent books: 'In the life of our day, the characteristic unit is the town, the factory or the trade union. Then it was the country village. Village life embraced the chief daily concerns of the majority of Englishmen. It was the principal

nursery of the national character. The village was not then a moribund society, as in the nineteenth century; nor was it, as in our day, a society hoping to revive by the backwash of life returning to it from the town. It contained no inspected school, imparting a town-made view of life to successive generations of young rustics, preparing for migration to other scenes. City civilization, with its newspapers and magazines, had not supplanted provincial speech and village tradition.' [1]

Although we are concerned with a period separated from us by only five or six generations—our great-grandfathers, or our great-great-grandfathers, are in possession of the stage—it is necessary constantly to remember the prodigious difference in the setting of the whole scene. The following is a bird's-eye view, taken at random during almost any part of the period 1750–1800.

England is governed by the Aristocracy and the King. The Rotten Boroughs return members at their bidding. Only the County Members are rather more free, and even their return is largely dependent on the support of the great lords; moreover, in any case, the county franchise is limited to forty shillings a year freeholders. The Prime Minister is the actual nominee of the King, not of the Party. Only members of the Anglican Church are legally eligible for national or municipal office, or for admittance to the universities; a certain number of Dissenters, however, manage to scrape in through the loophole of occasional conformity or the Indemnity Acts. The criminal law is immensely rigorous, and thefts of the value of 40*s*. or over are punished by death. There are 160 capital offences. Small-pox carries off the thirteenth or

[1] *British History in the Nineteenth Century*, 1782–1901, by G. M. Trevelyan (1922), chap. i.

fourteenth part of each generation.[1] The Slave Trade is regarded as a legitimate commercial enterprise, and slavery itself as a respectable institution. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel owns slaves in Barbadoes, and Whitefield has slaves in Georgia.[2] Men are 'impressed' when necessary for the navy, and, by a variety of means, not seldom forced into the army.[3] France is regarded as the age-long enemy of England. Though the Jacobites cease, after the suppression of the dangerous outbreak of 1745–6, to be a serious political menace, the Catholics are hated or feared by the people, and subject to outbursts of mob violence, as in the Gordon Riots in 1780. The theory of Free Trade is but just born, and high Protection—with the consequent smuggling—is practised universally. 'If', says Lecky, 'the *Wealth of Nations* had been published a century earlier [it appeared in 1776] and if its principles had passed into legislation, it is quite possible that the separation of England and her [American] colonies might have been indefinitely adjourned.'[4] There is no system of public health or public education.

[1] Bernouilli's calculation. Final Report of Royal Commission on Vaccination, p. 13, 1896.

[2] The slave trade was not abolished till 1807, and slavery itself survived till 1833–4. The anti-slavery agitation began in the second half of the eighteenth century, the Quakers, the Evangelicals, and the Poets being the pioneers of the movement.

[3] See in Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Shelburne*, vol. i, p. 417, some interesting correspondence between Chatham and Shelburne on the subject of the Press Warrants issued in the City in 1770–1. Also for an instance of impressing a soldier, *H. M. C.*, *12th Report*, Appendix, Part III, p. 70. Fortescue, speaking of the Seven Years War, says: 'Speaking broadly, it may be asserted that during this war the ranks were filled by compulsion far more than by attraction, and by compulsion so ruthless that recruits would resort to self-mutilation to escape service' (*History of the British Army*, vol. ii, p. 585).

[4] Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv, p. 46, ed. 1896.

In the civil service promotion depends on patronage, and in the army on purchase. There are, of course, no railroads, and the roads, such as they are, are controlled by a net-work of turnpikes. Travelling is by horseback, coach, or post-chaise. The existence of highwaymen adds a certain excitement to long journeys.[1]

This introduction to the Diary of the Reverend James Woodforde may now cease. Henceforth the Diarist shall tell his own story in the extracts from the Diary which I have made. These have been made so as to present a complete story of the principal events in his life, and I have endeavoured to select passages which throw a particular light either on his own character, or the character of his family and his neighbours, or on contemporary events, or on the social life of the time.

Finally it will be well to remember the bare outline of his life. He was born on June 16 (o.s.), 1740, at Ansford in Somerset, of which village his father was Rector, and also Vicar of the much larger village of Castle Cary. He was educated at Winchester College, as his father had been before him. In 1758 he matriculated at Oxford, became a scholar of New College in 1759, and subsequently a Fellow. His Oxford career ends in 1763, when he is ordained. The years from 1763 to 1773 comprise the period of his Somerset Curacies. In 1773 he returns to Oxford, where he resides as a Fellow acting also as a Proctor for most of the time. In 1774 he is presented to the college living of Weston in Norfolk, and after an interval of some eighteen months spent partly at his old home and partly at Oxford, he takes up his residence, and there lives till his death on January 1st, 1803.

[1] 'In 1775 the guard of the Norwich stage was killed in Epping Forest, after he himself had shot dead three highwaymen out of the seven that assailed him to rob the mail' (Mason, *History of Norfolk*, p. 453).

THE DIARY

PART I

OXFORD AND THE SOMERSET CURACIES, 1758–76

THE Diary begins with some entries of account at Oxford, dated October 1758. Here are a few purchases of an eighteenth-century undergraduate.

1758.	Oct. 19.	A pair of Curling Tongs	£0.	2.	8
	Oct. 20.	Two Logick Books	0.	6.	0
	Oct. 25.	Two Bottles of Port Wine	0.	3.	4
	Nov. 6.	A Sack of Coal	0.	4.	9
	Nov. 7.	A Musick Book	0.	1.	6
1759.	May 25.	A New Wigg	1.	1.	0
	June 16.	Had of my Father	1.	1.	0
	June 18.	Nosegays	0.	0.	1
	July 4.	Ester Oratorio	0.	5.	0
	July 5.	Messiah	0.	5.	0
	July 6.	2 White Waistcoats	1.	16.	0

He also notes that he has a 'superfine blue suit of cloathes, very good cloth' which cost £4 10*s*. and a chocolate suit 'bad' which cost £3.

The detailed Diary begins on July 21, 1759, with the laconic entry: 'Made a Scholar of New College'. In August and September of this year he is at home at Ansford. The early entries in the Diary are very short, thus:

1759. Aug. 28. We [his Papa and he][1] lodged at the

[1] Any words interpolated into the text of the Diary itself for explanation are shown in square brackets [ ]; ordinary brackets ( ) are the Diarist's own.

1759

King's Arms in Evershot, where we had exceeding good Port Wine.

Sept. 5. I went to the Bear-baiting [1] in Ansford.

Sept. 16. One Mr. Russ of Shepton Mallett who brought Miss Payne [a friend] came after her again, but he being so very drunk, and very late, we would not let her go.

On October 1st, he sets out on horseback with his father's man for Oxford, the route being through Deptford, Yearnbury Castle, Maddington, Netherhaven, Everly (where he lodged that night at the Rose and Crown; Everly is about fifty miles from Ansford, a pretty long day's stretch on horseback); then the next day through Sharvord, Winterburn, Hungerford, Newtown, Shapwick, Farnborough, Abbey Milton, Abbington, to Oxford, which they reached on the evening of October 2nd.

The Diary continues:

1759. Oct. 6. Geree, Peckham and myself had a hogshead of Port from Mr. Cropp of Southampton.

Oct. 8. Had of Mr. Prince the Bookseller in New College Lane, a standish with sand, Ink, Wafers, and half a Hundred of Pens.

Oct. 14. Mr. Turner Junr. of this College died this afternoon about 3 o'clock in a deep consumption. [He is buried Oct. 17th at 10 o'clock at night in the Cloisters 'in a very plain and decent manner.']

Oct. 18. Very great rejoycings this night on the taking of Quebec.

[1] A Bill 'against Bear-baiting and other cruel Practices' was defeated in the House of Commons by 50 votes to 32 as late as 1825 (*H. M. C., Twelfth Report*, Appendix, Part III, p. 7).

Oct. 30. Went with Masters a shooting to Stanton Woods.

Nov. 10. John Atwell brought me up a Bed, 3 Blanketts, a Quilt, Bolster and Pillow, and a letter from my Sister Jenny, together wth a Hare which Esq. Newman sent me up, which I think is very kind.

Had another bottle of Hadley's Wine.

Nov. 16. Gave away my snuff-box to a Particular Friend.

Nov. 29. . . . Mr. Messiter, Mr. Philip Hays, and Mr. Holton of Mag. Coll. spent the evening with me, and sat up till 2 o'clock in the morning. . . . Had 6 bottles of my wine.

Dec. 3. I first began on the Spinnet, Mr. Philip Hays my Tutor.

Dec. 8. . . . Had a Half-Crown Bowl of Punch from Kennerslys. I laid in Mr. Nicolls rooms with Mr. Hearst, who turned me out of Bed, and locked me out of the room naked.

Dec. 10. I went with Mr. Bertie, Gen. Comm. [Gentleman Commoner] of this House, to see the man ride upon three Horses.

Dec. 22. My great Aunt Ann Woodforde died of the small-pox at Bicester this morning.

Dec. 25. I received the Sacrament being Xmas Day. The Warden dined in Hall with us. The Bursars give us Scholars 8 Bottles of Port Wine to drink at dinner time. They likewise give us a qutr of a Cheshire Cheese. We have 2 large Grace Cups between courses. We have rabbits for supper, 1 Rabbit between three at the expense of the Domus. Sent a letter to my Father.

1760. Jan. 21. Went and heard Doctor Blackstone's [1] Lecture on the Crown being Hereditary.

[1] See pp. 141–2, foot-note.

1760

Jan. 30. Mr. Pye the Subwarden set me Part of the 1st Lesson for this morning service to translate into Sapphic Metre, for not being at Prayers this morning.

Mar. 3. Gave my imposition to Mr. Pye, upon David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan made by Nicolls in Sapphic Metre. Had a Bottle of my Wine.

Mar. 22. Breakfasted at Tahourdin's. Dined at the Cross Inn with Mr. Ben. Bathurst, Ensign of the first Regiment of Foot Guards, who is come out to recruit. . . . N.B. We had Clarett, Madeira and Port to drink.

. . . . . .

Ap. 29. Went and play'd Crikett, being the first time of our Clubb's playing. N.B. we play'd in Port Meadow.

May 14. Plaid at Crikett in Port Meadow, the Winchester against the Eaton, and we Winton: beat them.

May 20. Hooke, Boteler and myself went to Welch's of Wadham College, where we designed to sup and spend the evening, but our entertainment was thus, one Lobster of a Pound, a half-pennyworth of Bread, and the same of Cheese, half of an Old Bottle of Ale, Half a Bottle of Wine, and a Bottle of Lisbon, and then we were desired to retreat, which was immediately obeyed. . . . N.B. A Wadamite.

June 20. I declaimed in Chapel upon—An sapiens mutet sententiam . . . affirmatur.[1]

On July 18, he leaves Oxford to spend the long vacation at home, travelling on horseback. Nothing notable happens during the vacation—much visiting of cousins,

[1] For an account of the Oxford curriculum in the eighteenth century, see pp. 158–62 hereafter.

a little coursing of hares, and so on. Then, on October 10, he sets out for Oxford, the journey on horseback taking the usual two days. What with meals, the night's lodging, tips to hostlers and maids, and turnpikes, the two days' journey costs him 17*s.* 9*d.* for himself and his horse.

1760. Oct. 25, N.B. King George the 2nd died this morning at nine o'clock, there being an Express just arrived from London here this evening at five o'clock.

Oct. 31. Went and saw King George the third proclaimed King of England in High Street.

Nov. 1. Had a Suit of Mourning for the King brought home this very night.

Nov. 7. I declaimed in Chapel upon—Utrum immensas opes possidere alicujus periculo, vel securitati majis fere conducat. . . . Periculo.

This term he becomes acquainted with two Oxford girls, Nancy Bignell and her sister Betsy, with whom he takes numerous walks. The friendship appears to have been extremely innocent; he gives Nancy six white handkerchiefs to make for him, and later gives her and her sister Betsy each a silver thimble.

1761. Jan. 2. For Ale in a House in Holinwell, where I took some verses from a Man, made upon Nancy Bignell and myself, pd. 0. 0. 4*d.* At cards with Brewer, Peckham and Williams, lost, 0. 5. 6.

Jan. 7. Peckham, Loggin and Webber went with me to Halse's the Sadler, where I threshed his apprentice Crozier for making verses on me.

Jan. 25. We went into second mourning for his late Majesty, King George the second. Drank tea this afternoon at Tahourdin's with George Weller.

1761

Feb. 2. . . . Went and saw Dumas alias Darking, a famous Highwayman, in the Castle. Gave a girl there, in for stealing a Shift 0. 0. 2*d*.

Feb. 13. A Publick Fast for our Fleets and Armies . . .

Mar. 6. Went up into the Hall this afternoon after the Judge was in, and I could not get a tolerable Place some time, but at last I jumped from two men's shoulders and leaped upon the Heads of several men and then scrambled into the Prisoners Place where the Judge said I must not stay, so one of the Counsellors [i. e. Barristers] desired me not to make a noise, and he would let me have his Place, which was immediately under the Prisoners and opposite the Judge, where I sat and heard three or four tryalls, and likewise condemnation passed on Dumas, alias Darking, alias Hamilton, alias Harris. Was up there from 5 till 9, and then the Judge had finished everything. 1 condemned to die, 4 transported for seven years, 1 burnt in the hand and acquitted.

Mar. 11. . . . Baker and Croucher both of Merton Coll: spent their evening in the B.C.R. [Bachelors' Common Room]. Croucher was devilish drunk indeed, and made great noise there, but we carried him away to Peckham's Bed in Triumph. Baker laid with me.

Mar. 22. Being Easter Day received this morning the Holy Sacrament . . . took a walk this evening with Nancy Bignell.

Mar. 23. Mr. Darking alias Dumas etc., was hanged this morning about a quarter before eight, and after he was cut down he was carried by the Bargemen to St. Thomas Church to be buried. All the College gates was shut from ten o'clock last night till nine this morning by an Order of the Vice-Chancellor and Procters.

June 14. . . . Hearst, Bell and myself, being in Beer, went under Whitmore's window, and abused him very much, as being Dean, he came down, and sent us to our Proper Rooms, and then we Huzza'd him again and again. We are to wait on him to-morrow.

June 15. We waited on Whitmore this morning and he read to us a Statute or two and says he shall not mention again provided the Senr. People do not. I am to read the three first Books of Hutchinson's Moral Philosophy, and I am to give a summary account of them when I am examined for my Degree. . . .

On July 21st, 1761, he is made a Fellow of New College, and treats the Bachelors' Common Room 'all the evening with Wine and Punch'. The quantity of drink consumed by the eighteenth-century undergraduate appears to have been very considerable. The entries 'Had a bottle of my Wine' are frequent. On July 26th he notes that out of a half-hogshead of port 'I have 12 dozen and six bottles'. On July 22nd, he makes an expedition to London with three other friends. They go by stage coach—'in Bews Machine'—starting at five o'clock in the morning, and arriving about tea-time at Hyde Park Corner. They go down the river and sup at Vauxhall—that centre of eighteenth-century gaiety which readers of *Tom Jones*, to say nothing of *Vanity Fair*, will remember. Next day they see the Duke of Cumberland, who finally smashed the Jacobite cause at Culloden in 1746, 'ride in his coach and six through ye Park'; [1] they continue the countryman's usual London

[1] The Duke was a remarkable man. Horace Walpole ranked him as one of the five great men he had known—the other four being Sir Robert Walpole, Granville, Mansfield, and Pitt. See Fortescue's *History of the*

round—Westminster Abbey, the Tower, &c., and see a play, *All in the Wrong*, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the evening. Next day they return to Oxford. On August 26th (1761) he is back at Ansford.

1761. Aug. 26. . . . I gave Jenny 3 yards of Riband. I gave an Ivory Thimble to her. I gave her some Court Plaister : dined, supp'd and laid at Home.

Septem. 5. Had a Letter from young Tom Rooke, from London for which I paid 0. 0. 7*d*. For reading the news at Ansford Inn 0. 0. 7*d*. . . .

Septem. 27. . . . George Snooke, my Tenant at Sanforde, brought me over a fine large Hare.

Septem. 28. I paid Mr. Willmott for a Spinnett £3. 3. 0. which Mama gave me.

Oct. 3. I changed my Paper Snuff Box with Miss Nancy Rooke for one of hers by way of a Remembrance of her.

On October 6th he sets out for Oxford.

Octob. 17. . . . I gave some verses on the King's Marriage for Dean Whitmore. For Oysters this evening pd 0. 0. 2*d*. I have been extremely well all day. I was at five o'clock Prayers this afternoon, where one Jones, a Famous Methodist was.

Nov. 4. . . . Dyer laid Williams 2*s*. 6*d*. that he drank 3 Pints of Wine in 3 Hours, and that he wrote 5 verses out of the Bible right, but he lost. He did it in the B.C.R., he drank all the Wine, but could not write

British Army, vol. ii, p. 575–7. John Wesley 'was agreeably surprised to find many of the books [in the Duke's study] not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here, with only Him that seeth in secret' (*Wesley's Journal*, November 29, 1771).

right for his Life. He was immensely drunk about 5 Minutes afterwards.

Nov. 19. . . . Went this evening to Haw's (a famous Methodist) Lecture in St. Giles's Church . . . very stupid, low and bad stuff.

Nov. 27. . . . I declaimed this morning in Chapel with Reynell, upon—An omnes artes habeant inter se quoddam commune vinculum? I had Affirmatur.

1761. Decem. 18. I was dunn'd this morning for half a Hogshead of Port, by Cropp's Agent, Howard, call'd Lord Howard. It was not in my Power to pay it at present.

1762. March 5. Judge Willmott condemned one Shadrach Smith, a gypsy, for robbing a girl of 2 shillings and beating her in a very cruel manner; this man's son was the most principal Witness against his Father, and he it was that had him hanged, or condemned to be hanged, he insisted upon his son's witnessing against, though the Judge was much against it.

Between April and June of this year (1762) he is in the country, and the following entries are made at Ansford:

Ap. 20. I began the Epistles of the G[reek] Testament to learn and read for Orders. Gave a Poor Man . . . 0. 0. 2.

Ap. 24. I made a Contract with Mr. Owens to shave me and dress 2 Wiggs each time, twice a week, not reckoning my being from Home, at three shillings per Quarter per annum 0. 12. 0. . . .

June 12. I have been studying in my tent [He had put one up in the garden] all the day long the G. Testa-

ment. Sister Jenny and myself were invited this evening to Mr. White's Sheep-sheering, but we could not go being Saturday night, which is a very improper time to spend the evening out anywhere.

June 15. Went this morning early to Berkeley, where old Mrs. Prowse lives, about two miles beyond Froom, and about sixteen miles from hence: I carried over with me three Mourning Rings that my Father gave me last night; to deliver one to old Mrs. Prowse, one to her son the Major, and one to ye Major's wife, in Remembrance of my late Uncle, the Treasurer, which were left them by a Particular Desire of my late Uncle the Treasurer [his Great Uncle Robert Woodforde, 1675–1762, for many years a country parson in Cornwall and Somerset, and later Canon and Treasurer of Wells.] . . . N.B. Old Mrs. Prowse of Berkeley, and my late Uncle the Treasurer, were very Intimate, and corresponded, when my good Uncle was living. Major Prowse is son to old Mrs. Prowse.

June 28. Went upon the grey horse this morning for Oxford by myself.

The stay at Oxford was short, and on July 20 he is back at Ansford Parsonage again: the journey from Oxford on horseback cost exactly £1; it would not have cost quite as much had he not 'treated' some friends at 'the Bear in Dropping Lane', the last stage before he reached home.

July 28. . . . Went with Papa and Jenny to Mr. William Melliar's this morning, where we dined with a number of other friends upon half a Buck. . . . We had a Minuet or two this afternoon by Holton, Couns[ellor] Melliar, Will: Melliar, and myself. . . .

July 29. . . . Papa had a letter from Cousin James

Lewis at Nottingham, wherein he informs that he keeps a little school at Nottingham, and likewise that he is in great want of money. He was a Private Soldier in the Army, and being wounded in the leg rendered him unserviceable, and therefore has a Pension of five Pounds per Annum from the Government: he has been rather wild in his time, which wildness has brought him to this.

August 1. . . . Went this afternoon to Cary Church where Jerry Holton read prayers and preached for Mr. Penny. Holton preached concerning Private Interest giving way to Publick Good in regard to our having an Water Engine to prevent Fire spreading. . . .

Aug. 2. . . . Archdeacon Potter of Wells, and Brother-in-Law to Daniel Prince my bookseller in Oxford, called here this afternoon, but Papa was gone down to the Lower House, and Mama was walking in the Garden, and Jenny was gone to Castle Cary, and I was up in my room reading, so he did not stay long here.

Aug. 7. . . Papa gave me a manuscript of Arch-Bishop Laud's, concerning the Old and New Testaments, being some of his own Remarks concerning them.[1]

Aug. 12. . . . Went with Mr. Clarke over to Ansford Inn to read the News, where I pd 0. 0. 4½. . . . There was a wedding dinner at Ansford Inn to-day, for some Shepton Mallett People. The Bride and Bridegroom's names are these, the Bride was Miss Aimes, the

[1] Laud's *Complete Works*, in seven volumes, have been published in the Anglo-Catholic Library edition, but I do not find therein anything corresponding to the Diarist's reference here. My friend, Dr. Woodforde, owner of the manuscript of the Diary and of numerous other manuscripts of the Diarist's, has no manuscript of Archbishop Laud's. Possibly this reference will supply a clue which may lead to a very interesting discovery, assuming the manuscript has not been destroyed.

Brideg: Cary. The whole set all are rank Presbyterians.

Aug. 26. . . . We drank tea this afternoon at Mrs. Chiche's with . . . [and] Mr. Whithead of Bristol, a man of great Fortune, near 15000£.[1] . . .

On August 30 he rides over to Bristol to see his brother John, who is apprenticed there. Next day they 'took a ride down to King-Road, Sea-Mills and saw the Tyger that Captain Reed took lately, we saw the Captain. We went a board the Tyger, and the King George, and I pd 0. 1. 0.'

Between September 13 and 19 he is at Winchester with his uncle Tom and cousin Frank, who is up for election as a Scholar: they see him safely settled there and return on September 19.

Sep. 28. . . . Painter Clarke gave me a ticket to go to Miss Chich's Play (the Beggars Opera) this evening at Bruton, at her House and accordingly I went this evening to Miss Chich's at Bruton, and saw the Play acted and it was done pretty well. Lady Ilchester, and her daughter Fanny a little girl, were there. Their house was quite full. . . .

Oct. 3. . . . We had news to-day of the Havannah, the Principal Port in the Island of Cuba in the West Indies, being taken by the English.[2]

Oct. 9. . . . I packed up my things for Oxford, this

[1] See pp. 71–3 for some remarks on the value of money, and prices at this time.

[2] Havanna was captured from the Spaniards on August 10, 1762 (towards the close of the Seven Years War), the British troops suffering fearful losses both during and after the siege from sickness: one brigade of four battalions could not muster twenty men fit for duty. See Fortescue's *History of the British Army*, vol. ii, p. 551–3.

afternoon and they were these—9 Shirts—9 Stocks—2 Cravats—7 pr of Stockings, 2 White Handkerchiefs—5 Coloured Handkerchiefs—2 Night Caps—1 Towel—2 Pr of Breeches—besides the things that I wear, w^ch^ are 1 Pr of Leather Breeches—1 White Coat—1 Buff Waistcoat—1 Great Coat.

Nov. 26. . . . I began this very day to take upon me the Stewardship of the College, viz: to see the Meat of the College weighed every day in Kitchen for one week and for which I receive of the Manciple at the end of the week 0. 6*s*. 6*d*. All Fellows of this College above three years standing, and that here in College are, take the Stewardship by turns every week from Year's end to Year's end, and so on ad infinitum. Had a dunning Letter from Robinson & Hartley for the payment of £8. 15. 0 for half a Hogshead of old Port, that I had from Southampton last year.

Dec. 24. . . . I paid Mr. Pryer this morning our College Steward, for Mr. Hartley & Robinson of Southampton Wine Merchants, for half a Hogshead of Port Wine £8. 15. 0. . . .

1763. Jan. 4. Went a skating this morning upon the River Thames. . . .

[With an interval of a thaw from 7th to 10th he skates on the Thames till January 27th, on]

Jan. 24. We skated down to Abington where we dined and for our dinners there etc. each of us pd. 2*s*. 6*d*. We were going down about an hour and half; N.B. We walked above 2 miles out of it. It is about 10 miles by water.

Jan. 8. Pd. Rice for mending my Gown and a little rip in my Coat 0. 1. 0 which is very exorbitant indeed and for the future will have nothing ever done by him any more in the World.

1763

Feb. 17. I dined at the Chaplain's table with Pickering and Waring, upon a roasted Tongue and Udder, and we went on each of us for it 0. 1. 9. N.B. I shall not dine on a roasted Tongue and Udder again very soon.

Feb. 28. . . . Went with Dyer, Russell and Master after dinner down to the Castle to see the Prisoners; where we drank two Bottles of Port and for Wine etc., pd 0. 1. 6. William Cartwright, a young, good-looking Fellow, who is in the Castle for a High Way Robbery, drank with us the last Bottle, and smoaked a Pipe with us, and seemed very sorry for what he had committed. We gave him between us 0. 2. 0. . . .

Mar. 29. . . . Went and saw Peace proclaimed in High Street at twelve o'clock.

This was the Peace of Paris, which concluded the Seven Years War. The French gave up Canada to us and abandoned all claims to India. We had become a great Imperial Power.

May 2. Sale spoke to me this morning concerning the Curacy of Newton-Purcell, which I have promised him to take and serve the Sunday after Trinity Sunday; it is about 20 miles from Oxford; and I am to receive per annum for serving it, besides Surplice fees £28. 0. 0. I am only to serve it during Mr. Sale's Proctorship.

May 5. . . . This is the Thanksgiving day for the late Peace between France, Spain and England.

May 11. . . . I was offer'd this afternoon by Fitch of Queen's Coll: a Curacy worth £40 per annum, and to be enterd upon at Michaelmas—It is in Somersett, near Taunton, the name of the Place is Thurloxton,

in the Gift of Fitch's Father. I shall write to my Father concerning it to-morrow morning; I have got to the 20th of this month to consider of it.

May 23. . . . I went this afternoon at five o'clock to C.C.C. to Mr. Hewish the Bishop of Oxford's Chaplain, before whom I was examined for deacon's Orders, and I came of very well. I was set over in the middle of the fifth Chapter of St. Paul to the Romans and construed that Chapter quite to the end. I was quite half an hour examining. He asked a good many hard and deep questions. I had not one question that Yes, or No, would answer. . . . Mr. Hewish is a very fair Examiner, and will see whether a Man be read or not soon. . . .

May 24. Breakfasted in my own Rooms again. Took a ride this morning towards Elsfield and round by Staunton upon the Grey. For half a pint of ale at Boys Water pd. 0. 0. 1. Gave Jackson's other man for taking care of the Grey and saddle etc. 0. 0. 6. For fruit pd 0. 0. 1. For wine on the green pd 0. 2. 0. The reason of my paying so much was the Impudence of two Gentlemanlike Persons (whose names were Messrs. Mercer and Loyd) pushed themselves into the Temple in our Garden while Hooke and myself were drinking there, and drank two Bottles of Wine with us. Mercer's wife and 2 more Ladies were with us. Mercer (who wore a gold-laced Hat) was very drunk and very abusive to us and Mr. Loyd: Loyd is a Schoolmaster at Abington, and Mercer's son went to School to him. Mercer's son was with us. Mercer went away about ten o'clock this evening, and made a great noise going through College. Mr. Mercer behaved very much unlike a Gentleman. Loyd came into the B.C.R. afterwards with Hooke and myself;

Mr. Loyd was drunk. Mercer broke two glasses in the Temple for which Hooke and myself pd. 0. 1. 0. I went to bed at eleven and left Mr. Loyd in the B.C.R. with Hooke and some more Gentlemen. . . .

May 27. For an ounce of Green Tea pd 0. 0. 8. For an ounce of Bohea Tea pd. 0. 0. 4*d*.

May 28. Went to Dr. Hunt's of Christ Church, with Nicholls, Geree and Pitters, and subscribed to the 39 Articles before the Bishop. We paid Pope Beaver for our Letters of Orders, which we receive Monday next, in Doctor Hunt's rooms; each of us 0. 10. 0. . . . Oglander Senr. gave a very handsome glazed Lanthorne for the use of the Bowlers to light their Pipes with, this afternoon in the Temple in the Green. . . .

May 29. At nine o'clock, this morning went to Christ Church with Hooke, and Pitters, to be ordained Deacon; and was ordained Deacon there by Hume Bishop of Oxford. There were 25 Ordained Deacons and 13 Priests. We all received the Sacrament. . . . We were in C. Church Cathedral from nine o'clock this morning till after twelve. For wine this afternoon in the B.C.R. pd. 0. 0. 6.

June 1. I took my B.A. Degree this morning. . . . Reynels, myself, Lucas, Peckham and Webber treated (as is usual) the B.C.R. after dinner with Wine, and after Supper with Wine and Punch all the evening. We had 27 People in the B.C.R. this evening. . . . I sat up in the B.C.R. this evening till after twelve o'clock, and then went to bed, and at three in the morning, had my outward doors broken open, my glass door broke, and pulled out of bed, and brought into the B.C.R. where I was obliged to drink and smoak, but not without a good many words. Peckham

broke my doors, being very drunk, although they were open, which I do not relish of Peckham much.

June 2. Several of our Fellows went at four o'clock in the morning, for Stow, and all drunk; some in a Phaeton, some in a Buggy, and some on Horse back. I went as far as Weston on the Green with them upon my Grey, and then returned home, and was home by nine o'clock this morning, and breakfasted in my room.

June 4. Dined in Hall; and after dinner went with Cotton to Newton-Purcell, my Curacy, and which I am to serve to-morrow. Supp'd and spent the evening, at Cotton's Mother's, with Cotton and his Brother, and his Mother and his four Sisters. Cotton's Sisters are very agreeable Ladies. Laid at Cotton's Mother's at Newton-Purcell. Cotton's Mother's House and Furniture is rather bad; they are going out of the House soon.

June 5. Breakfasted at Cotton's Mother's, with Cotton and his Brother and his four Sisters. At eleven o'clock went to my Church, and read Prayers and preached my first Sermon. Cotton's Family and about twenty more People were all that were at Church. Did Duty again at two o'clock; and then dined at Cotton's Mother's with Mrs. Cotton, and her four Daughters, and her youngest son; the eldest son was out preaching and reading prayers. Set out this afternoon for Oxford, and got home about eight o'clock. . . . Gave Cotton's maid being the only Servant 0. 1. 0.

June 6. Had a Letter from Fitch, with a Promise from his Father of my taking the Curacy of his at Thurloxton near Taunton.

June 25th. . . . Oglander Junr. and myself tryed this

evening some of our Strong Beer in the B.C.R. and it is pretty good, but I am afraid it will never be better. It is some of Whitmore's brewing when he was Bursar. . . .

June 29. . . . For a Pocket Pistol alias a dram bottle to carry in one's pocket, it being necessary on a Journey or so, at Nicholl's pd 0. 1. 0.

July 3. Went this morning to Ardington by Wantage in Berks for Mr. Sheffield, who desired me to change Churches with him for this Sunday, it is about twelve miles of Oxford : I preached and read Prayers there in the morning and Churched a woman ; and read Prayers there in the afternoon. Coming out of Church in the morning a woman that I had Churched gave me in the middle of the Church 0. 0. 6. which I received and pocketed. I dined at the Squire's whose name was Clarke, who behaved extreamly civil and genteel indeed. For going thro' three Turnpikes this morning between Oxford and Ardington pd. 0. 0. 5.

. . . My horse fell down on a Trot as I was going, and threw me over his head but (I thank God Almighty) I received no hurt. . . .

July 16. . . . For throwing some Wine last night in Bedford's face in the B.C.R. I was sconced a Bottle of Wine, which I pd. this evening to the B.C.R.

July 26. Paid Baggs at the Coff. House (a very impudent Fellow) a little Bill of 0. 6. 7. N.B. I do not intend dealing with him again very soon for his Impudence to me yesterday morning.

Aug. 3. Spent the evening at Rice's, my quondam Taylor, with himself and wife, in High Street. They had provided a handsome supper for me (viz) a neck of Lamb and tarts, but I had supp'd at College.

I smoaked a Pipe with Mr. Rice, and finished a Bottle of Wine between us, and his Wife, and then I departed. . . .

Aug. 17. Dined in Hall at the High Table upon a neck of Venison and a Breast made into Pasty, a Ham and Fowls and two Pies. It is a Venison Feast which we have once a year about this time . . . 2 Bucks one year, and 1 Buck another year is always sent from Whaddon Chase and divided between the Wardens, the Senr Fellows, and us. For an ounce of Indian Bark to put into my Pipe when smoaking pd. 0. 0. *6d.* It gives the tobacco a pretty smell and taste.

Aug. 21. Went to Chesterton again this morning and did the Duty of the day there. Dined at Mr. Pryor's again, and with him, his brother the Lawyer, his Sister and Niece and Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Miss Goff, Mr. Payne a Baker at Brackley, an everlasting Spunger, but a droll Fellow, and Mr. Banks of our College. . . .

The reference to the presence of a baker at this highly respectable tea party—we take it Mr. Pryor himself was a person of some social standing, he was certainly an educated man, for he had been at Winchester College with the Diarist's father—is a little surprising to modern notions. As we shall come across other instances later on of a similar mingling of classes, it may be well to consider the matter.

Until the time of the Industrial Revolution, towards the end of the eighteenth century, English society was essentially feudal. It is true that the feudal framework in its political and economic aspects had almost wholly disappeared. But the social conception, the conception of mankind as arranged in completely separate classes,

remained. So rooted and universal was the class conception, that any other notion seemed merely repulsive. There had been spasmodic stirrings of a new spirit in the Middle Ages and later, the Peasants' Revolt, for instance, and more obviously during the Cromwellian period. But these stirrings were followed by a return to the old tranquillity. Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims ride happily down the road in complete inequality and in complete harmony. For it is not the existence of class, but the consciousness of its existence, which creates that most insidious social disease—snobbery. And snobbery is relatively a modern disease, though there are earlier instances of it, of which the following is one. The Duchess of Buckingham is writing to the Countess of Huntingdon, the friend of Whitefield and founder of the famous 'Connection': 'I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.'[1] The disease is developing very fast in Jane Austen's day, assumes fearful proportions in the Victorian era, and shows but superficial signs of abatement in these last Georgian days. 'The political spirit of the eighteenth century was based not on the equality but on the harmony of classes.' So says Mr. George Trevelyan, and the

[1] Quoted in *The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 124, by Alfred Plummer, D.D. (1909).

statement applies, with even greater force, to the social spirit.

Therefore, although, most unfortunately, the majority of the nominal gentry do not ask their baker to tea to-day, or entertain the neighbouring farmer to supper, or dine with their tailor, we must not be surprised if that wholly admirable custom prevailed in the days of the Diarist. It is, indeed, a remarkable paradox that the unquestioned acceptance of inequality should lead to fraternity.

We return to the Diary.

Septem. 3. Went this morning to Draton (two little miles beyond Abingdon) and talked with Mrs. Bacon about serving that Church to-morrow. She says that she will give me half a guinea, a dinner, and stabling for my horse, therefore I promised her that I would serve it to-morrow and the next Sunday. Mrs. Bacon behaved very handsome to me; she has a school of twenty-two young Ladies. After drinking a glass of Mountain and eating a bit of crust of bread, I returned to Oxford, and dined at New Coll. in ye Hall. Mrs. Bacon pressed me to dine with her, but I had ordered in Hall, and I could not. . . . Besides our Common Dinner we had a brace of birds called Graus, that came from Williams Junr. out of Wales, as a present to Webber for reading for him during his absence in Chapel.

Septem. 7. . . . Had three bottles of Wine out of my room in ye B.C.R. this afternoon and Waring had another, out of his room. Waring was very drunk and Bedford was but little better. N.B. I was very sober, as I had made a resolution never to get drunk

again, when at Geree's rooms in April last, when I fell down dead, and cut my Occiput[1] very bad indeed.

On September 12th he leaves Oxford, having completed his course. He spends the rest of the month quietly at home with one or two excursions to Sherborne and Bristol. He preaches for his father now and again at Ansford, does a little shooting, training a new dog given him by his tenant's brother, whose name is Snooke, and with his family visits 'Mr. Hoare, the Banker's gardens at Stourton'. . . . 'The Temple of Hercules in the gardens must cost Mr. Hoare £10,000, it is excessively grand. The grotto where the sleeping Nymph laid struck me much more than anything there.'

He gives his sister, Jenny (October 1st) a present of four hundred needles, four papers of pins, and two steel-top thimbles which he had bought at Oxford for her for 4*s.* 2*d.* On October 7th he sets out for Thurloxton, near Taunton, to take up his curacy: he arrives on the 8th, and after various vain attempts to find lodgings, he goes to the squire of the parish, 'whose name is Cross, and he took me at the very first word, and likewise my Horse'. He arranges to stop there on these terms: 'that I should live as he does (which is very well I am sure) that I should have my linnen washed by him, and that he should keep my horse (corn excepted) £21. 0. 0 and that for every day that I was absent, I should be allowed for each day 0. 1. 1½ which per year is £21.' He notes that 'Mr. Cross has a noble house, good enough for any Nobleman'. Mr. Cross is married and has three children and another is coming. He spends his time partly at Thurloxton with the Cross's

[1] i. e. the back of his head.

and partly at Ansford, riding to and fro. On October 27th 'a hare being found near here, Mr. Cross and myself went out and coursed it before breakfast and killed it, with Mr. Cross's dogs, and a good course it was. Gave the man that found her 0. 0. 6 as is always customary.' He notes on November 4th that he has to return to Thurloxton from Ansford 'to-morrow being the fifth of November, to read Prayers there'. The congregation was small. 'The Ringers desired me to give them something to drink, it being customary, therefore I sent them, it being a custom, 0. 1. 0.'

Nov. 6. Breakfasted, dined, supp'd and laid at Mr. Cross's. Read Prayers and preached this morning at my Church of Thurloxton, it being Sunday. I likewise read Prayers there this afternoon. After the afternoon service, I privately baptised Mrs. Cross's late [i. e. lately born] child, which was a boy, and by the name of Richard, in Mrs. Cross's bedroom in this house. One Farmer Major, of this Parish, spent the afternoon and evening here, drinking with Mr. Cross all the time, neither of them eat any supper, and I left them drinking when I went to bed, which was about 10.

Nov. 16. . . . I lent Doctor Clarke a pamphlet called a sure Guide to Hell this evening, and a very good moral book it is, taken properly.

On November 29th he arranges with the old Rector of Babcary for the curacy of that place—it being only six miles from Ansford—at £5 a quarter, the surplice fees, Easter offerings, and free use of Parsonage, gardens and stables, &c. He is to give up Thurloxton curacy on January 9th next. On December 5th he receives seven

letters applying for his vote in connexion with the election of a new Warden of Winchester College, ' as all Wardens of Winton College are elected by the Fellows of New College '. The election was to be at New College on the 10th December. Accordingly he sets out for Oxford on the 7th. He is much solicited at Oxford for his vote by the three candidates, Hayward, Lea and Sale, all of New College. He decides to vote for Sale and secondly for Mr. Lea. He gives an elaborate description of the election on December 10th in New College Chapel; 54 Fellows were present, and, after morning service, received the Sacrament before proceeding to elect. The Sub-Warden then read the Statute ' de Electione Custodis Collegii prope Winton '. Then five scrutators were chosen and ' went up to the Altar to a table within the rails and then began the Scrutiny and we all in turns voted for a Warden '. Finally, Lea was elected. He returns to Ansford on December 14th.

Dec. 26. . . . Two of Mr. Cross's Tenants (one a Farmer and the other a Taylor and Miller) . . . supped and spent the evening with us—they lay at Mr. Cross's this night.

On December 30th he rides over to Babcary to see his new cure. He sees Farmer Bower, apparently the principal parishioner, who is much vexed to hear there is only to be one service on Sunday. Woodforde agrees to have two if his salary is increased to £30 per annum.

1764. Jan. 2. . . . One Farmer John Major dined and spent the afternoon here; Mr. Cross sat drinking with him from 10 in the morning till 8 at night. . . .
Jan. 8. . . . I dined at Mr. Sanford's (a Parson) at

Walford with Mr. and Mrs. Sanford and about ten of Mr. Sanford's children. We had a very elegant dinner, and in a very noble, spacious Parlour. . . .

Jan. 9. Breakfasted at Mr. Cross's. After Breakfast Mr. Cross and me settled matters, and I paid him for my Board 59 days at the rate of 1. 1½*d.* per day. . . .

Jan. 12. . . . After breakfast I rode upon Cream to my Curacy at Babcary about six miles from hence, where I dined upon a Sheep's heart that I carried there in my pocket, at the Parsonage house, where I am to be when I go to Babcary on any occasion.

Jan. 15. . . . After Breakfast I went upon Cream to my Curacy at Babcary, where I read Prayers and Preached, read Prayers in the morning and preached in the afternoon. This is the first Sunday I ever officiated at Babcary Church; and I like it very well. . . . I was rung into the Parish by Mr. John Bower's order, who gave the Ringers a pail of Cyder on purpose to ring me into the Parish. They gave me another ring this afternoon after Service, and for which I gave them 2. 6. . . .

Jan. 21. Breakfasted and dined at home. After dinner I set forth for Babcary, where I supped and laid in the Parsonage House. I hired Ned Dyke and his horse this morning to carry some cyder etc., to Babcary for me. I carried three dozen and nine bottles of cyder, and eight bottles of strong beer, with a little jar of pickled oysters, some cheese, and some cold tongue to Babcary, all which were given by my Father.

Feb. 4. . . . Went this afternoon from Babcary to East Charlton which is about one mile, to Parson Gapper's to thank him for serving my Church at Babcary for me last Sunday and there I drank tea this afternoon

with Mr. and Mrs. Gapper. They pressed me very much to sup there and spend the evening and lay there but I could not.

Feb. 20. . . . I have been very busy all this day in planting my Peas and Beans and Radishes, and Spanish Onions, in my garden at Babcary. . . . I was sent this afternoon to a Poor Woman that lives by the Church, to come and pray by her—which I did. . . .

He goes to Oxford on February 27th to 'determine' for his degree: meanwhile Parson Gapper carries on at Babcary.

Mar. 26. I churched a poor woman at Babcary yesterday and she gave me sixpence, which I sent to her again. Mr. Gapper has been so good to serve my Church for me during my absence, and I sent him yesterday a genteel note to thank him. . . .

April 14. . . . Went to Parson Gapper's this afternoon at East Charlton, about one mile from Babcary, to desire him to administer the Sacrament for me next Friday being Good Friday, which he promised me he would. I am to serve Keenton for him, about a mile. I spent a good part of the afternoon with him and his wife and children, and one Miss Curtiss of Shepton Mallet their relation, a fine Lady.

April 16. . . . I brewed a quarter barrel of ale to-day. . . . I gave Mary Creech [the old woman who looked after him at Babcary Parsonage] and her daughter a pair of garters each which I bought of an Irish Traveller that came to the door and for them I paid 0. 0. 6.

April 30. . . . I got up this morning at two o'clock to get or make a sermon for Farmer Bertelet's funeral

this afternoon, and by twelve o'clock I had finished almost all of it. . . . I buried Farmer John Bertelet this evening at six O'clock and preached a Funeral Sermon, the Church was exceedingly thronged with people. . . .

[He receives 10*s.* 6*d.* for this sermon on May 6th from Mrs. Bertelet, the widow.]

May 9. . . . One Miss Moore (a very giddy, merry, but very pretty girl, who was lately inoculated) dined with us [at Ansford].

On June 14th there is a small dispute about payments for Babcary curacy, and one, the Reverend Mr. Hopkins, proves to the Diarist that for certain early weeks in 1763–4 the payments are due to him (Hopkins). Everything is settled amicably, and the Diarist notes, ' I never saw so bold a man in my life as Mr. Hopkins is, and very droll he is. I thought I must have burst my sides by laughing in hearing him talk.' On June 18th the Diarist and his sister Jenny sup at Mr. William Melliar's, ' Counsellor [Barrister] Gapper of Wincanton ', among others, being of the company. On June 22 he gives a bachelor's supper party at Babcary, and his guests ' plaid at Fives in Babcary Churchyard this evening, and I lost there with Mr. Lewis Bower at betting with him 0. 1. 6. The gentlemen pleased me much by seeing them so well pleased with the homely entertainment.'

On July 28th he inducts Mr. Richard Cheese, who ' seems a very good kind of man, and much approved of by the Parish ', into the Rectory of Babcary. Mr. Hill, the old Rector, had died : hence the change. ' Mr. John Bower is to rent his tythes etc., and is to give him per annum 100. 0. 0. I am to be his curate, and to have per annum, besides the house and stable, gardens and Easter offerings, the sum of 30. 0. 0.' Mr. Cheese's home

was at Bentley near Alton in Hampshire, where he returns on July 31.

What that good Bishop and great historian, Bishop Burnet, described in 1708 as 'the scandalous practices of non-residence and pluralities' were, unfortunately, marked features of the eighteenth-century Church system. The practice was not confined to the ordinary clergy—the worthy Mr. Cheeses of the Church. Bishops were offenders on an almost princely scale. Thus Bishop Watson (1737–1816) of Llandaff, speaking of his income, says: 'The provision of £2,000 a year, which I possess from the Church, arises from the tithes of two Churches in Shropshire, two in Leicestershire, two in my Diocese, three in Huntingdonshire, on all of which I have resident Curates: of five more appropriations to the Bishopric and two more in the Isle of Ely as appropriations to the Archdeaconry of Ely.'[1] This Bishop paid occasional visits to his diocese, but actually resided in the Lake District. Here he says his time was 'spent partly in supporting the religion and constitutions of my Country, by seasonable publications, and principally in building farm-houses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, making bad land good, planting larches, etc. By such occupations I have recovered my health, preserved my independence, set an example of a spirited husbandry and honourably provided for my family.' His agricultural experiments were, indeed, of scientific utility.

[1] *Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff*, vol. ii, p. 349 (1818). This statement occurs in a letter of the Bishop's to the Archbishop of Canterbury, dated May 18, 1808. But Bishop Watson uses his own case as an example of the evil of pluralities, made necessary, as he points out, through the disendowment of so large a part of ecclesiastical property at the Reformation. He does not, however, suggest any going back on the past, but a thorough reform of Church finance: an exceedingly able letter.

Bishop Thomas Newton of Bristol, whose *Account of His Life* is not only historically important but most entertaining, held the Bishopric of Bristol and the Deanery of St. Paul's at the same time without the smallest qualm of conscience. Bishop Newton, however, until he was an old man of seventy-two, resided a considerable part of the year at Bristol, and laments that his example was not followed by the Dean and Prebendaries, who were shamefully neglectful of their duties.

But we should obtain an entirely wrong notion of both these Bishops if we merely regarded their lives from this, the pluralist aspect. Both were men of marked ability, who devoted a great part of their time, as so many notable eighteenth-century Bishops did, to theological and political writing: they regarded their episcopal pens as more important than their episcopal crooks, and, in the circumstances of the age in which they lived, there was much to be said for this view.[1] Bishop Watson was admired by such different men as Gibbon and Wilberforce, and he was one of the few Anglican clergy who opposed the policy which lost us the American colonies. 'I had made', he says (*Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff*, vol. i, p. 71), 'no scruple of everywhere declaring, that I looked upon the American war as *unjust* in its commencement, and that its conclusion would be unfavourable to this kingdom.'

As to Mr. Cheese, the non-resident Rector of Babcary, we should note the Diarist's remark that he 'seems a very good kind of man, and much approved of by the Parish'.

[1] Deists, Theists, Atheists, Socinians, Unitarians, with all these the Church had to battle, for the whole basis of Christianity was questioned. The philosopher Bishops Berkeley and Butler pre-eminently held the Christian fort.

1764

Aug. 18. . . . I have made a promise to-day concerning a certain thing (in eating); which every time I break that promise I pay—1—0.

Aug. 19. . . . After the Afternoon Service [Babcary] I went with the Captain [Rooke] to Parson Gapper's at East Charlton, where we spent the remaining part of the afternoon, with him and his wife. The Captain went afterwards to Somerton, and I returned to Ansford—and the first news I heard was, that poor Miss Milly Chiche (a niece of Mrs. Chiche's) was dead; and she died about 11 o'clock this morning. I hope to God that she (poor dear creature) is happy. I believe verily that she was good to everyone, but herself, and I am afraid that drinking was her death. . . .

Sep. 11. . . . After dinner I went to East Charlton to have my Testimonium, for Priest's Orders, signed by Mr. Gapper, who did it: and at the same time I desired him to serve my Church for me on the Ordination Sunday which is the 23 of this month, and which he promised me. I spent this afternoon at Mr. Gapper's, with him, his wife, and his brother from Shepton Mallett, Doctor Gapper, who is an Apothecary there. . . . Mr. William Melliar and his wife sent their compts to-day to all our family, and desired that we should dine with them to-morrow upon a fine haunch of venison.

Oct. 4. . . . Drank tea this afternoon at Mrs. Clarke's with her, Lady Powel (the Bishop of Wells daughter) who has two children inoculated by Doctor Clarke, and Jenny Clarke. . . .

Dr. Clarke was the Diarist's brother-in-law, being married to his sister, Sobieski Woodforde; and the inoculation which he practised on an extensive scale—

he had a special hospital for the purpose—was inoculation of the virus of small-pox. Inoculation of small-pox as a preventive of that disease was introduced into England early in the eighteenth century, mainly through the influence and example of that remarkable person, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.[1] It was fairly widely practised, and was generally successful in its effects on those inoculated. It came, however, to be regarded as a public danger owing to the fact that, through lack of precautions, the inoculated persons were apt to infect those not inoculated with the virulent small-pox. So far from abating the scourge of small-pox, inoculation was held to have increased it. At the end of the eighteenth century one-tenth of the population are said to have died of small-pox. It was then that Jenner made his great discovery of the value of the inoculation of cow-pox as a preventive of small-pox, and practically freed the civilized world from its most mortal enemy.

To return to the narrative. The Diarist is becoming increasingly anxious about his mother's health during October, and on October 30th she and his father set out for London to see a specialist there. On October 29th he enters this simple prayer: 'O Almighty Lord God, let it be thy good pleasure to restore my dear Mother to her former health: but if thou hast otherwise decreed it, not my will but thine be done.' He is left in charge of

[1] For a brilliant portrait and account of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1690–1762) see Leigh Hunt's essay in his *Men, Women, and Books*. The League of Nations Union would do well to issue as a separate leaflet Lady Mary's remarks on war: 'I cannot think we are older, when I recollect the many palpable follies which are still (almost) universally persisted in: I place that of war as senseless as the boxing of schoolboys; and whenever we come to Man's estate (perhaps a thousand years hence) I do not doubt it will appear as ridiculous as the pranks of unlucky lads' (*Letters*, vol. iii, p. 141, Lord Wharncliffe's edition).

the house (October 20) 'with all the keys, and I will take great care to be faithful in the trust committed to me.'

On December 4th he marries his first couple (at Ansford), an old farmer widower of eighty and a widow of seventy.

Dec. 8. . . . Had a very satisfactory letter from Papa this morning, to inform me that all the danger is over with Mama. . . . Thanks, do I return, most unfeigned to Almighty God for it.

Dec. 24. . . . the new Singers came very late this evening, and they sung a Christmas Carol and an Anthem and they had cyder as usual and 0. 2. 0. The old Singers did not come at all, and I have heard that they have given it over.

Dec. 25. . . . Fifteen poor old People dined here as usual being Xmas Day. We had for dinner to-day a large Rump of Beef of thirty pound roasted, and three large plum puddings. Fine beef it was.

1765. Jan. 9. . . . Mr. Bridges Priest Vicar of the Cathedral at Wells called upon me this afternoon, and laid at our house all night. I took him with me up to Mr. Clarke's where we supped and spent the evening. . . . Mr. Bridges made himself very disagreeable to all the Company, and exposed himself much. We had great part of Cato[1] performed this evening, and done tolerably well.

Jan. 10. . . . Mr. Bridges breakfasted with me, and afterward he went home to Wells. I am not sorry for it.

Jan. 16. . . . Papa and Mama returned this afternoon with their maid Elizabeth Clothier, from London,

[1] Addison's tragedy.

perfectly well and easy! Blessed be God for all great mercies bestowed upon me a miserable and sinful creature. . . .

Jan. 29. . . . Mr. John Penny sent me a small plumb cake and a pair of w[hite] gloves this morning, I buried his little maid this afternoon at Cary Church. . . .

Feb. 4. Breakfasted, dined, supped, and laid at Babcary again. I had a view taken this day (by Roger Coles, Carpenter at C. Cary, and Robin Francis, Mason at Ansford) of the Parsonage House etc. at Babcary by order of my Rector Mr. Chese, and they have been at it all the day, and they brought in a very fair account, and the least they will do it for, which was in the whole exactly 109. 0. 10. They dined with me here, as did my Clarke Sam. Hutchins, as he assisted them, and we had a fine leg of mutton boiled, brought from Ansford on purpose:—Mr. Cheese desired a dinner for them, and liquor, for which I have charged

Mr. Cheese	0.	8.	0
I gave each of the Artificers.	0.	5.	0
Gave their assistant Sam. Hutchins	0.	1.	0

They staid here till 10 o'clock this evening.

Feb. 5. Breakfasted, dined, supped, and laid at Babcary again. I have been busy to-day in pruning the apple trees in my garden there. . . .

Feb. 11. Breakfasted and dined at Babcary.

. . . For things that my old Woman at Babcary has

bought me this last week—paid her	0.	0.	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Viz. for half a pound of Butter	0.	0.	4
For one pound of beef Stakes	0.	0.	3
For some Cream	0.	0.	$0\frac{1}{2}$
Gave Mary for her trouble	0.	0.	$4\frac{1}{2}$

In another entry (February 18) he gives 'for four

eggs 0. 0. 1 ' and Cheese 3½*d.* per pound. Candles, on the other hand are 7½*d.* per pound.

These prices give some indication of the immense difference in the purchasing power of money a hundred and fifty years ago—as far as concerns these particular commodities. English butter is to-day (1923) about three times the 1765 price, English beef steaks about eight times, eggs (they are still dear in February) about eight or nine times, cheese about six times. Among the articles named we score only in candles, which can now be purchased for 5½*d.* per pound. Candles in the Diarist's day were, however, heavily taxed, which largely accounts for the high price.

Feb. 11 (*continued*). For laying a wager with Betty Crich my old Woman's daughter concerning frosty weather last Thursday, and losing with her paid . 0. 0. 6

Feb. 12. . . . I went to enquire when Mr. Burge went to London (but he went last Sunday) as my Father and Uncle wanted to send five guineas to Cousin Bob Woodforde, who was last Thursday appointed Surgeon's first Mate to the Hussar Frigate 28 Guns, now cruising on the Coasts of Ireland, and as he must go to her, he begs a little money of them to go.

Feb. 17. Breakfasted, dined, supped, and laid at Babcary. I performed the duty of the day there. I churched a poor woman, and for doing it this morning she gave me 0. 0. 6. As she was poor and has a large family, and is a very honest woman, I sent it her back to her house and gave her besides 0. 0. 6.

Feb. 28. . . . Spent part of the afternoon at Mr. Lewis Bower's with him, his brother, Parson Gapper of East Charlton, and one Mr. Taunton a Roman. Mr. Taunton is a young sensible man of great wealth.

March 4. . . . After dinner I returned to Ansford where I supped, spent the evening and laid. On my return home I called upon Mr. Andrew Russ at Clanville, and spent the remaining part of the afternoon with him, Mr. Dod a Baker and a Roman Catholick, Mr. Thomas and Seth Burge. Mr. Dod and myself touched a little upon Religion, which I own was not right at all.

For going thro' Avord Turnpike paid . 0. 0. 1

March 18. Breakfasted, dined, supped, and laid again at Babcary. I brewed half a Hogshead of strong Beer to-day for my Rector Mr. Cheese, and I had three Bushels and a half of Malt and three pound of old Hops. I afterwards brewed half a Hogshead of ale with the grain and Hops for myself, and added to the grains half a Bushel of fresh Malt, which I owe one Mrs. Cooke for, of West Camel. Gave my old woman the grains which she sold to one Solomon Arthur for 0. 1. 0. . . .

March 25. . . . I received this morning of Elizabeth Clothier my mother's maid, the sum of ten pounds, to keep for her, and I shall give her ten shillings per annum, which is at the rate of five per centum for the use of it; I do it purely to encourage her to be careful, and to make her saving. . . .

March 27. . . . I christened two children (Twins) of Robin Francis's this afternoon at Ansford Church for my Father by the names of Joseph and Mary, being born on Lady Day last. . . .

March 30. . . . I had my face and head shaved at Bruton by one Hitchcock, who lives with one Grey a Barber there, and he shaved me exceeding well. I gave him 0. 0. 6. . . . Coming from Bruton my horse threw me, but I thank God, I received no manner of hurt. . . .

1765

April 4. . . . Gave Betty Crich my old woman's daughter 0. 0. 6 to get her spinning work done in proper time, as I had hindered her.

April 7. . . . My Clarke Sam. Hutchins sat up all last night drinking therefore he did not attend at the Holy Sacrament [it was Easter Day]—for which I gave him a severe lecture, and he promised me never to be guilty of the same again, which I hope he will not. I had a piece of roast beef for dinner to-day, and I had my Clarke Sam. Hutchins, and his cousin Thomas Hutchins my gardener to dine here to-day. . . .

April 18. . . . Mr. Penny is presented to the Living of Evercreech, to hold it for a minor (Justice Robbard's son of 12 years old), and is therefore going to quit my Father's curacy at C. Cary, which I am to undertake for him, and Babcary too, but I cannot serve Babcary but once a Sunday. . . .

On April 29 he goes to Oxford, and stays there till May 23, reading his 'Wall Lectures' for his M.A. degree.[1]

May 23. I got up this morning at 3 o'clock and went to the Star Inn in the Corn Market where I took Coach and set forth for Bath, which goes there to-day. Gave our Porter for calling me this morning 0. 0. 6. Gave a Porter for carrying my Portmanteau to the Star 1. 0. There were only two more in the Machine beside me. One was (I believe) a dissenting Minister, and the other an Oxford old Lady who is going to Cirencester. We breakfasted at Burford, for

[1] See pp. 158–62 for an account of the course for the B.A. and M.A. degrees at Oxford in the eighteenth century.

which as we treated the Lady cost each of us 0. 1. 6. We took up at Burford two more passengers, one was a servant man of Major Hargrove who is at Bristol and his man is going to him ; the other was a stranger of Burford a young woman going to Cirencester. Both the women left us at Cirencester, and then there was only myself, the Major's Servant, and the dissenting Minister, a very well behaved man. I paid my remaining part of the fare at Burford [He had paid 9*s*. on the 13th in advance] and for my portmanteau the overweight 0. 10. 6. We dined at Tetbury with a stranger, a tradesman. For my dinner and drinking afterwards paid 0. 2. 0. We got into Bath this evening about seven o'clock, and we put up at the King's Arms in Broad Street, where I supped and spent the evening and laid. My Father's man met me here this evening with horses.

May 24. . . . We got home to Ansford to dinner, where I dined, supped and laid at my Father's house. Blessed be Almighty God for sending me safe home to my dear Parents again. . . .

On May 26 he begins his curacy at C. Cary, and gets 20. 0. 0. a year from his father for it : this means he can only take one service at Babcary on Sunday.

May 27. Breakfasted, dined, and laid at home again. Brother John dined, breakfasted, and laid here again. After dinner Jack went to Wincanton to a Pony Race, and he did not return till after ten this evening. I am greatly afraid Jack is rather wild, but I hope not.

May 28. . . . Brother John spent the evening at the Fair [at Castle Cary].

May 29. . . . I read Prayers this morning at C. Cary,

it being the commemorating the Restoration of King Charles the Second. . . .

June 6. . . . Gave my old woman's daughter a Fairing as she goes to Camel Fair to-day, which was 0. 1. 0. Gave my Clark there [Babcary] and one Thom. Hutchins 0. 1. 0 to lay out at Camel Fair.

June 23. . . . I buried poor Will. Burge this evening at Ansford Church for my Father. I hope he is happy. Poor Will. went with me the very last time that I went to Oxford, and I liked him much. . . .

June 24. . . . I read Prayers this morning at C. Cary it being St. John's Day. Coming from Church I called in at Stephen Gibb's at C. Cary, and I prayed by his wife who is very ill. I gave poor Stephen Gibbs, to buy something for her 1. 0.

July 8. . . . Brother John breakfasted, dined, supped and laid here again. Brother John is very indifferent by his being too busy with Girls. . . .

On July 11th he gives a dinner party at Babcary to fourteen C. Cary gentlemen, ' one of whom ', he observes, ' was not invited '.

We all spent the greatest part of the afternoon in the Churchyard at Babcary, where we were diverted by some of the Gentlemen playing at Ball,[1] at which I won a betting 0. 2. 9. The Gentlemen seemed well pleased at the Entertainment, which gave me infinite satisfaction. A terrible accident happened whilst we were at dinner, which many of us went to see the Body; viz. a Poor Boy was dragged and killed by a Horse about half a mile from us on the Ilchester Road. The boy was about fourteen years old. I hope

[1] ' Fives,' I fear against the church wall.

to God the Poor Boy is happy. There was no bone broken, neither was his skull fractured, but he is dead. We all came home singing, and I thank God well. My Brother John was indisposed, therefore he could not go. . . .

July 23. . . . Dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Clarke's. . . . One Farmer Tottle of Avord, a Clergyman's son, a very hearty man and within one year of fourscore, spent the afternoon at Mr. Clarke's as did another Farmer.

July 26. . . . For three framed pictures for my Tent of a Boy, paid 3. 0. *N.B.* They are new fashioned pictures of their Majesties, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, Prince Ferdinand and the Marquiss of Granby.

Of these celebrities it will be unnecessary to say anything of 'their Majesties', King George III and his Queen, or of Mr. Pitt, the elder of course, made Earl of Chatham in the middle of the following year, 1766.

Mr. Legge, Prince Ferdinand, and the Marquis of Granby are, however, to-day no more than names to nine out of ten persons, whether educated or otherwise, and the following biographical snapshots may, perhaps, help the reader to understand why our Diarist hung their pictures in his tent.

Henry Bilson Legge was born in 1708, the fourth son of the first Earl of Dartmouth. He owed his start in political life to Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he was private secretary. After holding a series of posts of minor importance he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1754, George III, who disliked him, making it a condition that 'Legge should never enter his closet'. With two intervals—in 1755 and again in 1757, he was Chancellor of the Exchequer until 1761. He was

dismissed in that year by George III because he refused to pay a large sum to the Landgrave of Hesse. He shared in a measure in Pitt's popularity, whose colleague he was.

If not an eminent statesman he was no fool, and Horace Walpole regarded his death in 1764 as a severe loss to the Whigs. His unpopularity with George III doubtless increased his popularity with the public, and the Diarist, who was a moderate Tory if not a Whig, would like to have in his tent the picture of a man who resisted the dangerously encroaching power of King George III. In conclusion, I cannot resist quoting a slightly cynical reference made to him by Lord Shelburne in a letter addressed by the latter to Lord Bute on October 6, 1761 : 'Mr. Legge, whatever opinion your Lordship, I or some others may have of him, is a Gold Box ; one Box is out and another put in his place.' Shelburne means that Legge will be of value, merely as being a popular commoner, in a Ministry too freely composed of nobles.[1]

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick was bred, to quote his contemporary, Lord Shelburne, 'not only in the camp but in the Court of Prussia ; he was in all respects an experienced soldier, and a proud high man.'[2] He commanded the Allied Forces against the French in the Seven Years War, and won a succession of now almost forgotten victories, among them Minden, 1759, Vellinghausen, 1761, Wilhelmstall, 1762, in five campaigns against superior forces. The great historian of the British Army refers to Ferdinand as a soldier 'who, little though we know him, was the greatest commander

[1] Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Shelburne*, vol. i, p. 90. See also the *D. N. B.*

[2] Fitzmaurice's *Life of Shelburne*, vol. i, p. 244.

who led British troops to victory in Europe between Marlborough and Wellington. . . . British troops may feel proud to have so served under so able a soldier and so great and gallant a man in the Campaigns which they fought in Germany for the conquest of their own Empire.' [1]

John Manners, Marquis of Granby, was the son of the third Duke of Rutland, and was born in 1721. He started his career in politics, then entered the army, and finally reverted to politics again. But it is as a soldier, not as politician, that his name is notable. He commanded a regiment, which he had himself raised, at Culloden in 1746, and when the Seven Years War broke out he entered the fray. He was present at the battle of Minden in 1759, which was won by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, largely by British valour, and despite the disgraceful conduct of the British commander, Lord George Sackville, afterwards court-martialled. But it was at Warburg in the following year that he made his name, when he led a magnificent and devastating cavalry charge which overwhelmed the French. He continued to distinguish himself as commander of the British troops under Prince Ferdinand till the end of the war. He died in 1770. Lord Acton, in his lecture on Frederick the Great,[2] thus characteristically refers, in the course of his remarks on the Seven Years War, to Lord Granby: 'When the Marquis of Granby did better at Warburg, the joy was great, and he became a popular hero. His hat and wig were blown off as he led the charge, and his portrait, bareheaded, in a high wind, is at Trinity, and was on the sign of many an inn, especially of a well-known one at Dorking, in Mr. Pickwick's time.'

[1] Fortescue's *History of the British Army*, vol. ii, pp. 567–8.

[2] Acton's *Lectures on Modern History*, pp. 290–304.

July 30. . . . Jack made Papa this evening very angry and uneasy by his defending suicide and talking so saucy to him. Jack is much altered indeed within these two years. I am afraid he will be ever miserable, but God forbid!

Aug. 13. . . . I went to C. Cary Church this morning and christened a child of Mr. Seth Burge's by the name of Mary Russ. From church I went to Seth Burge's, where I dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening.

Mem: We were to have had a Ham and Fowls for dinner there, but the maid forgot to boil the Ham.

Sep. 10. . . . Jack supped out and did not come home till just 12 o'clock. It is not well of him to stay so late as Mama is so bad.

Sep. 20. . . . Papa and Brother John had some words this evening, but it ended very well between them at last.

Sep. 26. . . . Spent the afternoon at the Lower House [1] with Brother John and one Cass Thomas of Overcreech of whom my brother John bought a mare this afternoon and saddle and bridle for the sum of 8. 8. 0. . . .

Sep. 28. . . . Dr. Clarke's cook maid, Mary, was this morning found out in concealing a dead child in her box of which she had delivered herself yesterday morning, whether she murdered it or not is not yet known, but will be tried by the Coroner and Jury next Monday. . . . .

Sep. 30. The Coroner, Mr. Norton with the Jury took

[1] The Lower House in Ansford was part of his mother's estate; she was a local heiress, and he lived here with his brother John until his father's death. This house, of which the present owner of the diary has a pleasant picture, no longer exists.

inquest this afternoon upon the deceased child (a boy) of Dr. Clarke's maid, Mary, and brought her in not guilty.

On October 6, he takes service at Babcary for the last time, being succeeded by a Mr. Colmer. Most of October is spent in getting into the Lower House. Carpenters at work, &c.

On November 5th he enters that he reads prayers at Castle Cary Church (' being Gunpowder Treason Plot ').

Dec. 1. . . . I read Prayers and preached this afternoon at C. Cary Church. Mrs. White, Mrs. Sam White, Mr. Andrew Russ, Mr. James and Richard Clarke and Brother Heighes, supped and spent the evening with us at the Parsonage. My father did not come down-stairs all the evening on account of the Company and Mama being ill. It vexed my Father and Mother greatly to have company brought to the house by Jack on a Sunday, and especially as my Mother is so bad.

Dec. 4. . . . Brother John went out early this morning and did not return all day and night. He is gone a Courting. . . .

Dec. 19. . . . Jack kept me up very late this evening at the Lower House by not coming home till past 12 o'clock.

1766. Jan. 25. . . . I had a letter from Mr. Rice, my taylor in Oxford, to whom I am greatly in debt, it was a very civil letter. [He had written to explain he couldn't pay him yet.]

Jan. 30. . . . I read prayers this morning at C. Cary, it being K. Charles' Martyrdom. Papa gave me a large cheese for the Lower House this morning. I dined, supped and spent the evening at Parsonage.

1766

Feb. 4. . . . Our dear Mama is much worse and daily taking her leave of all of us.

On February 6 he enters : ' Poor Mama grows weaker and worse daily. The Parsonage is a very melancholy house now indeed.'

Feb. 7. . . . Poor Mama sent for me and Jack this afternoon up into her room and very solemnly took her leave of us ; therefore I do not believe she can exist very long in this world. . . .

Feb. 8. It pleased Almighty God of his great goodness to take unto himself my dear good Mother this morning, about 9 o'clock, out of this sinful world, and to deliver her out of her miseries. She went out of this world as easy as it was possible for anyone. I hope she is now eternally happy in everlasting glory. . . .

O Lord God Almighty send help from Thy Holy Place to my dear Father, and to all my dear Mother's relations, to withstand so great a shock, and to live and dye so easy as she did. . . .

On February 12 his mother is buried in the vault in the chancel of Ansford Church, ' very decently and well. . . . We had all Crepe Hatbands and Cloaks ' and the pall bearers likewise.

She left her whole estate between the Diarist, ' Sister Jane, and Brother John.'

Feb. 14. . . . Papa gave me this afternoon my money box that Poor Mama kept for me from a Boy in which was half a guinea, two half crown pieces, a sixpence, two small silver coins and ½d.

Feb. 17. . . . One Robert Galpine, an old School Fellow of mine at Winton College, who was expelled genteely from it, and whom I have not seen this ten years, called upon me this evening at Parsonage and spent the former part of the evening with us there. . . .

Feb. 20. . . . Galpine (I believe) is in the capacity of a servant to Mr. Meach of Serne in Dorset an Apothecary.

Feb. 22. . . . I dined, supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. Mr. Richard Clarke, Junr and one Mr. Strong a Butcher at Pool, an acquaintance of his supped and spent the evening with us. Mr. Richard Clarke makes too free (I think) with our house.

On March 25 he enters that Elizabeth Clothier gives him another £10 to keep for her at 5 per cent. Also Elizabeth Crich gives him £20 to keep for her at 5 per cent. He is to have half a year's notice before repayment of principal.

April 11. Gave the Bath Newsman for Mr. Pitt's speech 0. 1. 0.

It is by no means plain which of Pitt's speeches is here meant. Is it the famous speech of January 14, made in course of the debate on the Address, when the great commoner denounced the Ministry, 'every capital measure they have taken is entirely wrong', vindicated the Americans, and urged that 'the Stamp Act be repealed, absolutely, totally and immediately'? Or the much less famous speech of February 21st when the Bill for repealing the Stamp Act was introduced? Or the speech which astonished the House on March 10, when he praised the hated Lord Bute and urged a sort of Coalition Ministry composed of King's Friends and the

people's Friends? Or is it some speech at Bath whither he had gone, 'the sum of things is that I am fitter for a lonely hill in Somersetshire than for the Affairs of State' he had written to Lord Shelburne on February 24. On the whole we think the first-named speech is meant, for the debate on the Address had been surreptitiously printed in Paris.[1]

June 23. . . . I went this evening with Miss Rooke and Jenny to see a Play (the Orphan or Unhappy marriage) to the Court House at C. Cary, performed by some strollers, and they did it pretty well. . . .

July 4. I dined and spent the afternoon at Justice Creeds, with him, his Father, one Farmer Clarke of Lovington, Tenant to the Justice, Miss Molly Pew, and Sister Jane, we went in the evening to a play called Love in a Village. I paid there 0. 1. 6. The Justice treated the Ladies at the Play. . . .

July 18. . . . I went to a Play at the Court House at C. Cary (called the Provoked Husband or a Journey to London) this evening with Aunt Tom, Jenny and Mrs. Clarke and Brother Heighes and his little boy, Billy, with little Sam. Clarke. I paid for going in, being Mrs. Midnight's benefit, 0. 2. 0. For cherries for myself and many others there paid 0. 2. 0. The Company was greatly disturbed at the Play by the noise of an insolent, saucy mobb on the outside of the Play House.

This and other references in the Diary to the visit of strolling companies of players to so remote and relatively

[1] Albert von Ruville's *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, 3 vols., translated 1907, vol. iii, pp. 166–74; Fitzmaurice's *Shelburne*, vol. i, p. 264; *The Parliamentary History*, vol. xvi.

unimportant a township as Castle Cary throws into prominence the different, and in so many aspects better, conditions of country life in the eighteenth century as compared with to-day. Castle Cary had in 1801 a population of 1,281 persons,[1] and we shall probably not be far wrong if we assume it numbered not more than 1,200 persons in 1766. What villages or townships to-day of this size have the opportunity of seeing the plays of Shakespeare or *The Beggars' Opera* (we shall see that these are referred to in later entries) and all sorts of other plays, excellent or otherwise? This is an apt illustration of the deplorable decay of country gaieties following on the abnormal and dismal development of industrial life in towns.

July 19. I went and read prayers to a poor woman in C. Cary (John Baker the Thatcher's wife) who is extremely bad and I am afraid in a deep consumption —a very honest and good woman as well as her Husband is a man. (They are a very happy couple). . . .

July 21. . . . I paid Maby the Overseer this morning for a Quarter's Taxes for our Estate, late my Mother's 2. 2. 2½, that is for Land Tax . . . 0. 18. 1. To Six Poor Rates—2. 8½ per Rate—0. 16. 3. To window tax, 19 in number 0. 7. 10½.

As regards the Land Tax and the Window Tax here referred to, a word of explanation may be helpful. The Land Tax at this date (1766) was to all intents and purposes merely a tax on real property at the rate of 4*s*. in the pound on the annual value of the property. The high rate of 4*s*. was due to the financial burden imposed by the Seven Years War. The lowering of the tax to 3*s*.

[1] Phelps's *History of Somersetshire*, vol. i, p. 375.

in 1767 caused the then Chancellor of the Exchequer to attempt taxation in America with ultimate consequences of disaster. But the tax in the time of William and Mary (1692) had been a genuine income tax, including personal as well as real property. Somehow the 'personal' part slipped out silently, but Pitt had the precedent of 1692, to say nothing of more ancient enactments, when between 1799–1802 he introduced our friend, the income tax, which with an interval of absence from 1815 to 1842, has continued to dog our steps, and pester us with shameless importunities.

The Window Tax was the immediate successor of the Hearth or Chimney Tax, and appeared in 1696. At that date houses with less than ten windows paid 2*s*., and from ten to twenty, 2*s*., and 4*s*. additional. But the tax steadily increased, notably during the Seven Years War and the Napoleonic Wars—Pitt's 1792 exemption of houses with less than seven windows being short lived. The tax was not repealed till 1851, when it sank beneath its load of unpopularity and evil Health results. The yield of this odious tax in 1850 was, however, £1,708,504, and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not afford to lose so large a sum, another old friend was revived, the Inhabited House Duty.[1]

July 22. . . . I dined, supped and spent the evening at the Parsonage. Mr. Clerke the Player, alias Mrs. Midnight spent the afternoon at Parsonage. . . .

July 30. For a pr of new Paltry Slippers of Dunford at C. Cary paid 0. 5. 0. N.B. I shall never have any

[1] If any reader is hungry for further information on these or any other taxes he should consult that fascinating work *Taxation and Taxes in England*, by Stephen Dowell (4 vols., 1888), on which the above comments are based.

more dealings with him, I believe, for he is not only extortionary, but also very impudent.

Aug. 1. . . . I gave a poor old wounded soldier 0. 0. 1.

Aug. 3. . . . I buried a little maid of Phill Stockman's this evening at C. Cary that died in the Small Pox. . . .

Aug. 5. . . . I had some talk in C. Cary Churchyard with a Methodist stranger. Mr. John Burge and Mr. James Clarke supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. My father would not see them which occasioned very high words between him and Jack after. My Father's temper of late makes me quite miserable.

Aug. 12. Lent Jack this morning, which makes me very poor, 2. 12. 6. Jack went to Lydford Fair this morning and was out all day and night.

Aug. 19. . . . Henry Fitch Esq., of High Hall, Wimborne, Dorsett sent for me this afternoon to Ansford Inn, on his road to Bristol, where I spent part of the afternoon with him. He drank tea with us at the Parsonage this afternoon. Fitch is an old school fellow of mine when at Winchester, and is now Gent. Comm. of Queen's College, Oxon. He has lately had a bad fall from his horse, which gave him a violent pain in his breast, therefore is going to the Hot Wells at Bristol to drink the waters.

On August 22, being the Bishop's Triennial Visitation, which the Archdeacon took, the Bishop ' being very old ', they had the usual service at Castle Cary Church, at which the Diarist read the prayers. They dined at Ansford Inn, and the Archdeacon treated him, ' being the Reader, for my dinner and for liquer as long as he stopped. I paid myself afterwards for wine etc., 0. 1. 0 '.

Aug. 25. . . . After breakfast I went with Brother John to Wells to have Counsellor Andrew's opinion of my Mother's appointment to me, Brother John and Sister Jane, which we had satisfactorily. We paid the Counsellor for his opinion in writing 1. 1. 0.[1]

Between September 1 and September 4 they (he and his brother John) go to Winchester ' to the Election ', and on September 4 he notes, ' I gave Brother John this afternoon 0. 5. 0 his money being all gone. N.B. High time to decamp.'

Sept. 12. . . . I spent the afternoon at Dr. Clarke's. . . . Brother Heighes came in at the latter part of the afternoon to us, rather merry and exposed himself greatly by his talk to me. . . .

Sep. 14. . . . Mr. James Clarke who went to Kingsgate in Kent to my Lord Holland after Mr. Melliar on Mr. Chiche's account, which is 180 miles, returned this afternoon (Sunday) about one o'clock with Mr. Melliar. Mr. James set out from Ansford last Thursday 10 o'clock in the forenoon, there and back again is near 400 miles. . . . I was taken extremely bad this evening just after I was in bed in a fainting fit, but, I thank God (through Jack's assistance etc.), I soon got better. If my brother had not laid in the same room, I do believe I must have expired this evening.

Sept. 29. [At dinner with the Creeds.]—*N.B.* We had a Pine Apple after dinner, the first I ever saw or tasted.

Oct. 5. . . . Mrs. Grant of Henbridge spent this after-

[1] Counsellor is an old fashioned title for a barrister. Now instead of employing ' counsellors ', we employ ' counsel '.

noon at Parsonage, she came to talk with my Father about Jack and her daughter, Nancy, which I hope now will soon be settled to their satisfaction.

Oct. 18. . . . I entirely forgot that this was St. Luke's Day, and therefore did not read Prayers at C. Cary which I should have done otherwise. As it was not done willfully, I hope God will forgive it.

On October 31, he borrows £250 of Mr. Robin White to pay for 'Oxford Debts'. He tries to get Mr. Leach of Avord and Mr. Gapper of Yarlington to take his services during his absence in Oxford, and other parsons too, but fails for a variety of reasons: Mr. Gapper because he already preaches three times on Sunday, Mr. Leach because his mother has just died; so he has to defer his journey to Oxford.

Dec. 2. Luke Barnard came to live with me as a servant this day. I am to give him per annum three pounds, a coat and waistcoat and hat besides victuals and drink, washing and lodging. . . .

Dec. 22. . . . I paid Mr. White for my half Pig—85 p^{d} weight 1. 3. 0. . . .

Dec. 29. . . . Jack did not come home till after one o'clock in the morning, and therefore kept me awake almost all night. He was at Farmer Cocks of Grove a dancing there.

1767. January 1. I read Prayers this morning at C. Cary Church being New Year's Day. I dined, supped and spent the evening till 10 o'clock at Parsonage, and after ten I went over to Mr. Clarke's new Hospital where I spent the whole night and part of the morning till 4 o'clock a dancing, on account of Mr. James Clarke's apprenticeship being expired. A great deal

of company was there indeed, viz., etc. . . . We had a very good band of musick, 2 Violins and a Base Viol. We were excessive merry and gay there indeed. [He observes that Brother Heighes 'exposed himself greatly'.]

Feb. 3. . . . I spent the evening and supped at Ansford Inn, there being a Masquerade Ball there this evening, and very elegant it was, much beyond my expectation in all respects. . . . Parson Penny, Gapper, Baily, Witwick and Overton and myself were the Clergymen that were there. . . . Brother John [was in the character of] a Counsellor, Brother Heighes, King Richard the Third; John Burge, Othello; Sister Jane, Shepherdess; Sally Clarke, Diana Trapes[1] . . . cum multis aliis, all in very rich dresses but in no particular characters. . . . I did not dance the whole evening. We had good musick viz., four Violins, a Bass Viol, a Taber and Pipe, a Hautboy and French horn played by Mr. Ford.

Feb. 9. . . . I got up at 3 o'clock this morning to brew a hogshead of strong beer. . . . I was busy all day at the Lower House, and therefore stayed there the whole day, and did not go to bed this night as we could not tun our liquor till near two in the morning.

Feb. 12. I got up before one this morning and brewed a 3 quarter barrel of strong beer and some small beer and had it all cool and tunned by four o'clock in the afternoon. . . .

On February 16 he takes Miss Jordan to Wincanton—the Bear, to a concert and ball, 'a very genteel ball'; he danced every dance with Miss Jordan from 10 to 4 in the morning '(the best dancer in the room)'.

[1] Who will be remembered as a character in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

March 7. . . . I have taken for these last three mornings one hour before breakfast, the second rind of Alder stick steeped in water, and I do really think that I have gained great benefit from it, half a pint each morning ; it must be near the colour of Claret wine. *N.B.* Very good to take every Spring and Fall.

Under date March 15 and 18 he refers to the ' ungenerous ' action of his uncle who had been to see Mrs. Powell at Harding near St. Albans, Herts, patron of Ansford and Castle Cary livings, to try and get them for his son, thus supplanting the Diarist. He refers bitterly to his uncle.

March 24. I was bleeded this morning by Mr. James Clarke, and had two ounces of blood taken from me, for which I gave him 2. 6.

N.B. My blood was very rich and, therefore, proper to be bled.

April 9. Mrs. Grant of Hambridge came early this morning on horse back to the Lower House and gave it to Jack for breaking of the Love Affair with her daughter. Mrs. Grant is too selfish.

Jack does not appear to have been perturbed as he dined at Ansford Inn with friends and then went with them to Yeovil, ' where he remained all night '.

April 10. . . . Jack did not please at Parsonage this evening being very much disguised in Beer, but it is but seldom and I hope will be more seldom, the more so the better.

April 14. I read prayers this morning again at C. Cary Church. I prayed for poor James Burge this morning,

out of my own head, hearing he was just gone off almost in a consumption. It occasioned a great tremulation in my voice at the time. I went after prayers and saw him, and he was but just alive. He was a very good sort of a young man and much respected. It was the evil which was stopped and then fell upon his lungs. Grant O Almighty God that he may be eternally happy hereafter. . . .

On April 20 his father with Jane and John set out for London; his Father is going to see Mrs. Powell at Harding, Herts, about the Livings. The Diarist himself sets out for Oxford on April 21. On May 3 he had a new wig and his 'Tupee' cut off and head shaved. He parted reluctantly with his tupee.

On May 23 he took his M.A. degree and stood the usual wine, Rum Punch, &c., to the M.C.R. and B.C.R. [Masters' and Bachelors' Common Room]. On June 2 he returns by coach and postchaise via Bath to Ansford, which he reaches on June 3.

July 6. . . . I sent a letter this morning to Mr. Millachip, Brazier in High Street Oxford, to send me a dozen spitting boxes. . . .

He buries a number of people during these months as a fever rages in Castle Cary.

July 24. . . . Aunt Anne, my Father, Sister Jane and Brother John dined and spent the whole afternoon with me at Lower House and indeed they did me great honour by doing so.

N.B. My father sent me down a couple of fowls ready roasted, and I gave them a fine ham, some beans, some greens, and a good rich raisin pudding. . . .

August 1. . . . I received a letter . . . from Edward, Bishop of Bath and Wells to desire me to transmit to him a correct list of Papists or reputed Papists with an account of their age, sex, occupation and time of residence in the Parish of Castle Cary, with all convenient expedition at Wells, in order to its being laid before the House of Lords next Session.

Sep. 11. . . . I dined and spent the afternoon at Justice Creed's with him, his father, Parson Gapper, etc. We had a noble pine apple after dinner. . . .

Sep. 30. . . . I went a fishing this morning in our great pond in Pond Close, with a net of my Father's and we caught in about two hours, 5 brace of tolerable Tench. My father was with us and I am afraid caught cold there . . . Jack returned from Taunton this evening with his cockade [as an ensign in the Somerset Militia], and I thank God is brave.

Oct. 10. . . . My Father let Jack have this morning 60. 0. 0 to equip himself for the [Somerset] Militia, he being an Ensign in it.

Oct. 11. . . . Mr. Will Melliar sent me a note this morning, to desire me to be at the meeting of the Gentlemen etc., of this County, at Bridgwater to-morrow, to put in nomination two proper Persons to represent this County in Parliament, the ensuing Parliament; and it was so civil a note that I could not refuse him. . . .

Oct. 12. . . . After breakfast, about six o'clock, I set forth for Bridgwater in Ansford Inn Post-chaise, in which I went to Piper's Inn, where I took another, and went to Catcott to Mrs. Wm. Melliars there, where I made another breakfast, with Mr. Wm. Melliar, his wife and daughter, Agatha Clarke and Counsellor Melliar.

. . . After breakfasting at Catcott, I went to Bridgwater in Pipers Inn Chaise, Mr. Wm. Melliar and his brother went with me in Counsellor Melliar's Chaise.

. . . There was scarce ever seen so numerous an assembly on such an occasion. We put up our horses at the Globe Inn in Bridgwater. We dined at the Swan, with near fourscore gentlemen of the first rank in the Country. For our ordinary we each paid 0. 3. 0, for wine, fruit and servants, pd 0. 1. 6.

At 2 o'clock we all went to the Town Hall, and Sir Charles Tynte and Mr. Cox, Lieutenant Colonel of the Somerset Militia, were the two Persons put in nomination, they having by much the majority. Mr. Trevilian opposed them, and is determined to stand the Poll at the Election, though desired by his friends to relinquish it then. Mr. Mildmay, Sergeant Burland, Sir Abraham Elton, the Sheriff, Mr. Proviss Junr of Shepton Mallett and Peter Taylor spoke in the Hall for Sir Charles and Mr. Cox. Sir Wm. Haugh (a very mean Fellow) and Major Putt and Mr. Allen, both very cleaver men, for Trevilian. We were all handsomely squeezed in the Hall. Sir Charles Tynte spoke and cleared himself from the imputation he laid under concerning the Cyder Tax. Mr. Cox spoke and most elegantly and genteelly. Old Mr. Cox spoke very well with regard to his son. At the Globe Inn in Bridgwater, Barber etc., pd 0. 2. 6.

I returned in the evening in Piper's Inn Post-chaise which I kept there, with Mr. Melliar and his brother to Catcott, where I supped and slept at Mr. Melliar's.

I gave Pipers Inn Post-chaise man 0. 2. 6.

At Whist this evening at Catcott with Counsellor

Melliar against his brother and his wife, won 0. 2. 6.

Oct. 20. . . . I buried poor Richard Collins, late servant to Uncle Tom, this afternoon at C. Cary, who died mad in the Fever that rages in these parts. It is called the putrid Fever. . . .

Oct. 23. Young Mr. Thos. Francis died this morning in the Fever. He has had the Fever most violently, quite frantick. From this Fever good Lord deliver us, if it be Thy good will . . .

Oct. 24. An old Hare and a young Hare were seen in my garden to-day. . . .

Oct. 25. I read Prayers and preached this morning at C. Cary Church. It being the King's accession to the Throne. I read the Service appointed for it throughout, to the sermon. I did not use to read this service on common days, but as it happened now on a Sunday, I was obliged to, as directed. This day did not use to be a Prayer day on common days for years back at C. Cary, that is not since George the 2nd. . . .

Nov. 7. Brother John returned this morning from Taunton, and he dined supped etc., at Parsonage and slept at the Lower House. Jack becomes his regimentals very well. . . .

Nov. 24. . . . For five gallons of Rum, being part of a Puncheon, divided among several gentlemen at Dr. Clarke's this morning at 8. 9 per gallon pd 2. 3. 9. . . . Colonel Cox's brother and Mr. Wm. Melliar waited on me this morning at the Lower House, and desired my vote for Sir Charles Tynte and his brother, Colonel Cox, which I promised him. They stayed with me but a little time.

Nov. 28. . . . I lent Mrs. Melliar the 3 last volumes of

the Conniseur, this morning, and she lent me the six volumes of Tom Jones.

Dec. 3. My man Luke Barnard, acquainted me this morning that he did not like his wages, and unless I would raise them, he must leave me, which he is to do at Lady Day next, and his year being up yesterday, I am to give him at the rate of five pounds a year till Lady Day without any new cloathes etc. I am not very sorry. He is a willing fellow but indolent and too fond of Cyder. He is going to farm, that is the reason of his leaving me. . . . Mrs. Melliar was *fashionably* frightened into a fit by a cat after supper at the Doctor's [where there was a party], but soon well. . . .

Dec. 11. I dined, supped and spent the evening at Justice Creeds, with him, his father, Mrs. Betty Baker, her three nieces of Bridgwater, that is, Miss Baker rather ordinary, Miss Betsy very pretty, and Miss Sukey very middling, rather pretty than otherwise, all very sensible and agreable, and quite fine ladies, both in Behaviour and Dress and Fortunes. . . .

Dec. 22. . . . Great Bandying at Ansford Inn to-day on account of Mr. Trevelyan's (Candidate for the County of Somersett at the coming Election) giving a dinner to his friends, which were the lower sort of People. . . .

Dec. 26. . . . Jack supped and spent his evening at the Catherine Wheel and was out late. It is very disagreeable, his way of life.

1768. Jan. 4. . . . Jack did not come home till near four in the morning. He was much in liquor and quite unhappy. The Devil has had great power over him to-day. O Lord, grant him strength from Thy Holy Place, to withstand him better pro futuro.

Jan. 6. I read prayers this morning at C. Cary Church

being Epiphany. I had a small congregation, it being excessive cold, as cold and severe weather on all accounts as in the year 1740. . . .

On January 12 he enters that he buried a man found dead in the snow.

Feb. 3. . . . One Sarah Gore, came to me this morning and brought me an instrument from the Court of Wells, to perform publick Pennance next Sunday at C. Cary Church for having a child, which I am to administer to her publickly next Sunday after Divine Service [which accordingly was done after the sermon on Sunday Feb. 7].

Public Penance for such sins as fornication and slander, mediaeval though the practice may seem to modern notions, was occasionally practised throughout the eighteenth century. How often it is impossible to say. Several instances are quoted in Abbey and Overton's admirable work, *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*,[1] and two or three more have been unearthed by Dr. Wickham Legg.[2] The Diarist does not give us any idea that he thought the custom rare, and it may be that it was more common than has been supposed. The ordeal was terrible enough, and it is not without reason that the phrase 'to put on a white sheet' has survived. For that is what the Penitent wore, standing in the middle of the church and confessing. Dr. Legg has discovered examples of the form of confession. Thus in the course of one actually used in 1733, the woman says, 'I . . . do here, in the presence of Almighty God,

[1] Vol. ii, pp. 506–9.

[2] *English Church Life, &c.* (1914), pp. 257–9 and 278–80.

and this congregation, humbly confess and acknowledge, that I have most grievously offended his Divine Majesty, in defiling my body, by committing the heinous sin of fornication, with William, for which, my said foul offence, I am heartily sorry, and do sincerely repent thereof, and beg of God, mercy and forgiveness, for the same. . . .' And in 1801 a man confessed as follows: 'Good People Whereas I contrary to good manners and Christian Charity have unjustly reproached and defamed Elizabeth Bridges . . . by saying to her "You are a strumpet and I knew you when you lay on the Botley Road", of which I am convicted in the said Court [the Archdeacon's Court] by my own confession and by the decree of that Court am come hither to acknowledge my Fault, which I heartily do, and am sorry I have so defamed and injured the said Elizabeth Bridges, and do hereby ask forgiveness of the same.'

Feb. 17. . . . As I returned from Church [it was Ash Wednesday] I went into Ansford Inn and read the Commendatory Prayer to poor Mrs. Perry, who was just departing this life and who died just as I had finished. She went off extremely easy, without any visible emotion at all. I hope she is gone to unspeakable joys of Eternity. Lord, make us wise to consider our latter end and live good lives. . . .

Feb. 25. . . . I sent two spitting Basons to Counsellor Melliar this morning at Gallhampton, as a present. . . .

Feb. 28. I read prayers and preached this morning at Ansford Church. . . . Brother John spent his whole day with Mr. Wright at Ansford Inn. My father and Doctor Clarke had a few words coming out of Ansford Church this morning, but all things were made up before they parted and the Dr. came and smoked

a pipe with my Father at Parsonage in the afternoon, with his wife. . . .

March 1. . . . Great dinners etc., given to-day at the George Inn and the Angel by Sir Charles Tynte's and Mr. Cox's friends, viz. by Lord Ilchester, Lord Berkeley of Bruton and Mr. Mildmay, but neither were there. There were a great multitude of all sorts, gentle and simple. Mr. Cox himself was there. Bells ringing etc., and a great procession through Town with Musick playing and guns firing. They all came up in the afternoon as far as Justice Creeds, and Mr. Cox himself being there, we [the Diarist was dining with Justice Creed] both went out and spoke to him, and we both went back with him, with the Procession down to the George Inn, where we drank success to him, and was there for an hour in the large room with the multitude till Mr. Cox made a very handsome, sensible and genteel speech, and then he withdrew as did we immediately. Brother John dined and spent the evening with the multitude.

March 2. . . . Esq. Farr went and drank one bottle of Port with me at the Lower House this afternoon. He has got £1000 per annum and lives in a very handsome manner in Dorsetshire. . . .

It is clear that the Diarist regarded a Squire with £1,000 a year as a rich man. The sum is so small as compared with present ideas of a rich man's income that we may as well pause to consider what the equivalent of £1,000 a year in 1768 would be in present values. Despite the difficulties of estimating the variations in the purchasing power of money at different periods [1] we

[1] Readers interested in this bewildering subject should, as a preliminary, consult Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*,

would hazard the estimate that the rough equivalent of £1,000 a year (net) in 1768 would be at least £5,000 a year (net) to-day, January 1, 1923. In making this estimate we have had regard to the fact that a Curate's pay, for instance the Diarist's, a hundred and fifty years ago was not much more than £30 a year; that an agricultural labourer, according to Arthur Young, at Taunton in 1770 got 1*s.* a day with Cyder thrown in; that Squire Weston was regarded as one of the richest men in Somerset with his estate of 'upwards of £3,000 a year', and that Fielding makes the landlady say to Tom Jones in the inn on the road to Bristol, 'And yet, I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all those officer fellows but looks upon himself to be as good as arrow a squire of £500 a year' (book viii, ch. ii); that the Diarist only paid his servant-boy about £3 a year wages; that the prices of a variety of essential food-stuffs were at least five times less than to-day (see p. 44)—on the other hand, the price of wheat per quarter in the ten years from 1763 to 1773 averaged (early in March, mid-way between Harvests) from 38*s.* 6*d.* to 45*s.* a quarter at Mark Lane,[1] and the price to-day for English Wheat at Mark Lane is from 41*s.* to 44*s.* a quarter.[2]

Of course travelling was much more expensive than now, and one could not get the same general comfort for one's money, but in so far as comparison is possible I do not think we should be far wrong in multiplying 1768 incomes by five in order to get the modern equivalent. From this time, however (indeed the process began a year earlier), prices rise steadily; by 1803, when the Diarist

Modern Times, Part II, Appendix G, p. 937, and the *Dictionary of Political Economy*, articles on wages and prices, &c.

[1] Thorold Rogers, *History of Agricultural Prices in England*, vol. vii, Table of Wheat Prices. [2] *The Times*, December 30, 1922.

died, they had practically doubled—according to Arthur Young's computation.

March 4. . . . I lent Brother John this afternoon at Lower House, to pay his expenses at Ansford Inn last Wednesday night, 1. 1. 0.

N.B. It was the last guinea I had, but it was proper so to do, that he might by no means appear shabby. . . .

March 15. Justice Creed made me a visit this morning, and my Brother gave him a song, whilst James Clarke performed on his Base Viol. . . .

March 17. . . . Great rejoicings this day at C. Cary, on account of Mr. Trevylyan's declining standing the Poll for this County of Somersett after so much hurry and disturbance. So that Sir Charles Tynte and Mr. Cox are to be our members. May they make great and worthy Representatives. . . .

March 21. I got up very early this morning and after breakfast I set out for Oxford for the University Election.

He got safely to Oxford on Mr. Francis's horse, lent for the occasion, and Sir Roger Newdigate is elected, much to his satisfaction. He returns to Ansford on March 26.

March 29. . . . My Father would not play cards, it being Passion Week and the Justice [Creed, who was visiting there] was not very pleased.

N.B. No cards this week at Parsonage which I think is not amiss, though there might be no harm.

April 5. . . . My tenants from Sandford Orcas came to me this morning and paid me their rents in all 4. 17. 0. . . . I gave them all a dinner; a loin of veal

roasted and a good plumb pudding for their prompt pay. . . .

April 6. . . . My new Boy . . . [George Hutchins] came home this morning. . . . I settled as underneath with his Father for wages.—To give him per annum 2.2.0. To let him have (that is, only to lend it him during the time he lives with me) a coat, a waistcoat and hat etc. He is to find himself in shoes, breeches and shirts and if I buy them for him to deduct it out of his wages. He is a likely boy and bears a good character. . .

April 14. I made a visit this morning to old Mr. Creed in South Cary. I made two dinners this day, one at the Lower House by myself to teach my new Boy to wait at table and another at Parsonage. . . .

I went over to C. Cary this night after eleven o'clock and privately baptised a child born this day and very dangerously ill in convulsions, by name George, of Perry's a Mason and a poor man in South Cary.

Mem: Never did I any ecclesiastical duty with more pleasure as it gave such great satisfaction to its Parents, and that they were so good and charitably disposed to have it done. The poor innocent Babe was taken with a violent fit, immediately after I had named it, and I really thought was dead, but it pleased God to restore it again, which was undoubtedly a blessing from Heaven for their goodness. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are thy ways ! Great is Thy Mercy O Lord God of Hosts !

April 15. . . . The poor little Infant which I privately baptized last night departed this world this afternoon. . . .

April 17. . . . After Cary Service I buried that little

Infant which I privately named two days ago,—2 days old, a very happy turn for the dear Innocent.

April 19. . . . We had some Country Dancing and Minuets at Lower House [where he was giving a party]. I danced Country dances with Mrs. Farr and Miss Payne. I danced one Minuet with Mrs. Farr at last. I gave Stephen Bennett the Fidler 0. 2. 6. We were very merry and no breaking up till 2 in morning. I gave Mrs. Farr a roasted Shoulder of Mutton and a plum Pudding for dinner—Veal Cutlets, Frill'd Potatoes, cold Tongue, Ham and cold roast Beef, and eggs in their shells. Punch, Wine, Beer and Cyder for drinking.

May 9. . . . I never saw a Peacock spread his tail before this day at Justice Creeds and most Noble it is.—How wonderful are Thy Works O God in every Being.

May 13. . . . Terrible Riots in London[1] by the Paper have been and likely to be.

May 22. . . . My Poor Father and Jack had a dispute this evening. O that Jack was but well settled in Life, what pleasure would it give us all. . . .

May 23. I rec[d] a note from my Father this morning by Sister Jane and wherein he insists on Jack's not coming to this house again for some time, as he disturbed him so much last night that he could not sleep.

On May 26 a ' very fine Tench (above a pound) which Jack also caught [a brace of Tench had been sent to Justice Creed] was sent up to my Father '. The Father sends £20 to the Diarist to give Jack.

[1] These were the Wilkes Riots on May 10 in St. George's Fields. See pp. 91–2.

June 25. At Back Gammon with my father to-day lost 0. 0. 6. A betting with Brother John at Drafts and at Back Gammon with my Father lost what he owed me,—2. 6.

On July 14th and 16th he buries two small children who died of small-pox and observes 'I must say it is very cruel of Robin Francis not to have had them inoculated, as Dr. Clarke would have done it for a mere trifle'.[1]

July 18. ... The Church Wardens of C. Cary (Mr. Seth Burge and Dav[d] Maby) waited on my father this afternoon for leave to dig up the Fives-Place in Cary Churchyard, and it was granted. ...

On July 23 his great aunt arrives to stay at the Parsonage from Bath; she beats him greatly at Back Gammon. He says, later, 'My great Aunt is an extreme sensible old Lady.' On July 29 he dines and spends the afternoon with Justice Creed, his, the justice's, father, and Parson Gapper of Yarlington. Constant hospitality is interchanged with the neighbours in all these years.

Aug. 1. ... Dr. Clarke had a letter this evening from Dr. Dimsdale from Hartford who is just going to embark for Holland, and from thence is to go by land to Petersburg in Russia, to inoculate the Empress of Russia and her son. It is a pity but James Clarke had went with him.

Thomas Dimsdale (1712–1800) was a medical practitioner at Hertford and made his name by his advocacy of inoculation, his book *The Present Method of Inoculation*

[1] See pp. 40–1 for remarks on inoculation.

for the Small Pox, published in 1767, passing through numerous editions. In the year following the publication of this work 'he was invited', to quote the author of the graphic account in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'to St. Petersburg by the Empress Catherine to inoculate herself and the Grand Duke Paul, her son. The Empress herself seems to have placed perfect reliance on the Englishman's good faith, but she could not answer for her subjects. She had, therefore, relays of post horses prepared for him all along the line from St. Petersburg to the extremity of her Dominions, that his flight might be instant and rapid in case of disaster. Fortunately both patients did well, and the physician was created a Councillor of State with the hereditary title of Baron, now borne by his descendant. He received a sum of £10,000 down, with an annuity of £500, and £2,000 for his expenses. The Empress presented him with a miniature of herself and her son set in diamonds, and granted him an addition to his family arms in the shape of a wing of the Black Eagle of Russia.'

He again went to Russia to inoculate other members of the Royal Family in 1784. Baron Dimsdale sat for Hertford in two Parliaments, 1780 and 1784, wrote various additional works on inoculation, established a hospital for inoculation at Hertford, and died in 1800 aged eighty-eight. He was a Member of the Society of Friends.

On August 6 the Diarist goes with Justice Creed to dine at Stourton with Mr. Hoare,[1] 'a tall thin Gentleman, and very familiar and as rich as any man in the Kingdom', and his pictures and furniture equally good.

'*N. B.* Servants wear Ruffels, but not suffered to take vails.'[2]

[1] Of the famous banking house.

[2] Tips.

On August 9 Mrs. Melliar gives a public breakfast in the Cary Vicarage garden in honour of Lord Stavordale's coming of age. 'His Lordship is on his travels abroad.' Among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Gapper and Miss Gapper. 'There was dancing after breakfast in the garden till three in the afternoon.' Later there was a ball at Ansford Inn. The Diarist plays at Quadrille with Mrs. Melliar, Mrs. Gapper, and Mr. Scrogg and loses *6d.*

Justice Creed was not at these festivities, there being 'a misunderstanding between the Houses'. On August 13 some things he has ordered from Oxford arrive, among them 8 Pewter dishes and one dozen plates, 'all engraved with my arms'.

On August 17 he sets out for Oxford with his boy, George Hutchins, 'my George'—for the election of a Warden of New College: Oglander elected, not his friend Sale. He notes on August 21 that they dine in College 'now at three o'clock every day, Sundays excepted, which is half after three then'. He reaches Ansford again on August 24.

Aug. 29. . . . Justice Creed called upon us this evening and he desired me to dine with him to-morrow with the Lady of the Manor (Mrs. Powel) who came to her Steward's (Uncle Tom's) this afternoon.

Sep. 6. Both Bath Aunts and Maid set forth this morning after breakfast for Bath where I hope they will get safe. They went in Old Down Chaise. I took my leave of them this morning at Parsonage, where my great Aunt treated me and others with chocolate. . . .

Sep. 7. I went out after breakfast, a coursing on Mr. Francis's Horse with Mr. Hindley and Mr. Ander-

ton to S. Barrow, we killed a brace of young fine hares . . .

Sep. 13. I caught 4 brace of Tench very fine ones out of our Pond-Close this morning in less than an hour, by my Father's drag net, that I borrowed. Mr. Hindley, Justice Creed and Sister Jane supped and spent the evening with me at Lower House. I gave them for dinner, a dish of Tench, Ham and Fowls, roasted Leg of Mutton and an Apple Pudding. They had Wine, Punch, Beer and Cyder to drink. At Quadrille this evening with the above won—2. 0. I sent my father a brace of the best Tench and alive. . . .

I invited Dr. Clarke and wife to dine with me, but they did not choose to come, not being agreeable.

Sep. 14. . . . Sister Jane made a visit this afternoon with her sister to the new married couple at Ansford Inn. Mr. Hindley and Justice Creed called at Parsonage this evening in their Chair to ask me to dinner to-morrow to talk about going to Wells with them Friday, concerning the Gallery work, to wait on the Bishop, but I shall not go (I believe) nor interfere at all concerning it, but to live peaceably with all men. He is a little unreasonable to desire it, as I must then fly in the face of allmost all my Parishioners. Great and many are the divisions in C. Cary, and some almost irreconcilable. Send us Peace O Lord! With Thee O Lord all things are possible.

Squire Creed's man, for some reason, had been kept out of the gallery by the singers and the Squire wanted to have the gallery taken down.

Sep. 17. . . . I dined, supped and spent the evening at Justice Creed's with him, his father and Mr. Hind-

ley. Nothing transpired of what they did at Wells. They behaved very respectively towards me. . . .

Sep. 23. . . . Russell of New Coll: dined and spent the afternoon with me at Lower House. He has lately been presented to three Livings[1] worth £500 per annum by Portman. I gave him for dinner a roasted neck of Pork and some hashed Mutton. . . .

Sep. 24. . . . My father had a letter from Brother John at Taunton this evening, and in it one to Jenny, he sent home for five guineas.

N. B. My father was very angry indeed with him, as he had twenty pound of him when he went down to Taunton. Such extravagant demands cannot but hurt him greatly. I wish with all my heart he would but consider.

Sep. 29. . . . I buried Thos Roach of Bruton, who died in the Small Pox there, a poor wild creature he has been, this afternoon at C. Cary. I had a black silk hat band and a pr of black gloves sent me for burying him by his good brother, who was at the expense in burying him handsomely. He died not worth a shilling, his brother supported him for some time. His brother has behaved surprisingly kind to all his relations, and is worth a good deal of money by his diligence, goodness and benevolence.

Mrs. Carr and Miss Chambers [guests of Squire Creed's where the Diarist and his sister were dining] did not behave quite so genteel to Jenny this evening as I expected. . . .

Oct. 9. . . . David Maby [also Church Warden] the Clerk dined with us, being Sacrament Sunday.

Oct. 12. . . . I walked this afternoon to Yarlington and christened a child for Parson Gapper, by name

[1] For observations on pluralism see pp. 38–9.

Lucy. I drank tea this afternoon with Mrs. Gapper, and her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Gapper aged 83 and a fine old lady she is indeed of her age.

Oct. 26. I had a poor little cat, that had one of her ribs broke and that laid across her belly, and we could not tell what it was, and she was in great pain. I therefore with a small pen knife this morning, opened one side of her and took it out, and performed the operation very well, and afterwards sewed it up and put Friars Balsam to it, and she was much better after, the incision was half an inch. It grieved me much to see the poor creature in such pain before, and therefore made me undertake the above, which I hope will preserve the life of the poor creature.

Nov. 5. I read Prayers this morning at Cary being the 5 of Novem. the day on which the Papists had contrived an hellish plot in the reign of King James the first, but by the Divine hand of Providence was fortunately discovered.

I dined supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. The effigy of Justice Creed was had through the streets of C. Cary this evening upon the [Fire] Engine, and then had into the Park and burnt in a bonfire immediately before the Justice's House, for his putting the Church Wardens of Cary into Wells Court, for not presenting James Clarke for making a Riot in the Gallery at Cary Church some few Sundays back. The whole Parish are against the Justice, and they intend to assist the Church Wardens in carrying on the cause at Wells. The Justice is now at Lord Pawletts at Hinton.

Nov. 11. . . . At Whist this evening with James Clarke, Brother John and Brother Heighes, at which

we laughed exceedingly, I lost with them in the whole 0. 0. 6. . . .

Nov. 22. I married Tom Burge of Ansford to Charity Andrews of C. Cary by License this morning. The Parish of Cary made him marry her, and he came handbolted to Church for fear of running away, and the Parish of Cary was at all the expense of bringing of them to, I rec[d] of Mr. Andrew Russ the overseer of the Poor of Cary for it 0. 10. 6. . . .

Dec. 1. . . . Cousin Bob Woodforde I heard to-night had got the Place that he stood for at Winchester, which was an Apothecary to the County Hospital of Hants, which I was very well pleased with, as I wrote in his behalf.

Dec. 9. I paid Mr. Gay this morning, the Bath Newsman for two little pamphlets he brought me from Bath, namely High Life below Stairs and Low Life above stairs—2. 0.

Dec. 11. I read Prayers and preached this morning at C. Cary C[hurch]. *N.B.* Justice Creed was at Church and behaved very shy to me. . . .

[On Dec. 19. Old Mr. Will Burge ' desired me to visit Mr. Creed soon '.]

Dec. 24. . . . It being Christmas Eve we had the New Singers of C. Cary this evening at Parsonage, and they having been at great expenses in learning to sing, my Father and myself gave them double what we used to do, and therefore instead of one shilling we each gave 0. 2. 0.

Dec. 26. I was very bad in my throat all night, but towards the morning was rather better, only extremely hoarse. . . . I could not go to read Prayers this morning at Cary though it was St. Stephen, which I hope will be forgiven. . . . Sister Jane visited me this morning,

and she being deaf and I not able to speak, was good company. . . .

1769. Jan. 1. . . . My ring which I had lost, was unaccountably found in little Sam: Clarke's breeches, he knowing nothing of it. I gave him 0. 1. 0.

Jan. 2. We had the fine Mummers this evening at Parsonage. . . .

He had been visiting a lot—the usual round of parties, and on January 11 enters—'I am heartily weary of visiting so much as I have, but if did not it would be taken amiss in some'.

On January 13 his mother's estate, all in land and house property at Ansford, is divided into three lots and he and Sister Jane and Brother John draw the lots out of a hat.

On January 23 he goes to Bath on horseback with his boy George. They stay at the Bear Inn till January 27 when they return to Ansford via Radstock. At Bath he sees his great aunt, and his friends Squire Farr, his wife, and daughter. He does the usual Bath round—the Pump Room, a ball at Simpson's Rooms 'very elegant indeed', makes various visits to old friends of his Father in a 'Chair'. He sees 'The Clandestine Marriage' at the Play House. He visits the Octagon Church in Milsom Street and does not approve; 'It is a handsome building, but not like a place of worship, there being fire-places in it, especially on each side of the Altar, which I cannot think at all decent, it is not liked.'

On February 3 he gives a large supper party at the Lower House followed by a dance. The music was a bass viol and a violin; those ladies who did not dance played at quadrille. 'I danced a Minuet with Mrs. and Miss Melliar, and a few Country Dances with Miss Aggy Clarke and Miss Plummer.'

The company were well pleased with their entertainment: he gave them an excellent supper which included Veal Cutlets, Oysters, ' a very fine large Ham ', Tarts, &c., Punch, Wine, Beer, and Cyder.

Feb. 5. From henceforth O Lord give me grace to walk in thy ways more circumspectly than I have done lately.

On February 9 a meeting at the George Inn of some of the leading Cary parishioners including the Diarist composes the approaching Law Suit between Justice Creed and the Church Wardens, the agreement (this proposal had been rejected two days before) being ' that as the Gallery at Cary Church was large enough to contain between 3 & 4 score people, and the Singers being not above 30 in number that there should be a partition made in the gallery for the Singers, and the other part open to any body and also for Mr. Creed to pay his own costs and the Parish the other '.

Feb. 11. . . . Jack and I had a few words this evening at Lower House and indeed I was more to blame than him, being passionate. Keep me O Lord from Passions of every kind pro futuro.

Jack refuses to breakfast at the Lower House on account of this. On February 19 he enters ' Jack's stomach is not come down yet to breakfast at L.H. He breakfasts now at Parsonage '. However, he returns to breakfast at L.H. on February 22.

Feb. 26. . . . The 36 Psalm was sung this afternoon in Cary Church by the Singers. Done out of Pique

to old Willm. Burge.[1] Old Mr. Burge concerns himself too much with the Singers.

On February 19 old Burge had annoyed the singers by sending some persons into the singing part of the gallery contrary to the recent agreement.

March 7. . . . Poor Mrs. Pearce (Miss Rooke that was) is no more, she died yesterday, she met I am afraid with a bad husband.

March 10. One Farmer Wittys of Butly whom I never saw but once before called upon me this morning, and desired me to lend him thirty Pound, but it was not convenient—Very odd indeed. . . .

On March 11 Brother John is advanced £100 all in cash, 95 guineas and 5 shillings, by his father to enable him to stock his share of his mother's estate, which he is going to manage himself.

March 12. I read Prayers and preached this morning at Ansford Church. I read prayers and preached this afternoon at C. Cary Church.

Mem : As I was going to shave myself this morning as usual on Sundays, my razor broke in my hand as I was setting it on the strop without any violence. May it be always a warning to me not to shave on the Lord's Day or do any other work to profane it pro futuro.

I dined, supped and spent the evening at Parsonage

On April 5 he notes that a serving boy is not enough,

[1] 'My heart sheweth me the wickedness of the ungodly : that there is no fear of God before his eyes. . . . He imagineth mischief upon his bed, and hath set himself in no good way ; neither doth he abhor anything that is evil' (Psalm xxxvi, Prayer Book version).

now Brother John is taking his share of the estate, so George Green becomes their new servant; John pays his wages and the Diarist keeps him.

April 8. . . . I buried a little boy of Willm. Speeds this evening at Ansford, who died of the Evil aged 13. . . .

May 2. . . . Brother John went to Gannards Grave this morning to see a famous Boxing match between Parfitt Maggs and one Darck a Londoner and the Londiner [sic] beat Maggs.

May 14. . . . I wore my gown and cassock for the first time this year.

May 27. . . . Dr. Clarke had a letter this evening from Baron Dimsdale at Hartford, who is lately returned from Russia, from inoculating the Empress and Grand Duke there, and with success. He gave the Dr. a fine description of the Empress.[1]

May 29. . . . I read Prayers this morning at C. Cary, being 29 of May the Restoration of King Charles II from Popish Tyranny. . . . Jack brought home with him from Ansford Inn [where there had been 'great cock fighting'], after 10 o'clock this evening. . . . Dr. John Graunt, Mr. James Graunt, Joseph Wilmot, and Janes, all of Ditchet, which supped and stayed till 3 in y^e^ morning, quite low life sort of people, much beneath Jack. I really wonder Jack keeps such mean company. . . .

June 3. . . . The transit of Venus over the face of the Sun I saw this evening between seven and eight o'clock at Mr. Clarke's. It appeared as a black patch upon a fair Lady's face. It will not happen again they say, till the year 1874. . . . During the transit it was remarkably cold indeed. . . .

[1] See pp. 76–7 preceding.

Between June 9th and 16th the Diarist is ill with a violent rash on his face, hands, breast, arms, &c., and all the symptoms, as he describes them, of scarlet fever or measles: sore throat, headache, weak eyes, fever. Dr. Clarke, however, merely tells him to keep warm indoors and eat as much as he likes, 'not to live low, but encourage the rash'. All this time he sees relations and friends constantly, and after some strong purges he is well again and out on the 16th.

June 17. . . . Jack made a terrible noise at Lower House with all the folks there. I got up out of my bed and came down at twelve at night and found the house in an uproar, Jack abusing of them all in a terrible manner. Very bad work indeed of a Saturday night in a Parson's House, it disturbed me all night. *N.B.* We must part.

On June 19 he notes that Jack 'made a riot' at the Parsonage 'being in want of money'.

June 21. . . . I played with Mr. James Clarke at Battledor and Shuttlecock, and we kept the cock up once upwards of 500 times.

On June 27 he goes to Oxford to be 'sworn in Poser to Winton Coll. next Elect'. He is duly sworn on June 29. He goes back via Stonehenge 'to show my man the great Stones there' and arrives at home on the 1st July. On July 4 he sups with Justice Creed, whom he had not seen since the gallery trouble, except by accidental meeting, and was 'very graciously received by them'.

July 18. . . . For two three Pound and twelve shilling

Pieces of Miss Rooke this morning at Lower House, gave her Seven new guineas of George the Third, the present King of England.

He and his sister and Miss Rooke (who is staying at the Parsonage) went all the way to Stock in Dorsetshire, 18 miles away by post-chaise, to see little Jenny White because her mother was anxious about her. She was staying with the Farrs and they found 'the little maid very hearty and well'. They went unknown to Sister White 'who was greatly rejoiced at our excursion when she knew it'.

July 29. . . . I drank tea this afternoon with Dr. Arnold and Dr. Clarke at Justice Creed's with him and his father. Dr. Arnold is a mighty, sensible, agreeable and affable man.

Aug. 1. . . . Alexander, the Window Surveyor of the Hundred of Catsashe and who lives at Somerton with Dav[d] Maby the Collector viewed the windows at Lower House this afternoon, and he brought in one window more than usual.[1]

Aug. 7. . . . I thank God! My Sister White was this morning about 9, brought to bed of a fine little maid and is brave in her condition. Blessed be God for all his mercies to us. . . .

Aug. 10. . . . N.B. I invited Dr. Clarke and Mr. White, and neither came either to dinner or supper. I think to return the Compt. to Dr. Clarke, as for Mr. White he was detained involuntarily.

On August 19th he notes that his father gave back to Jack all his 'notes of hand' £319, &c. + £180, &c.

[1] See pp. 57–8 preceding.

besides, making £500 in all, the sum 'he designed for him'.

On August 28 he goes to Oxford preparatory to going to Winchester to act as Poser at the Election of Scholars for New College, September 5–8. The Diarist gives a very full account of the manner of the election, but for lack of space we are unable to transcribe it here.

He reaches Ansford again on September 9.

Sep. 20. . . . Jack went to Sherborne this morning with Andrew Russ and bought a Lottery ticket, number 36,739 for £15. 1. 6. Jenny and myself are to have share in it as promised. . . . [But, alas! on Nov. 23 they are notified that the ticket was drawn a blank.]

Lotteries were held in England under authority as early as the sixteenth century. During the whole of the eighteenth century they were very commonly sanctioned by Act of Parliament, the prizes being in the form of annuities. The Government reaped a handsome revenue, running into several hundreds of thousands of pounds, from these State lotteries. They were, however, suppressed in 1826. Lovers of Charles Lamb will remember a delightful reference in an essay to the interest and excitement of a lottery, and the beautiful but vanishing vision of wealth it held out.

Sep. 22. . . . Great rejoicings at Cary to-day being the Coronation Day. Bells ringing all day, Cudgell playing at Crokers, a very large bonfire on the top of the hill and very grand fireworks in the evening with firing of many guns. All at Mr. Creed's, Mr. Hindley and Mr. Potts and Duck's expense.

I was at all. At the Cudgell Playing I gave 0. 4. 5. The fireworks were sent from London and were Sky-Rocketts, Mines, Trees, Crackers, Wheels and divers Indian Fireworks. Old Mrs. Burge and daughter etc., etc., etc., drank tea and coffee, supped and spent the evening at Justice Creed's. We did not break up till near two in the morning. Everything extremely handsome and polite indeed. . . .

Sep. 23. Great doings again to-day at Cary in the Park. At one o'clock there was a shift run for by women. There were five that started for it, and won by Willm. Francis's daughter Nan of Ansford—her sister Pegg was second and therefore had ribbands. I never saw the Park so full of people in my life. The Women were to run the best of three half mile Heats: Nan Francis run a Heat in three minutes. . . .

Oct. 1. . . . I read Prayers, churched a woman [and] read the Act of Parliament against profane swearing as directed by Law. . . .

Oct. 18. After breakfast went with Mr. Creed in his Chair to Wells with a great possy from Cary to attend at the County Meeting to consider of a proper Petition [concerning the late violation of the freedom of Election] to his Majesty in the present crisis of Affairs. We went to the Swan, where we dined with upwards of a hundred Gentlemen of the first rank in the County. We had a very respectable meeting on this occasion. Mr. Coxe, Mr. Smith, Members for Bath, Mr. Allen, Member for Bridgwater, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Creed and Mr. Sansom and Revd. Mr. Wainhouse spoke on the occasion upon the Petitions that were presented to the Publick. Mr. Coxe's Petition with some alteration was approved of most,

and agreed in the Town Hall to be presented to his Majesty by proper Persons. . . .

Britons never will be slaves was played during dinner. . . .

This reference to the 'late Violation of the freedom of election' is of course to the famous Wilkes case. Ever since 1763, when John Wilkes (1727–97), then a Member of Parliament, had proceeded in his journal, the *North Briton*, from violent attacks on the King's Minister, Bute, to an attack on the King himself, he had been an exceedingly popular figure. The Secretary of State, Lord Halifax, had caused him and his papers to be seized, and though his imprisonment was declared illegal and he was released he found it safer to fly to France. He was then outlawed. In 1768 he came back and was immediately elected as its representative in the new House of Commons by the County of Middlesex. But he was still under sentence of outlawry and was imprisoned. Reference has already been made (in the Diary) to the Riots of May 10, 1768, on account of this imprisonment. Shortly after this he was released only to be imprisoned again on the count of libel. Meanwhile the House of Commons, packed as it was with the King's friends, corrupt and unrepresentative, expelled him. Twice running Middlesex again returned him. The House tyrannically quashed both Elections, declared that Wilkes was incapable of sitting in the present Parliament and that the minority candidate, Colonel Luttrell, should sit as the representative for Middlesex. No wonder the Diarist and the good country gentlemen of Somerset discoursed their dinner at Wells to the strident accompaniment of 'Britons never will be slaves'. For they realized that George III was gradually furbishing up that old, over-weening,

royal prerogative which had led to the Revolution of 1688, and that the House of Commons in its present form represented not the country but the King. And for the time the King won. From 1770–82 he and Lord North misruled England and lost America. But thenceforth the royal wings were clipped, and Wilkes in the latter year at last succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons his motion expunging from the records the old resolutions of expulsion.

Oct. 29. . . . I privately baptised Fanny Collin's child this morning at Parsonage when I came from Cary Church, by name Michael.

Nov. 4. . . . I received of Miss Rooke this afternoon the sum of one Hundred Pounds, for which I gave her my note of hand to pay on her demand with lawful Interest for the same, and Sister Jane was a Witness to it . . .

Nov. 12. I read Prayers and preached this morning at C. Cary Church. I was disturbed this morning at Cary Church by the Singers. I sent my Clerk some time back to the Cary Singers, to desire that they would not sing the Responses in the Communion Service, which they complied with for several Sundays, but this morning after the first Commandment they had the Impudence to sing the Response, and therefore I spoke to them out of my desk, to say and not sing the Responses which they did after, and at other places they sang as usual. The Singers in the Gallery were, John Coleman, the Baker, Jonathan Croker, Will^{m} Pew Junr., Tho^{s} Penny, Will^{m} Ashford, Hooper the Singing Master, James Lucas, Peter, Mr. Francis's man, Mr. Melliar's man James, Farmer Hix's son, Robert Sweete and the two young Durnfords. . . .

Nov. 13. . . . We had news this morning of Mr. Wilkes gaining his point against Lord Halifax and 4000 pound damages given him. Cary and Ansford bells rung most part of the day on the occasion. Miss Rooke, Jenny, Mr. Richard Clarke Junr., Brother Heighes and Brother John dined, supped and spent the evening with me. I gave them for dinner a couple of rabbits smothered with onions, a roasted leg of mutton and some mince pies.

The reference ' to Mr. Wilkes gaining his point against Lord Halifax ' is to the conclusion of the long-drawn-out action—it had been dragging on with deliberate ministerial postponements for six years—in which Wilkes had sued Lord Halifax for the seizure of his papers in 1763.

The verdict was given on November 10, 1769. Doubtless the Diarist and his relations and friends dining together on the 13th, the day the news reached Somerset, consumed those ' rabbits smothered with onions ' with a very particular relish.

Nov. 20. . . . Brother Heighes and John dined etc., at Lower House again, and they kept me up till 2 in the morning being very quarrelsome especially my brother John.

N. B. It is too much indeed for me.

Nov. 21. . . . My brother spent the evening at the Angel at Cary and returned very much disguised in liquor, and stayed up late.

Nov. 26. I read Prayers and Preached this morning at C. Cary Church. N.B. No singing this morning, the Singers not being at Church, they being highly affronted with me at what I lately had done. . . .

On November 28 he makes Miss Rooke a present of 'a roll of Pigtail Tobacco'—about one-quarter of a pound, and on November 30 on her departure from the Parsonage for her home, she leaves behind for him 'half a cheese for toasting'.

Dec. 5. . . . A strange man was found this evening in my father's little house. N.B. A Farmer's daughter near Bristol who was to sleep at my Father's to-night had occasion to go to the Necessary House and there was a man there, but he got clear of. He was upon no good there.

Dec. 12. . . . A poor young Fellow that drove a waggon of Mr. Lockyer's was about the middle of the night killed by the waggon going over him as he was going down our hill with other waggons in a great hurry. Mr. James Clarke and my brother John was with him when he died at the Turnpike Road. The Half Moon Inn would not take the poor Fellow in.

On December 13 he notes that. . . . 'The poor Fellow who was killed was about 25 years of age. . . . James Clarke and Jack sat up with the poor soul till he died and then they came and slept at Lower House. They did all they could, I believe, to save the poor Fellow, but he died in an hour or two after the accident'. On December 14 he adds the additional note that 'the poor Fellow was to have been married at Christmas'.

Under date December 13 he notes that 'a Pipe of Port' and 'a Butt of Mountain Wine were divided this morning at Dr. Clarke's among the neighbouring Gentlemen'. The Diarist had some of the port at 5*s*. 8$\frac{3}{4}$*d*. per gallon. He thought it very good but the others including 'Parson Leache' all pronounced it to be bad.

Dec. 17. . . . The Singers at Cary did not please me this afternoon by singing the 12 Psalm, New Version,[1] reflecting upon some People. . . . Some people have been about my Father's house again this evening, about 8 o'clock. Jenny and the maid being at the Little House, some person or another came to the door of it and rapped against it three times with a stick. What it means I know not. Brother Heighes, Jack and myself all armed, took a walk at twelve this evening round the Parish to see if we could meet any idle Folks but we did not, and therefore came home about two. We waited at my Father's some considerable time, till Brother Heighes was very uneasy, being cold in his feet.

Dec. 23. To a fatted goose at nine pence per pound pd.—2. 9.

Dec. 24. To Cary Singers this evening being Xmas Eve at Parsonage after giving them a Lecture concerning their late behaviour in Church, on promise of amendment gave 0. 2. 0.

On December 27 he has some poor Ansford people to dinner, and sends 'some victuals' to other poor persons, and in addition gives a shilling each and a loaf 'being Xmas time'. He also entertained several of his near relations at dinner; 'I had a noble Surloin of Beef rosted and a plumb pudding boiled for dinner'.

[1] 'Help me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left: for the faithful are minished from among the children of men.

'They talk of vanity every one with his neighbour: they do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart.

. . . . . .

'The ungodly walk on every side: when they are exalted, the children of men are put to rebuke.'—Psalm xii (Prayer Book version).

1770. Jan. 11. . . . I dined, spent the afternoon and part of the evening at Mr. Creeds . . . and there saw the King's last speech, which he spoke in Parliament last Tuesday, which is not at all satisfactory. . . .

The King's speech on opening the Session of Parliament on January 9, 1770, began as follows : [1]

' My Lords and Gentlemen :—It is with much concern that I find myself obliged to open the Session of Parliament, with acquainting you, that the distemper among the Horned Cattle has lately broke out in this Kingdom, notwithstanding every precaution that could be used for preventing the infection from foreign parts. . . . '

After this curious and, indeed, ridiculous opening the King proceeded to state that ' it has always been my fixed purpose to preserve the general tranquillity, maintaining at the same time, the dignity and honour of my crown, together with the just rights and interests of my people '.

He passed on to observe on ' the state of my government in America ' where . . . ' many persons have embarked in measures highly unwarrantable, and calculated to destroy the commercial connexion between them and the Mother Country '. He concluded with a brief exhortation to the House of Commons to grant any necessary supplies, and ' to cultivate that spirit of harmony which becomes those who have but one common object in view ' . . .

Not a word did he utter on the burning question of the day—liberty of election—though Lord Chatham was not slow to pound the Government thereon. We cannot wonder that our Diarist as an ardent supporter of Wilkes and Constitutional Liberty was disgusted, and that his disgust was widely shared is proved by the fact that the

[1] *Parliamentary History*, vol. xvi, pp. 642–4.

Session came to be mockingly nicknamed 'The Horned Cattle Session'.

Jan. 14. . . . Mrs. Melliar sent a note to my Sister Jane this afternoon to desire her and my Brother John to spend the evening with her to-morrow.[1] Brother Heighes and myself were both excepted out of it.

Jan. 19. . . . I dined upon a roasted Pigg and spent the afternoon at Mr. Creed's with him and his Father. It was very kind of him to send to me. To Mr. Creed's servant maids, Sarah and Unity, gave 0. 2. 0.

Jan. 22. . . . For a Summons Warrant against Robt. Biggin and his brother Nathaniel . . . for shrowding an Ash Tree of my Sister Jane Woodforde's last Thursday night, to appear before the Justice, next Friday at 2 aft. pd. 0. 0. 6. . . .

Jan. 23. . . . I sent the Summons Warrant this afternoon by Wm. Corpe to the Tithing man, Thos Taylor and it was served this evening.

Jan. 24. I was sent for just at dinner time to Sutton about a mile of to go and read Prayers by a poor young woman, Sally Bond that was, and who married Farmer Wittick of Sutton, being very ill ever since she laid in, and now more likely to die than live. She was quite light headed and therefore very melancholy to behold. I also privately named her Infant by name, Sarah. . . .

Jan. 26. At two o'clock this afternoon I went up to Justice Creed's and heard my Wood Stealers examined before the Justice. Robert Biggin was found guilty and his brother Nath[l] was acquitted, therefore Robert was ordered to pay me six shillings by the

[1] Very rude *written in margin.*

9 of February, if he does not he is to be whipped from Cary Cross to Ansford Inn. . . .

Feb. 12. . . . I went to Mr. Will[m] Melliar's and Mr. Creed's and Mr. Clarke's to desire all three of them to drink a dish of coffee with me this afternoon at Lower House and if possible to reconcile all animosities in Cary and to stop and put an end to all Law Suits now subsisting. It was agreeable to all Parties for Mr. Creed and Mr. Melliar to settle all matters and to make Peace. Mr. Creed and Mr. Melliar agreed to meet each other this afternoon at my house. I dined and spent part of the afternoon at Mr. Creed's with him and his Father, and after the Justice took a walk with me to my house and drank a dish of coffee with me. Mr. Will[m] Melliar and Dr. Clarke also drank a dish of coffee with me and after coffee we talked over the Parish Affairs. After much altercation it was settled for Peace. The terms were these as underwritten. . . .

That all Prosecutions between the contending parties in the Parish of Castle Cary, and all animosities between the Houses of Creed and Melliar, should from that time cease, and be buried in the Gulf of Oblivion. . . . After the above [numerous technical details of settlement of Prosecution costs etc., etc.] was agreed to by all four and Mr. Melliar had made a Memorandum of it in writing, Mr. Creed and Mr. Melliar hobbed and nobbed in a glass of Wine and drank success to Peace. . . .

Jack came home a little merry this evening and he laid me a wager of one guinea that he would not from this night get drunk all the year 1770, that is, as not to be able to tread a Scratch. . . .

Feb. 13. . . . To a wager with Brother Heighes that

he could not walk the Scratch this night at 10 o'clock, lost 0. 0. 6.

Feb. 28. . . . I buried poor Thos Barnes this afternoon [who had been 'a long time killing himself by Liquor'] at Cary, aged 48. A great many people attended him to his grave. He was, I believe, no man's enemy, but to himself a great one. . . .

March 8. . . . Very unsuspected news from Miss Rooke from Somerton this evening.

April 18. . . . I dined at old Mr. Willm Burge's being the day of Mr. Wilkes's enlargement, and spent the afternoon and former part of this evening there with old Mr. Willm Burge etc., etc. . . . Cary bells ring all day upon the occasion. Two British Flaggs also displayed, one at Cary Cross and another on Cary Tower. A hogshead of Cyder given to the Populace at the Cross. Many loyal toasts and worthy men drank upon the occasion, and Mr. Burge's house handsomely illuminated in the evening. The Flagg on the Tower had on it Liberty and Property, the small one had on it Mr. Wilkes's Head and Liberty. Everything was conducted with great decorum and broke up in good time. We had for dinner [apparently for 15 people] a boiled Rump Beef 45 pd. weight, a Ham and half a dozen Fowls, a roasted Saddle of Mutton, two very rich puddings, and a good Sallet with a fine cucumber . . . [see pp. 91–2 preceding].

On May 10 he notes the death of old Mrs. Gapper (at the age of 84) mother of the Parson, whom he buries at Yarlington on May 16, receiving 'a black silk Hatband and pr of gloves'.

May 19. . . . Something very agreable and with which I was greatly pleased happened this evening. It gave

me much secret pleasure and satisfaction. [The Diarist does not anywhere reveal what this was.]

May 26. . . . Brother John spent his evening at Cary, came home merry, and kept me up very late and also made me very uneasy. Brother Heighes was also quite happy again this evening. It is at present a very disagreeable way of living for me.

Between May 14 and June 6 Cary enjoyed the presence of a theatrical company who acted in the Court House and attracted large audiences. Amongst the plays performed were *The Beggars' Opera*, *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, and various other plays and 'Entertainments', including one called *Chrononhotonthologos*.

June 7. . . . Mr. Hindley, Mr. Hayes, the Justice and myself drank coffee this afternoon with Mrs. Melliar at Mr. Will[m] Melliar's with the Countess of Ilchester, Counsellor Melliar etc., etc.

June 9. Mr. Browning one of the Players who came this morning to cut my Brother John's Hair, being a Tonsor, Mr. John Perry of Hatspen, who came to buy the heifers of Jack, and Mr. Perry Landlord of Ansford Inn all breakfasted with me this morning at L. House on Tea.[1] . . .

June 27. . . . This very day I am thirty years of age.—'Lord make me truly thankful for thy great goodness as on this day shewed me by bringing me into this world, and for preserving me to this day from the many and great dangers which frail mortality is every day exposed to; grant me O Lord the continuance of thy divine goodness to me, that thy Holy Spirit may direct me in all my doings and that the remaining

[1] A luxury, being very expensive.

part of my days may be more spent to thy Honour and Glory than those already past.' . . .

July 4. After breakfast walked up to Justice Creed's and about 8 o'clock went with the Justice in his Chair to Horsington and made Mr. and Mrs. Spencer there a morning visit who were both at home with their two sons and five daughters, the two eldest Miss Spencers are very fine young Ladies about 15 years old. The eldest entertained us upon the Guitar and sang charmingly with it. Mr. Spencer has a noble house and everything in the neatest manner. . . .

July 12. . . . Took a walk in the evening with Sister Clarke, Jenny Clarke, Sam: Clarke, Nancy Clarke, Sister Jane and Brother Heighes. I gave them all a peep through my fine spying glass, to see King Alfred's Tower, now erecting by Mr. Hoare on the very highest part of Kingsettle Hill about 7 miles of.

July 15. I read Prayers and preached at Cary Church and whilst I was preaching one Thos Speed of Gallhampton came into the Church quite drunk and crazy and made a noise in the Church, called the Singers a Pack of Whoresbirds and gave me a nod or two in the pulpit. The Constable Roger Coles Senr took him into custody after and will have him before a Magistrate to-morrow. . . .

Aug. 1. . . . I dined and spent the afternoon at Justice Creed's with him, his Father, Lord and Lady Paulett, and their two sons, Lord Hinton and Master Vere Paulett, who are both going to Twyford School in Buckinghamshire kept by Mr. Cleaver.

Lord and Lady and sons are very affable, good natured People. . . .

Aug. 28. For Pope's Works, 10 volumes of Brother

Heighes this evening, I gave him, and they were second hand and third 1. 1. 0. . . .

Sep. 5. . . . The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort in a coach and six went through the Parish this afternoon in their road to Weymouth. Parson Penny [their chaplain] was with them and went with them. . . .

On September 9 he notes that he goes with his sister Jane in their father's chaise to drink coffee with Justice Creed, the Diarist being dressed 'in my Gown and Cassock'.—It was Sunday.

Octob. 4. . . . The Duke and Dutchess of Beaufort and children whom Mr. Penny is with most part of his time, are all to sleep at Ansford Inn to-night, it being their road from Weymouth to Badminton. . . .

Oct. 12. . . . Mrs. Carr, Miss Chambers, Mr. Hindley, Mr. Carr, and Sister Jane dined, supped and spent the evening with me, and we were very merry. I gave them for dinner a dish of fine Tench which I caught out of my brother's Pond in Pond Close this morning, Ham, and 3 Fowls boiled, a Plumb Pudding; a couple of Ducks rosted, a roasted neck of Pork, a Plumb Tart and an Apple Tart, Pears, Apples and Nutts after dinner; White Wine and red, Beer and Cyder. Coffee and Tea in the evening at six o'clock. Hashed Fowl and Duck and Eggs and Potatoes etc. for supper. We did not dine till four o'clock—nor supped till ten. Mr. Rice, a Welshman who is lately come to Cary and plays very well on the Triple Harp, played to us after coffee for an hour or two . . . the Company did not go away till near twelve o'clock. . . . My Father's maid Betty dressed my

dinner etc. with my People. The dinner and supper were extremely well done and well set of.

On October 23 he and his brothers take a party to a dance at Ansford Inn, the music being Mr. Rice's Harp. . . . 'My partner was the eldest Miss Francis, she dances but poorly and says but little;' however they spent a 'very agreeable afternoon and evening', and did not return home till 'near two o'clock'. On December 27 he gave his usual Xmas dinner to some poor Parishioners . . . 'to dine with me' and gave them his usual shilling, and a sixpenny loaf apiece. His Father is now far from well, and on December 30 he administers the Sacrament to him at the Parsonage as he is not well enough to go to church.

He gives a dinner and supper party on January 5th at the Lower House followed by a dance . . . 'the Company seemed very well pleased with their entertainment. I treated them with my large wax Candle'. On January 8 he and his brothers organized a ball at Ansford Inn, 'where we had a very genteel Hop and did not break up till three in the morning'. The company, besides 'myself and Mrs. Farr who opened the Ball', consisted of three other Parsons, Squire Creed and the usual Cary celebrities.

1771. Jan. 10. . . . Brother John was greatly astonished by a light this evening as he came thro' Orchards, a field by Ansford Church, which light seemed to follow him close behind all the way through that field, and which he could not account for. I hope it is no Omen of death in the Family. N.B. The Reflection of the snow I apprehend occasioned the light that my Brother saw.

Jan. 16. . . . Extreme hard frost with a cutting wind.

It was allowed by my Father and Aunt Anne this afternoon that the weather now is as severe as it was in the year 1740. . . .

Jan. 20. . . . My Poor Father rather worse than better. He wastes very fast. . . . Brother John is I am afraid coming into his old complaint the Stone, having some bad symptoms of it today. If it is I pray God that he may bear it with Christian Patience and Resignation. He has not been I am afraid so thankful as he should have been to Almighty God for his former deliverance from the same. Things in our Family at present look but melancholy, pray God have mercy on us all and forgive us our sins. . . .

On January 22 he (on horseback) accompanies his Father to Bath, who goes in the Ansford Inn Chaise with his faithful old maid: they hoped the Bath waters would do the old man good.

They get rooms at Trimm Street near Beaufort Square. 'For a dining room, a bedchamber, and for a little closet in the bedchamber for the maid to sleep in my Father is to give, being out of the season, per week 0. 19. 0.' In the season he would have had to pay 25*s.* apparently. The Diarist himself sleeps at the White Lion. Next day, January 23, Dr. Moysey prescribes 'an opening draught . . . and to drink the Bath waters three times a day . . . and to drink it in the Pump Room, viz. to go there after it. My Father gave him a guinea for prescribing as usual. The Doctor seems high and mighty but sensible. My Father's disorder is thought to be an irregular gout. I dined, supped and spent the evening with my Father. We had a-rosted fowls for dinner which we brought with us. . . .' Next day, January 24, the Diarist returns to Ansford.

Jan. 26. . . . I sent a basket of things to my Father this morning, with a Barrell of Cyder, and a letter by the Bath Newsman. I dined, supped and spent the evening at Parsonage with Jenny Clarke and Sister Jane. We were very agreeable and merry. Sister Jane took a vomit this evening by Dr. Clarke's order, she having not been right for some time—Bumps on her face etc. . . .

On January 28 he went to Bath to see his father, whom he found getting on well. He plays Backgammon with his father, does the usual Bath round, a ball, play, coffee drinking, &c., &c., and returns on February 1.

Feb. 10 (Sunday). . . . Brother John and Andrew Russ stayed at Parsonage this evening till after 12 o'clock, then came to the Lower House, and after Andrew Russ went home, Brother John being very full in Liquor at two o'clock in the morning, made such an intolerable noise by swearing in so terrible a manner and so loud, that it disturbed me out of sound sleep being gone to bed, and was so shocked at it that I was obliged to get up to desire him to go to bed, but all my arguments and persuasions were in vain, and he kept me up till five in the morning and then I went to bed and he went on Horseback for Bath. It was an exceeding cold night and very hard frost, and at seven o'clock in the morning snowed very hard. O that Jack was in some way of business, and that his life was something better and more religious, for in the morning whilst I was at Church, he was shooting.

On February 14 his father returns from Bath with Brother John, ' but very little better for the waters '.

1771

Feb. 19. . . . My Father was brave and in good spirits this morning, but in the evening was as bad as ever and talked very moving to Sister Jane and me about his Funeral and that he wanted to alter his Will, and mentioned the underwritten to me and my Sister Jane, 'that he desired that his maid [Eliz. Clothier]should have that house where Grace Stephens lives at present during her life, and after her life to go to my sister Jane, as well as all the other Poor Houses and Mrs. Parr's House and the Field called Four Acres to her my Sister Jane. That Sister White has one Hundred Pounds to make her equal to her Sister Clarke in Fortune. That I have all his Books and Book-case in his Study. And that he would have no people invited to his funeral to make a show, but that he is carried to Ansford Church by six of his poor neighbours, Robin Francis and his Brother Thomas were mentioned and that they have half a crown a-piece.—To be laid in the vault where my Mother is, by her side. And that a little monument be erected in the side wall near the vault in memory of him and his wife'. My poor Father is I think much in the same way as my poor Mother was. Pray God to bless him and keep him, and give us all strength to bear so sore an affliction as such a separation must occasion, if it be thy Divine will to remove him from us—O God whenever such an event happens take him to thyself, and give us grace to follow his good examples, that with him we may deserve to be Partakers of thy Heavenly Kingdom. Grant him O Lord an easy and happy exit. Better Parents no children ever had than we have been blessed with—blessed be God for it—and make us more worthy than we are, for all thy goodness to us. Praise the Lord O my Soul,

and forget not all his Benefits—Thou hast not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our wickedness—Praise thou the Lord O my Soul.

I played at Back Gammon with my Father in the evening, it takes him in some degree off from thinking of his Pain. I won—o: 6. . . .

On March 13 he writes to Mrs. Powel at Harding, near St. Albans, Herts, to apply for the livings of Cary and Ansford in case his Father should die. March 18 he had another disturbed night, Brothers John and Heighes sat up drinking with Captain Pompier and Mr. Goldsborough, a Midshipman, all drunk: 'They drank 3 bottles of Wine and near 20 quarts of Cyder.' March 23 Dr. Dixon of Taunton who 'seems a mighty sensible affable man' comes to see his father and receives a fee of £5 5*s*.: he 'does not doubt he shall do my Father great good'. March 28 Mrs. Powel replies to his letter promising him Cary living but saying nothing of Ansford.

March 31 Brother John again came home drunk and greatly disturbed him; he enters: 'It is most unhappy the life that I am obliged at present to lead.' Again on April 4 'Jack bullied and behaved to me as usual, when so very few I believe would bear half which I do. I hope one day or another it will be something better.'

On April 9 his Father is 'much worse than ever, he groans very loud indeed. Pray God release him from his Pains which are acute'. Dr. Clarke gives him liquid laudanum to compose him. April 11 he notes the extreme cold 'never such weather known by any person living at present'. April 14 his brothers are again drunk, 'Most intolerable noises all night, it was almost impossible to sleep. . . . Such a Sunday night again may I never feel or see. Our house at Lower House is the worst in the

Parish or any other Parish. It grieves me to see it'. And again on April 26 'Jack was worse tonight than ever I knew him. . . . I never heard a man swear like him and for so long together. Pray God to turn his heart soon, for I dread the consequences'.

On April 30. 'My poor dear Father very bad this afternoon, almost choked with Phlegm in his stomach, which I am afraid is the Rattles and a foreboding of his speedy departure hence, which if it is, O God receive his soul into thy everlasting Kingdom.' On the same day he enters that his cousin Tom Woodforde sends a basket to the Parsonage with these presents, 'a couple of Pidgeons, some electuary for Aunt Parr, some spirit of Lavender for Aunt Anne, and a Pot of Confectio Cardiaca for my Father'. On May 9 a two days' Cock fight between Somerset and Wilts at Ansford Inn ended in the victory of Somerset—'Wilts was beat shamefully. I believe my Brother John won a good deal of money at it'. On May 15 his Aunt Parr dies. 'No woman ever could like a Person more than she did my good Father; and she daily prayed to depart this life before him, and it pleased God to hear her prayers and take her.'

May 16. . . . My Poor Father worse than ever a great deal, and altered greatly after 12 at night, and in great agonies all the morning; and it pleased the Almighty Creator to deliver him out of all his Pain and Trouble in this world about ½ an hour after one o'clock at noon, by taking him to himself—blessed therefore be the name of the Lord.—It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Have mercy upon us

O Lord, miserable sinners—and send us comfort from above.

The Diarist was left sole executor of all his Father's real and personal property left between him, Brother John, and Sister Jane.

May 17. . . . My Brother John, myself and Sister Jane, examined this morning, my poor Father's Bureau etc. at Parsonage and we found in Cash in all the places the sum of 518 : 9 : 6 ; Mortgages, Bonds and Notes of Hand 533 : 16 : 0. . . . I sent poor old Alice Stacy by her daughter this morning to cheer up her spirits a little, 0–1–0. The poor creature begged most heartily to sit up with my Poor Father, all night, which she did with Christian speed.

On May 22 his Father is buried in much state. The Pall Bearers all had ' black silk Hatbands and shammy gloves '. The Under-Bearers had ' black Lamb gloves and each 0–2–6 '. William Corpe (the servant) had ' a black crape Hatband and buckles and a black broad cloth Coat and waistcoat given him by us '. The Clerk—' a black silk Hatband common, and a pair of mock shammy gloves '. The sextons of Ansford and Cary had ' Lamb gloves '. The women relations, though they did not attend, ' had or are to have all black shammy gloves '. The six women ' Wakers ' who sat up all night with the corpse after death—each a pair of ' Black Lamb gloves '. . . . ' Cary Bell as well as Ansford Bell tolled from 12 at noon till 8 in the evening. Everything I hope was done decently, handsome and well—and nothing omitted but want of speaking to the Gentlemen to return to the Parsonage to pull of their cloaks at the House, which,

however, most of them did—and drank a glass of wine and went.'

June 4. . . . After today I am to keep the Parsonage House. . . .

June 5. . . . This morning between James Woodforde, Jane Woodforde, and John Woodforde, Housekeeping was settled as follows: that I should keep house at Parsonage, Jack at Lower House and that Sister Jane should board with me for sixteen pounds per annum, Tea, Sugar and Wine excepted. . . .

June 24. I read Prayers this morning at Cary being Midsummer Day. After Prayers I made a little visit to Mrs. Melliar where I met Mr. Frank Woodforde and told him, before Mrs. Melliar, Miss Melliar and Miss Barton what great obligations I was under to him for his not offering me to hold his Livings for him instead of Mr. Dolton and Mr. Gatehouse. From such base actions and dishonest men O Lord, deliver me.

On June 25 he rides over to see his cousin Mr. Dolton, Parson of Cucklington, who is to hold the living of Ansford for Frank Woodforde, and on July 9 he duly inducts him to Ansford Rectory where the Diarist and his sister Jane are to live; Mr. Dolton promising not to turn them out. On July 30 he enters: 'Busy this morning making a Pot of Medicines for Horses.' From numerous entries of fees, from this time on, it appears that he treated quite a number of horses; in one case a horse was sent him to be treated all the way from Wiltshire—Mr. Goldney of Chippenham.

On September 22 he dines and spends the evening with the Creeds, and they 'went to the Cudgell-Playing (alias Back-Sword) at Crockers, where was good sport

and a vast concourse of people'. On the same day a Mr. Wickham informs him that the Bishop of Bath and Wells had given him the Vicarage of Castle Cary. He wants to know if the Diarist can serve it for him, who replies, 'I could not serve but till he was provided.' September 25 he goes over to dine with Mr. Wickham at Shepton Mallett, and brings back with him in the chaise Miss Betsy White of Shepton, to whom he refers as follows: 'She is a sweet tempered girl indeed, and I like her much, and I think would make a good wife, I do not know but I shall make a bold stroke that way.' He sees a good deal of her.

On October 14 he and his boy go to Oxford, returning home on October 23.

Oct. 19. . . . The Streets of Oxford are much improved, all the Signs are taken down and put against the Houses, the Streets widened. East-Gate and Brocards taken down and a new Bridge going to be built where Magdalen Bridge now stands, and temporary Bridges during the building of it now making by Christchurch Broad-Walk, for to go up the Hill, etc.

Dec. 23. . . . Mr. Thomas Woodforde of Taunton (who is lately married to a Miss Waters of Blandford) with his new wife came to my house in a Post Chaise just at dinner time, and they both dined, supped and slept at Parsonage. His wife appears to be a very aggreable as well as a handsome young Lady and has £800 for her Fortune. I really think my cousin has made a very good choice. . . . Mr. Leache of Alford and Mr. James Clarke supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. Mr. Leache came to me to see Ecton's Liber Valorum to see whether he can hold two Livings without a Dispensation. . . .

Mrs. Burton has given his eldest son the Living of Sutton. . . .

The reference to Mrs. Burton and the living of Sutton, or Sutton Montis, to give the parish its full name, is not without interest, for Mrs. Burton was the widow of the last Burton Rector of Sutton Montis, the living having passed successively from father to son for just two centuries. The first Burton, who was a near kinsman of the famous author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, had come to Sutton Montis in 1573 (his father had been Rector of the neighbouring parish of South Cadbury), and the last Burton died there in 1771. And even then the family connexion was not broken, for the last Rector's daughter, Eleanor, had married Mr. Leach's son, and through their descendants the living remained in the family till well into the nineteenth century. I should think that this is probably a unique record of clerical continuity of the same family in the same parish. The Burton parsons were mainly educated at Cambridge, but one or two were at Oxford. This is another instance of a good sound clerical family, son succeeding father from Queen Elizabeth to George III, as against the Macaulay theory of Anglican decay. Mrs. Burton was Anne, daughter of Squire Francis Hollis Newman of Cadbury, whose son, it will be remembered, had sent our Diarist a hare when he was an undergraduate at Oxford.[1]

1772. Feb. 29. This morning after Breakfast I went down to Henbridge, when I saw and spent the morning with Mrs. Grant and her two daughters, Miss Jenny Wason and Miss Nancy Wason. [She and Brother

[1] *Alumni Cantabrigienses* (J. and J. A. Venn), 1922, and Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, under Burton ; Phelps's *History of Somersetshire*, vol. i, p. 431 ; family records. Francis Hollis Newman was sheriff of Somerset in 1700. Through my mother I descend from these Burton 'parsons.'

John had made up their quarrel.] They all seemed to be very uneasy, particularly Mrs. Grant, who said, that my Brother seemed too gay to be able to make a good Husband to her daughter, kept too much Company for his circumstances etc. etc. I told her that he had some failings as other young men, but I thought his good ones overbalanced them as I never saw anything tending to any very bad. I staid at Henbridge till after one and then returned and dined, supped, and slept again at Parsonage. Brother John went home well pleased at my going down. . . .

On March 7 he sends Mr. Ford, the Bath 'Statuary', the inscription for his father's monument: the latter will cost £14 14*s*. The Diarist does not tell us the inscription on this monument, but Phelps,[1] who succeeded Collinson as the historian of Somerset, gives it in full. Phelps says: 'Against the north wall of the chancel [Ansford Church] is a neat monument of white marble, having inscribed on it:

H.S.E. Samuel Woodforde, A.M. ecclesiæ de Castle Cary Vicarius; hujus item parochiæ annos magis quinquaginta rector indefessus, et honoratissimo comiti de Tankerville à sacris domesticus. Vir erat antiquis moribus, virtute, fide; pauperibus erogator largus: pater prudens ac providus: amicus certus, cordatus, fidus. Eodem tumulo quiescunt cineres uxoris amatæ æquè ac amantissimæ Janæ Woodforde, quæ per quadraginta fere annos in domesticis vitæ muneribus obeundis plurimis antecellere, nulli forsan secunda videbatur. Amabiles in vita, nec in morte divisi sunt.

Illa prius Feb. 8, 1766. { Ætatis } 60
Ille secutus Maii 16, 1771. { anno } 76

Valete suaves animæ, sed non æternum!
Filii mœrentes posuerunt.

[1] Phelps, *History of Somersetshire*, vol. i, p. 375 (1836).

On March 31 he enters into an agreement with Mr. Wickham to serve the curacy of Castle Cary for £30 per annum, in addition to surplice fees. The tithes of Cary are to be farmed by the Burges, who will pay Mr. Wickham £130 per annum for three years, and afterwards £140 for the remainder of his period as Vicar.

April 21. . . . Whilst we were at dinner they [Parson and Mrs. Wickham] came to us to the Parsonage and caught my Sister Jane at table with her hair up in papers, as she is going this evening to Shepton Assembly, but they excused it very kindly.

May 1. . . . In the evening Mr. Creed, myself and the Counsellor [Melliar] walked down into Cary and saw the Fair, it being Cary Fair to-day. I saw Miss Hannah Pew in the Fair and I gave her some Sugar Plumbs, half a pound of them and they cost me 0. 1. 4. . . . Brother John supped and spent the evening at Parsonage, was very much in liquor and behaved like a madman. N.B. He has received a letter from Nancy Wason, which I saw and I think she has used Jack very ill, she declares of [off] entirely, and will answer no more letters of his. It is I believe her Mother's and Sister's doing all this. . . .

June 1. . . . Brother John set forth this morning for Bath to a Cock Match.

June 6. . . . Brother John returned this evening and supped etc. at Parsonage; he says that he has won fifty Pounds at Bath.

June 7. . . . Mr. Creed called upon me in the evening and we took a walk—after I had buried a child of Giles Francis's by name J. Francis—aged 5 years. The child died at Bath owing to a kick in the groin by another lad. Giles works at Bath, and he and his

son brought the child in a coffin upon their heads from Bath, they set out from Bath last night at 12. . . .

On June 18 he goes to Wells with Mr. Wickham, sees the Bishop, who promises his support as to the Diarist's continuing in the Ansford curacy, and has tea with the Dean, Lord Francis Seymour, his wife, son and daughters. 'Lord Francis and Lady and the whole family behaved exceeding complaisant and civil to me. His Lordship told me that I had now found the way to the Deanery he would be glad to see me at all times and often. . . . It is indeed as good a family as ever I was in. . . . The Soldiers in the Town were exercising in the C. Yard whilst we were drinking tea. It was really very pretty. I don't know when I ever spent such an afternoon or day. . . .'

Again on July 31 he goes to Wells and visits the Bishop and Dean, who are very cordial to him. It has been arranged that he is to remain Curate at Ansford. 'The Dean asked me to dine with him to-morrow upon a Haunch of Venison, but I told his Lordship that I was afraid I could not.'

On August 31 he sets out for Winton with his boy—for his Poser's duties there with Bathurst. He returns on September 5, and on October 1 he goes to Oxford to vote for a new Chancellor, the candidates being Lord North, then Prime Minister, and the Earl of Radnor. The Diarist intended to vote for Lord Radnor, but as they could not muster more than 73 votes, they abandoned his candidature, and Lord North was unanimously elected on October 3. He reaches Ansford again on October 6.

Oct. 31. Very much out of order this morning, being

terribly fluttered owing I believe to the drinking of green tea in a morning. I design to leave it of, and tomorrow take to Sage tea. . . .

Nov. 26. . . . Mr. Will[m] Strangeways and Mr. Edm[d] Gapper, both of Charlton and acquaintance of Brother John's, and James and Richard Clarke spent the afternoon, supped etc. at Parsonage. . . . Edm[d] Gapper was exceeding drunk indeed, he slept at my house, and Mr. Strangeways at my Brother John's. I was kept up till after two in the morning and could not help it. Richard Clarke was quite merry also.

1773. Jan. 6. . . . Painter Clarke's family is under great distress concerning his son Charles, who went to London on Xmas day and have heard nothing of him since, and also that a horse and bridle was found on Hounslow Heath on Monday Dec. 28 with a man genteely dressed, booted and spurred was found under a hedge near the horse shot thro' the head as mentioned in the Salisbury Paper Monday last. No one knew of his going to London but John Burge, and to whom he promised to write when he got to town, and he has received no letter at all from him.

Feb. 10. . . . I went in the evening to the Play with the Justice [Creed]. The Play was Hamlet and the entertainment—Hob in the Well.

March 1. . . . Brother John spent the evening at Parsonage but was noisy, being merry, and his seeing Nancy Wason ride by our house this aft. and is reported to be married to And[w] Russ this morning. Parson Rawkins and another Person with her. . . .

March 28. . . . Mr. John Pouncett of Cole spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. He has an inclination for my Sister Jane. I think it would do well. . . .

April 14. . . . To Eliz. Chrich this morning one year's wages due Lady Day last past paid her . . . 3. 3. 0. . . .

April 17. . . . Sister Clarke, James and Richard Clarke, Jenny Clarke and Sam spent the major part of the morning with me, and agreed pretty well upon some matters relating to their affairs. The old Doctor I find is not worth much less than 16000 p^{d}. . . . [He had destroyed his will and the Diarist induces him to make another in the interests of his family, as the money would be divided up unfairly if he died intestate.]

April 22. . . . I went up to Dr. Clarke's this morning by the desire of Sister Clarke and James, and desired him to make a Will agreeable to his Family and himself and he agreed so to do which I am very glad of.—The poor Doctor cried a little. . . .

May 21. . . . A grey owl was found in my back-kitchen this morning. He came down the chimney. I gave him his Liberty again. . . .

May 22. . . . Very busy all the morning in trimming up my Geraniums. . . .

On June 13 he takes duty at Batcombe by arrangement with Mr. Wickham, who was to take the Diarist's services at Cary and Ansford. But as soon as he got out of church at Batcombe a message is brought him that Mr. Wickham 'was not come to serve my Churches'. After a hasty dinner he rides back post-haste just in time to take a late service at Cary Church. But naturally there was grumbling over the incident. He notes 'Mr. Coward's[1] Family of Spargrove was at Batcombe Church, with many other good families'.

[1] Thomas Coward, Esq., Sheriff of Somerset in 1771.

July 8. . . . We all went from Sister Clarke's up into South Cary to the Royal Oak to see Mr. Nevil's grand machinery, being the whole of the woolen manufactory, from one end of it to the other, and all in motion at once. It is very curious indeed—three thousand movements at once going—composed by Mr. Nevil himself, and which took him ny thirty years in completing it. . . .

July 19. . . . Mr. Frank Woodforde was this morning inducted into the Living of Ansford, and he immediately sent me a Line that he intends serving Ansford next Sunday himself, which notice of my leaving the Curacy is I think not only unkind but very ungentlemanlike. I must be content. Far be it from me to expect any favour at all from that House. All their actions towards me are bad. . . . I intend to quit the Parsonage House when my year is up, which will be Lady Day next, and to take up my residence once more at New College. . . .

July 28. . . . Sister Clarke came to let me know that Frank dines with them tomorrow [by Richard's invitation] upon the Goose that Sister Clarke invited me to dine upon as tomorrow. Therefore shall not go. This is the second time of being disappointed to dine there.—First upon a Fawn and now a Goose.

1. *Mem:* J[s] Clarke invited me to dine at his house upon part [of] a Fawn last week but did not mention any particular day.—However they had it last week and never let me know it.

2. *Mem:* Sister Clarke invited me yesterday to come and dine upon a goose as to-morrow, and now I cannot go as Frank is to dine there and whom I don't choose to associate with.—The next time I am invited there I shall take care how I promise them. . . .

Aug. 24. . . . I called at Mrs. White's and stayed with her and her daughter Betsy till 8 o'clock this evening. . . . Betsy White came from London only last Saturday. She is greatly improved and handsomer than ever. . . .

Aug. 30. . . . As I was coming from 4 Acres down the Lane this morning between 7 and 8 I met my Uncle Tom on Horseback with his servant going to Mrs. Powel's in Hertfordshire. He said to me Good morrow to you and I made him a Bow and said your Servant Sir ! . . .

Sep. 1. . . . [He hears of a vacancy in the Mastership of Bedford School.]—the third best thing in the gift of New College,—a new built house with an exceeding handsome garden—50 guineas paid the Master every quarter—Fuel, Candles and all kinds of expenses about the house and gardens paid for the Master and no taxes whatsoever. An Ussher also found and paid by the Charity—About 12 boys to teach by the Master and Ussher. The only bad thing belonging to it, is, being a Borough Town, and there is no such thing as being neuter. Upon the whole I like it very well, and I believe shall accept of it, if it comes to me.

On September 6 he hands Mr. Wickham notice of his giving up Cary curacy at Michaelmas, and visits 'my dear Betsy White', and on September 13 he enters that Andrew Russ and Nancy Wason are married that day. On September 16 'I carried my dear Maid of Shepton some Peaches etc., etc.' On October 4 he sets out with his boy for Oxford on horseback 'to hear about Bedford'. Unfortunately, one Hooke is nominated by New College for Bedford on October 14, and next day the Diarist starts home for Ansford.

Dec. 14. . . . [He leaves Ansford to take up his residence at Oxford :] I left my whole family rather dejected this morning. Pray God preserve them and make my journey of good to them.

Dec. 16. . . . Exceeding disagreeable to me yet Oxford seems being so contrary to my old way of living.

Dec. 17. . . . Things seem something better to day, and I hope will more so daily, when I get to College. [He is at present at the Blue Boar.]

Dec. 24. (Mem:) I dreamt very much of poor old Alice Stacy of Ansford and my man Willm Corpe last night—the former that she had a vast discharge of matter from her Breast—the latter that he was very drunk and almost killed by a fall from a Horse—both which I thought I saw very plainly.

Dec. 25. I breakfasted, and slept again in my Rooms —I went to Chapel this morning at 9 o'clock being Christmas Day, and rec^{d} the Holy Sacrament from the Hands of our Warden who was present. The Warden was on one side of the Altar and myself being Sub-Warden on the other side—I read the Epistle for the day at the Altar and assisted the Warden in going round with the Wine.

For an Offering at the Altar, gave . . . 0.1. 0. The Dean of Christchurch who is Bishop of Chester preached this morning at Christchurch, but I did not attend at it. . . . N.B. The Dean of Christchurch always preaches this day in the morning at Christchurch Cathedral. I dined in the Hall and 14 Sen^{r} Fellows with me. I invited the Warden to dine with us as is usual on this day, but his Sister being here, could not. We had a very handsome dinner of my ordering, as I order dinner every day being Sub-Warden.

1773

We had for dinner, two fine Codds boiled with fryed Souls round them and oyster sauce, a fine sirloin of Beef roasted, some peas soup and an orange Pudding for the first course, for the second, we had a lease of Wild Ducks rosted, a fore Qu: of Lamb and sallad and mince Pies. We had a grace cup before the second course brought by the Butler to the Steward of the Hall who was Mr. Adams a Senior Fellow, who got out of his place and came to my chair and there drank to me out of it, wishing me a merry Xmas. I then took it of him and drank wishing him the same, and then it went round, three standing up all the time. From the high Table the grace Cup goes to the Batchelors and Scholars. After the second course there was a fine plumb cake brought to the sen^{r} Table as is usual on this day, which also goes to the Batchelors after. After Grace is said there is another Grace-Cup to drink omnibus Wiccamisis, which is drunk as the first, only the Steward of the Hall does not attend the second Grace Cup. . . . We dined at 3 o'clock and were an Hour and ½ at it. We all then went into the Sen^{r} Com: Room, where the Warden came to us and sat with us till Prayers. The Wine drunk by the Sen^{r} Fellows, domus pays for. Prayers this evening did not begin till 6 o'clock, at which I attended as did the Warden. . . . I supped etc., in the Chequer, we had Rabbits for supper rosted as is usual on this day. . . . The Sub-Warden has one to himself; The Bursars each one apiece, the Sen^{r} Fellows ½ a one each. The Jun^{r} Fellows a rabbit between three.

N.B. Put on this Day a new Coat and Waistcoat for the first time.

1774. Jan. 14. I breakfasted and slept again at New

College. At 10 o'clock this morning went up into the Senior Common Room, where the Warden and all the Fellows met, and we had given by the Warden there some Sack wine and some bread and butter, as he takes his Doctor's Degree to-day. From the Common Room we went in Procession, a Beadle going before, to the Convocation House, it being the first Day of Term. Cooke Jun^r went also to the Convocation House to take his Master's degree. I scidd for him there. We all went in our proper Hoods to the Schools. I took a walk with Boyce this morning after having been up into the schools, up the Hill, and for a Shaving Box of one Darcy up the Hill pd 0. 1. 0. I dined in the Chequer and the Warden dined with us and treated the Sen^r Fellows with a very handsome Dinner, and after dinner we all went into the Sen^r Common Room, where the Warden treated us with Wine till near 9 o'clock at night, and then he retired. The Warden also treated us with a large dish of Fruit after dinner in the Master's Common Room. Had a new Wigg brought home this morning, which I put on before I went to dinner, it is a more fashionable one than my old ones are, a one curled wigg with two curls of the sides. I like it, and it was liked by most People at dinner. I gave the Barber's man, Jonathan 0. 1. 0. At Back-Gammon this evening with Milton only one gammon, and I lost to him by bad luck 0. 10. 6. I supped in the Chequer and went to bed soon after.

Jan. 31. I got up this morning at half past six in order to go in the Machine to Bath. The Porter's man called me at six, for which and carrying my Portmanteau to the Cross Inn I gave him . . . 0. 1. 0. To Frank Paynes Boy this morning gave 0. 6. I went

to the Cross Inn at a little after seven and the Machine was gone, however I took a Post-Chaise immediately from the Cross Inn and overtook the Machine at Enson about 5 miles from Oxon, and there got into it.

For the Post Chaise pd . . . 0. 4. 0
Gave the Driver 0. 1. 0

There was one Passenger in it a Gentleman of Exeter College, we stopped and breakfasted at Witney at the Bridge, and then I left the Gentleman as he came there only to meet some Company.

For my Breakfast at Witney pd . . 0. 1. 0

At Witney the Machine took up a Poor Player, a young man who is in a consumption and going to his Friends at Bath—he looked dreadful bad.

I dined at Burford by myself, pd there . 0. 4. 0
At Burford pd the remaining part of the Fare 0. 10. 6

Dr. Bosworth of Oriel and a young Lady came into the same room where I dined at Burford soon after I dined, as they were going to London in the Strand Water Machine thro' Oxford. I was not long with them at the Inn at Burford as our Machine was just setting off. At Burford we took up a young Farmer who was lame and going to try Bath Waters, and the Farmer's Sister a young Woman. The Farmer thinks his disorder to be Rheumatic. We got to Circencester about 5 this afternoon where we supped and slept. I supped in a Room by myself and spent the evening.

Feb. 1st. I got up this morning at half past five, got into the Machine about 6 and set of before breakfast for Bath, at Circencester pd . . . 0. 3. 6
Gave the Chamber maid and Waiter . 0. 1. 6
At Tedbury we breakfasted pd there . 0. 1. 0

We got to Petty France about 11, where the Machine stays two or three Hours. And as I wanted to reach Ansford this evening, I took a Post-Chaise immediately at Petty France, and set forth for Bath. It snowed prodigiously all the way to Bath.

Gave the Bath Coachman at Petty France 0. 1. 0
For some Rum and Water at Petty France 0. 0. 3
At Petty France for a Chaise to Bath pd 0. 11. 3
Gave a Poor Boy at Petty France . . 0. 0. 6

I got to Bath about 1 o'clock, there I took a fresh Chaise for Old Downe.

Gave Petty France Driver . . . 0. 1. 6

besides a dram upon the Road. I got to Old Downe between 3 and 4 this afternoon where I stayed about a Quarter of an Hour, eat some cold rost Beef, drank a pint of Ale, and then got into a fresh Chaise for Ansford. It snowed all the way very thick from Bath to Old Downe. At Bath for chaise pd . 0. 10. 6
Gave the Bath driver desides a dram . 0. 1. 6
For a chaise at Old Downe to Ansford pd 0. 10. 6
Eating etc., at Old Downe pd . . 0. 1. 0

I got to Ansford, I thank God safe and well this evening about 6 o'clock. It snowed all the way from Old Downe to Ansford and the wind blowed very rough and it was very cold indeed. Gave the old Downe driver a dram at Gannard's Grave and another at home, and gave him also 0. 1. 6. I found Mr. Pouncett and my sister Jane at home by themselves, and I supped and slept at Parsonage. Brother John supped and spent the evening with us. All Friends pretty well but poor Dr. Clarke, who is worse than I left him, his legs swell and he talks but very little, and looks very ill indeed. Mr. Pouncett supped and slept at Parsonage.

March 13. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. Sent over to Cole this morning to enquire for Mr. Guppy, he returned from Bath yesterday, and is but very indifferent. Brother Heighes, dined, supped etc., at Parsonage. . . . I did not go either to Ansford or Cary Church to-day. Sister Clarke and Jenny, Mr. Pouncett, Mr. White and Mrs. James Clarke supped and spent the evening at Parsonage. Brother John spent the latter part of the aft. at Parsonage. Brother Heighes' son Sam supped etc., at Parsonage. Mr. Pouncett slept at Parsonage. I talked with him pretty home about matters being so long doing—[i. e. the marriage arranged between Mr. Pouncett and Sister Jane being so long delaid].

March 14. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. Mr. Pouncett breakfasted at Parsonage and went home. Sister White spent part of the afternoon at Parsonage. Sister Jane and myself both very much in the dumps to-day.

March 16. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. I took a ride this morning to Shepton Mallett and went thro' Evercreech and made a short visit to Mrs. Millard and her daughter Betsy who were glad to see me. I wanted to see Jack's Flame but could not. When I came to Shepton I got of at Mr. White's and there I spent most of my time with Mrs. White and my dear Betsy White. They wondered not to see me before. My Boy went with me on Mr. Pouncett's Mare. . . . I made a short visit to Mrs. Wickham, Mrs. Figges etc, Miss Hole etc, and returned by a Qu^{r} after three. Gave the Hostler at the George at Shepton o. o. 6. Mr. White and Brother Heighes dined etc., at Parsonage. Sister White dined at Parsonage about 5 o'clock. She had

been on foot to the Sale at Bruton and could not come back before the above time, much tired. Mr. Pouncett breakfasted at Parsonage, went home after and returned in the evening and supped and slept at Parsonage. For a Horse to-day . . . 0. 2. 6.

March 23. I breakfasted at Parsonage this morning as did Mr. Pouncett, who after breakfast went home and returned about 12 to take his leave of me. I got up very early this morning, packed up my things, settled all accounts with my People, dined at 12 and at one set of in Ansford Inn Chaise with a very heavy Heart for Oxford thro' Bath. I left with Mr. Pouncett two guineas to be given to the Poor of Ansford, as directed by me in writing. I left with him also one guinea to be given to the Poor of Cary as also directed by me in writing. Mr. White called upon me this morning and took his leave. Robin Coleman called upon me this morning on the same. I gave my man William a good deal of my old Cloathes. I gave my maid Betty Chrich an old prunella gown.

Paid Eliz: Crich this morning a year's wages	3.	3.	0
Paid her one year's Interest of 20 Pound	1.	0.	0
Paid her for her Mother do. . .	1.	0.	0
Paid Will[m] for washing 1 year . .		10.	6
Paid Eliz: Crich for Housekeeping to this day	0.	2.	9
Paid Will: and Boy and Poor to this day .	0.	3.	6
I gave each of my Servants going away .	0.	2.	6

I left all my House in Tears and I could not refrain myself from the same. Pray God bless them all. This day left of all Housekeeping to Mr. Pouncett. We had some Trout for dinner to-day, but my Heart was so full that I could eat but little. I gave Mr.

Owens my Barber this morning 0. 5. 0. I called at Shepton and took my leave of my dear Betsy. I got to Old Downe about 3 this afternoon and to Bath at 5. I did not pay for the Ansford Chaise therefore am in debt to Perry for it, the sum of . 0. 10. 6
Gave Tom Smith, the Ansford Driver . 0. 1. 6
For Old Downe Chaise to the White Lion at Bath pd 0. 10. 6
For Wine at Old Downe pd . . . 0. 0. 6
To the Old Downe Driver—gave . . 0. 10. 6
To the Turnpikes for Bath pd . . 0. 2. 0

I met Harry Rodbard this evening at the White Lion at Bath, and we supped and spent the evening together. There was a gentleman by name Pitcairn with Harry, a Wiltshire clergyman but he did not sup with us. I called at Dr. Dunn's this evening at Bath, I saw Mrs. Dunn and one Miss Chambers, but I did not see Dr. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn very much expected my sister and Mr. Pouncett. She had got the Brides Bed etc., all ready for them. I called also on Mr. Creed's Friend, Dr. Anderton and Wife. I went and called upon Dr. Ballard at the Bear Inn at Bath. My aunt Tom and her son, Frank, and Jenny Clarke are all at my Aunt's at Bath, but I did not call on them. I slept at the White Lion at Brookmans.

Next day he reaches Oxford in the evening, safe and well. On April 13 he and his colleague Cooke are sworn in as Pro-Proctors before the Vice-Chancellor, Webber—the Senior Proctor with Berkeley—nominating them as his Pro-Proctors.

April 20. I breakfasted and slept again at New College.

Master Senior and Blisse breakfasted with me. I went to Chapel this morning at 11 o'clock it being Term Time and Wednesday. There should have been Declamations to-day but there was none: Cooth and Trotman should have declaimed, therefore I shall punish them. I took a long walk after Prayers, and on my return went into the public Schools, and set over some young gentlemen doing generals.[1] At 2 o'clock went with Webber to Christchurch to the Sen^r Proctor's Mr. Berkeley's, and there we dined and spent the afternoon, and at 8 came away. Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Shackleford, Mr. Mines, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Selstone, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Rawbone dined etc, with us there. Mr. Nicholls was ill and could not come, and Mr. Cooke not in town. We had a very elegant dinner. The first course was, part of a large Cod, a Chine of Mutton, some Soup, a Chicken Pye, Puddings and Roots etc. Second course, Pidgeons and Asparagus, a Fillet of Veal with Mushrooms and high Sauce with it, rosted Sweetbreads, hot Lobster, Apricot Tart and in the middle a Pyramid of Syllabubs and Jellies. We had a Desert of Fruit after Dinner, and Madeira, white Port and red to drink as Wine. We were all very cheerful and merry. I supped and spent the evening in the Chequer. *N.B.* We had at dinner to-day, some green cucumbers, the first I have seen this year.

Ap: 21. I breakfasted and slept again at New College. For a new Pr of Gloves the other day pd 0. 2. 0. I went with Holmes to-day to the Free-Masons Lodge held this day at the New Inn, was there admitted a Member of the same and dined and spent

[1] See pp. 158–62 for an account of the University system in the eighteenth century.

the afternoon with them. The Form and Ceremony on the occasion I must beg leave to omit putting down. Paid on admission for fees etc. £3. 5. 0. It is a very honourable as well as charitable Institution and much more than I could conceive it was. Am very glad on being a Member of it. I supped and spent the evening in the Chequer. Mr. Stinton one of our Lodge supped etc., with Holmes in the Chequer he is a very worthy man. At 11 this night was called out of the Chequer by Webber to go with him and quell a riot in George Lane, but when we came it was quiet, however, we went to the Swan in George Lane, and unfortunately met with a Gownsman above stairs carousing with some low-life people. We conducted him to his College. He belongs to University College, is a scholar there, and his name is Hawkins, he was terribly frightened and cried almost all the way to his Coll, and was upon his knees very often in the street, and bareheaded all the way. He is to appear again to-morrow before Webber. We returned to New College by 12 o'clock.

There is no further note as to this unfortunate young man's fate at the hands of Webber: it is a pity he did not appear before the kindly Diarist: we should then have known his punishment, which would not have been a harsh one.

May 12. I breakfasted and slept again at New College. Lent Blisse this morning 8 of my MSS Sermons. Holmes and myself went to Exeter College about 2 o'clock and dined with Mr. Stinton, a Senior Fellow of Ex: Coll: We dined in the publick Hall at Exeter Coll: at the High Table. The Rector, Dr.

Bray etc., dined with us. We had but an indifferent dinner and served up slovingly. Nothing near so neat or genteel as at New College. We spent the afternoon in their Sen[r] Com: Room and the Rector did the same and smoked a Pipe with us. We came away before five o'clock. I went to Prayers this evening at 5 o'clock. I supped and spent the evening in the Chequer. Whilst I was at supper I was sent for to quell a riot in Hollinwell. I left my supper and went with Holmes and Oakely into Hollinwell, but it was pretty quiet. However I met with two gentlemen going into a House and I accosted them, and I believe they were the same that made the disturbance. I asked them to go to their Colleges directly and wait on me to-morrow morning at New College. Their names were Taylor of Worcester Coll: and Duprie of Exeter College. I received a letter this evening from my Sister Jane, who acquainted me that my poor old servant man William Corpe dropped down in an Apoplectic Fit May 2, and expired directly. He was that morning married to his old Sweet-heart, and this happened in the evening in the street. I am exceedingly sorry for him indeed and her also. I hope he is everlastingly happy in a better state: Pray God make us all wise to consider our latter end, for Death comes upon us we see at an hour when we little think upon it, and sometimes very sudden. My Sister also acquainted me that poor Dr. Clarke is very bad, much worse than he was.

As to poor old William Corpe, it will be remembered that the Diarist had a curious dream about him on Christmas Eve. (See under date, December 24, 1773.)

May 20. . . . I got home to Ansford this evening about 8 o'clock and I thank God safe and well, to the Old House, but found none but the maid at home, they were gone to Sister White's. . . . I supped and spent the evening at Mr. White's with him, Sister White, Sister Jane and Mr. Pouncett. I slept at the Old Parsonage House once more. N.B. the first time I ever came in one day from Oxford [he had started at 5.30 from there] to Ansford, I suppose it must be near 100 miles.

The journey all the way by Post Chaise cost him, with meals, tips, and turnpikes, the large sum of £4 8*s*. This is a good illustration of the point already made,[1] of the far greater expense of travelling in the eighteenth century as compared with our own day.

May 22. . . . Have been very naughty to-day, did not go to either Ansford or Cary Church. . . . Have mercy on me O Lord a miserable, vile sinner, and pardon my failings.

May 24. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. Mr. Pouncett breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept at Parsonage. After breakfast I went down to Ansford Church and married my Sister Jane and Mr. Pouncett by license. Pray God send Thy Blessing upon them both, and may they be long happy in each other. I would not have anything for marrying them but Mr. Pouncett gave Mr. Frank Woodford 1. 1. 0. Mr. White was Father and Sister White only present.
Mr. Pouncett gave the Clerk, Dav Maby . 0. 10. 6

[1] See pp. 71–3 for some general observations on prices, and the purchasing power of money.

He gave also to Ansford Ringers . . 0. 10. 6
He gave also to Cary Ringers . . 0. 10. 6
Sister White, Brother Heighes and Son Bill dined at Parsonage. Cary Fair to-day being White Tuesday. Brother Heighes and Son Sam supped etc. at Parsonage. Brother John supped and spent the evening with us, he was rather merry, and at last noisy and not very decent. Mr. Pouncett and myself took a walk in the evening over to Cole and saw Mrs. Pouncett and Mrs. Coleman. I made a visit in the morning to Mr. Clarke's and saw the poor Doctor, who is greatly altered for the worse and am afraid he will be but a few days here. He was up gasping for breath, knew nobody and said never a word. He walked about but not without a Person to support him, being so very weak. Mr. Frank Woodforde and Mr. Overton of Pill came to the Doctor's whilst I was there, but I did not stay at all there after they came. They came to dine there.

May 28. I supped and spent the evening at Brother John's with him, Nancy, Sister White and Betsy White, Sister Jane and Mrs. Pouncett. . . . Mrs. Pouncett, Sister White and Betsy dined at Jack's. I went home with Betsy White and had some talk with her concerning my making her mine when an opportunity offered and she was not averse to it at all.

May 30. I breakfasted at Parsonage and about 9 set forth on my bay Mare for the University of Oxford. I had my boy Will: Coleman with me to carry my Portmanteau. I hired a horse for him of Crocker the carrier at Cary, am to give him for him 0. 10. 6. Mr. Pouncett went with me as far as Alfred's Tower. I left my Sister Jane very low on my going away.

I gave my old Maid Betty Crich . . o. 2. 6
Paid my Boy for Oats, shoeing my Mare etc . . . . . o. 4. o
I called at an Ale House in Long Acre by Mr. Hooks and had a pint of beer for which I paid . . . . . o. o. 3
I dined at Wiley at the Bull pd there . o. 4. 4½
Gave to the Hostler there . . . o. o. 6
I supped and slept at Everly at the Rose and Crown about 45 miles from Ansford, not at all fatigued, so far I thank God got safe and well.
For Turnpikes to-day . . pd about . . o. o. 6
June 3rd. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at College, Master Sen[r] breakfasted again with me this morning.
Paid for the Oxford Magazine for May . o. o. 6
Paid also for Jackson's Oxford Journal for 1 quarter begun the 22nd January 1774 o. 2. 6
I fancy I paid one quarter before but am not certain.
Gave my Barber's man this morning . o. o. 6
Gave my Bedmaker's Boy, Jack . . o. o. 6
For wine this afternoon in M.C.R... pd. o. o. 6
Rec[d] of Swanton this aft for an Exhibition 1. o. o
Dr. Wall, myself, Oakley, Master Sen[r] and Mr. Townshend of London a Wine and Brandy Merchant, Brother of James Townshend of this Coll. who dined with us to-day in Hall, went this evening in one of Kemps Post Coaches to Abingdon to see a Play there. We put up at Powels at the Crown & Thistle where we had coffee and Tea, and afterwards we went to the Market House and saw the tragedy of Cato, and the Padlock for an Entertainment.
June 5. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again

at Coll: Lent Masters Sen[r] my Mare this morning to go to his curacy at Gadington about 6 miles from Oxon. I went to St. Mary's in the afternoon and heard an indifferent discourse by Cooke of Christchurch.

For Wine this afternoon in M.C.R. pd. . o. o. 6

I went to Chapel this evening, much company there. I took a walk with Webber after 11 this evening over the University. Holmes went with us. A common Strumpet we met with, and if it was not for me would have been sent to Bridewell. It was one o'clock before I got to bed to-night.

July 5th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at College. Thorpe breakfasted with me this morning. . . . Lent Thorpe one of my Proctors gowns this morning as he is one of the occasional Proctors, for this Week, this Week being our grand gala for this year. . . . There was a sermon this morning at St. Mary's for the Benefit of the Infirmary preached by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (Dr. Worth), but I could not conveniently go. We dined at 2 to-day.

For Wine this afternoon pd. . . . . o. 1. o

A little after 4 this aft: went to the Theatre and heard the oratorio of Hercules, for a ticket pd o. 5. o. There was a good deal of Company present. The Music was very fine—A Miss Davies from the Opera House sung most delightfully, Miss Molly Linley sung very well. A Mr. Gosdall gave us a fine Solo on the Violincello as did Mr. Fisher on the Hautboy. Miss Davies is to have they say sixty guineas. . . . Mr. Woodhouse a gent: Com: of University College was very drunk at the Theatre and cascaded in the middle of the theatre. Mr. Highway one of the

nominal Proctors for this week desired him to withdraw very civilly but he was desired by one Mr. Peddle a gent: com: of St. Mary Hall not to mind him, my seeing Highway in that distress I went to them myself and insisted upon Woodhouse going away immediately from the Theatre, and then Peddle behaved very impertinently to me, at which I insisted upon his coming to me to-morrow morning. Mr. Woodhouse after some little time retired, but Peddle remained and behaved very impertinently, I therefore intend putting him in the black Book. We did not come out of the Theatre till near 9. For Wine this evening in M.C.R. pd 0. 0. 6. Webber, myself and Thorpe took a walk between 11 and 12 this evening and returned a little after 12. I met with one Mr. Broome, this evening of Brasenose College very much in liquor and who talked rather saucily to me, but I saw him to his Coll: and desired his company to-morrow morning.

July 7th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at College. Mr. Broome waited on me this morning with an epistle and I set him one of Swifts Sermons to translate into Latin for the offence he was guilty of. There was nothing done this morning at the Theatre. We dined again at 2 o'cl: to day.

For Wine this afternoon in the M.C.R. pd. 0. 0. 6
Went to the Theatre this afternoon and heard a miscellaneous concert performed there pd 0. 1. 0
For Tea at Dick's Coff: H: between the acts pd 0. 0. 8
The Theatre yesterday and to-day very orderly.
For Books of performance each day pd . 0. 0. 6
After the Music took a walk in Merton Gardens which was exceedingly crowded indeed. I spoke to two

gentlemen in the garden for wearing green capes to their coats.

For Wine this evening in M.C.R. . . o. o. 6

July 8. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at New College. Cooke Sen^r and Townshend breakfasted with me. Went up into the schools at 2 o'clock and heard 3 declamations for my Master Webber.[1] Helliar dined in the Chequer and spent the afternoon with us.

For Wine and fruit this aft and evening pd o. 1. 6

Went to Chapel this evening at 5 o'clock. A quiet day to-day, a great deal of company gone. Put Mr. Peddle into the Black Book in these Words 'Johannes Peddle Superioris Ordinis Commensalis ex aulâ beatae Mariae Virginis, quod publice in Theatro Procuratoris deputatum in officio exequendo obstitit, summaque contumaciâ et contemptû academicae authoritatis se gesserit ab omni gradu suspendatur donec ad plenum satisficiet. Mensis Julii 7 1774 Jac: Woodforde Proc: Jun: Dep:' Mr. Broome brought the sermon I set him.

July 27. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at College. Cooke Sen^r and Master Sen^r breakfasted with me. I sent a note to Mr. Bowerbank of Queen's this morning to desire him to dine with me to-day, which he will.

Gave Bull's Boy Gooby, this morning . o. o. 6

Mr. Hindley, Dr. Thurlowe, Master of the Temple, Dr. Burrows, Dr. Birchenden, and Mr. Bowerbank dined and spent the afternoon with me at New College. I borrowed the Chequer Room of the Bursars for my company to dine in. We were very

[1] See pp. 158–62 for an account of the Oxford system in the eighteenth century.

merry and pushed the Bottle on very briskly. I gave my Company for dinner, some green Pea Soup, a chine of Mutton, some New College Puddings, a goose, some Peas and a Codlin Tart with Cream. Madeira and Port Wine to drink after and at dinner some strong Beer, Cyder, Ale and small Beer. Dr. West spent part of the afternoon and supped and spent the evening with me. I had a handsome dish of fruit after dinner. At 7 o'clock we all went from the Chequer to my Room where we had Coffee and Tea. Dr. Birchenden went from us soon after coffee and did not return again. . . . Mr. Hindley, Dr. Thurlowe, Dr. West, Dr. Burrows and Mr. Bowerbank, supped and stayed with me till after one. Mr. Hindley, Dr. Burrows, Mr. Bowerbank and myself got to Cards after coffee. At whist I won . 1. 0. 6
out of which, Mr. Hindley owes me . . 0. 5. 0
I gave my company only for supper cold mutton. After supper I gave them to drink some Arrac Punch with Jellies in it and some Port wine. I made all my Company but Dr. West quite merry. We drank 8 bottles of Port one Bottle of Madeira besides Arrac Punch, Beer and Cyder. I carried of my drinking exceedingly well indeed.

Aug. 4th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at College. Coker, Williams Jun^{r}, Swanton, Townshend and Cooke Sen^{r} breakfasted with me this morning. Paid my bedmaker Frank Paine half a year's waiting on me due June 24. 1774, this morning 1. 5. 0
Dr. Burrows and Dr. Birchenden called on me this morning and Dr. Burrows paid me for Mr. Hindley 0. 5. 6
Gave my Barber Jonathan, yesterday . 0. 1. 0

Sent to the Warden to dine with us which he promised. The Warden dined, supped and spent the evening with us. Four Horses started to-day, Capt: Kelly's Batchelor, Capt: Berties Piper, Sir Harry Harper's Freedom and Mr. Rawl's Don Joseph. I had Don Joseph in 4 Lotteries and Freedom in a Lottery of ten People of half a crown each—I lost the 4 first lotteries and won the last, as Freedom won with ease.

I lost therefore	1.	12.	0
and won	1.	2.	6
So that I lost on the balance	0.	9.	6
I did not go to see the Race to-day but stayed at home and played at Bowls with Jeffries and I beat him and won of him	0.	5.	0
For Wine this afternoon in M.C.R. pd	0.	2.	0

Coker, Townshend, Dan Williams, Blisse, Dr. Wall and Webber and myself made a very late night of it being very jolly indeed. We sat up till near 4 in the morning. I fetched 3 Bottles of Wine out of my Room after 12 o'clock. For Wine besides in M.C.R. this evening pd 0. 1. 6.

On September 6th he sets out for Ansford for a brief visit.

Sept. 27. I breakfasted and supped and slept again at Parsonage. Sister Jane, Sister White and Mr. Pouncett dined at Cole to-day. I took a ride this morning to Shepton Mallet to see my dear Betsy White, but she and her Father are gone to Bristol to-day so that I only saw her Mother and that after dinner. I dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Figges's with him, his wife and old Mrs. Paine, who were all glad to see me.

Gave Mrs. Figges's Maid . 0 1. 0
For my Mare and Hostler at Shepton pd and gave 0. 1. 0
I returned in the evening about 7 to Parsonage.

Oct. 6th. I breakfasted and dined at Parsonage. To Mr. Owens my Barber for shaving and dressing my Wiggs for me since I have been in the Country pd 0. 6. 0
In the afternoon I set forth for Bath to Oxford. Mr. Pounsett went with me to Bath. We rode and had the Boy with us to carry a portmanteau.
Gave Eliz: Crich our servant maid . . 0. 2. 6
Gave Mary Crich, Alice Stacy and Priscilla Jefferies this morning three poor neighbours a shilling each . . . 3. 0
I left my Sister Jane very low indeed. I called at Brother John's as I went to Bath to take my leave of him. Brother Heighes was at Jack's. I gave my Brother Heighes going away . . . 1. 1. 0
Mr. Pounsett gave me a leverett to carry with me. We got to Bath in very good time about 7 o'clock. We set off from Ansford about 2 o'clock. We stopped and slept at the White Lion at Bath. We met Jack Sampson in the Barr at the White Lion this evening, he asked us to dine with him to-morrow. Nothing talked of at Bath but the General Election as the Parliament was dissolved last week,—most places busy in Election Works, new members to be chosen all over the Kingdom in a month.
To Turnpikes to-day pd 0. 1. 0

The main issue at these elections was the American issue, whether or not the American colonists should be coerced into obedience in the quarrel which had arisen

over taxation. To all intents and purposes, since the Boston Tea Riot in December 1773, an uneasy armed truce had existed. Boston Harbour had been closed by Act of Parliament, and the Charter of Massachusetts had been altered so as to deprive the colonists of a large part of their liberties. This was in 1774, before the General Election. The result of the elections was a triumphant majority for the coercion policy of the King and Lord North, a majority of nearly 200. This parliamentary triumph 'was greatly owing to the exertions of the clergy'. A little later Wesley also, in his 'calm address to the American Colonists', powerfully supported the Government. In the new Parliament, Chatham, Shelburne, and Burke fought a hopeless battle, and the Lexington skirmish in April 1775 made war inevitable.[1]

On October 7 the Diarist leaves Bath and takes a post chaise to Petty France. 'I went from Petty France to the Duke of Beaufort's at Badminton to call on Dr. Penny, as I had a letter from his brother to him, but he was not at the Duke's, however I met him in the Duke's park returning from his living, he desired me to return to the Duke's to dinner, but I did not like it as all the family is there. I got to Tedbury about 4 o'clock where I dined, supped and slept at the White Hart, a very good Inn. I had the Leverett for dinner at Tedbury.'

Next day, October 8, he reached Oxford.

Oct. 13. I breakfasted, dined and slept again at College. Coker, Master Sen[r] and Grantham breakfasted with me this morning upon cocoa. Very low to-day having a great purging upon me. . . . I went to

[1] Abbey and Overton, *The English Church*, &c., vol. ii, p. 33; Lecky's *History of England*, vol. iv, p. 195; George III's Life in *D. N. B.*; and Wesley's *Journal*, vol. iv, pp. 60–1 (Everyman edition).

Chapel this evening at 5 o'clock. Had a letter from Brother Heighes to let me know that our Brother John was married to Miss Clarke of Evercreech Monday last. Pray God they may be happy. At Back Gammon this evening with Blisse won 0. 5. 0. I took some Rhubarb this evening about 10, and went to bed.

Oct. 15. . . . I caught a remarkable large Spider in my Wash Place this morning and put him in a small glass decanter and fed him with some bread and intend keeping him. . . .

Nov. 5. I breakfasted, dined and slept again at College. Master Sen[r] and Cooke breakfasted with me. Paid

Miss Hall my Sempstress this morning	.	1.	3. 0
For Wine this afternoon in M.C.R. pd.	.	0.	0. 6
For Tobacco in M.C.R. at divers times pd		0.	0. 6

I went to Prayers this evening at 5 o'clock in our Chapel. There was a Sermon preached in our Chapel by Mr. Crow this evening, being the 5 of November. The Sermon was immediately before the Anthem. The Warden received an account of the Death of Dr. Ridley, Rector of one of our Livings in Norfolk, by name Weston Longeville worth it is said £300 per annum. I went to bed at 10 o'clock to-night.

This is the first reference to the Norfolk parish in which he was to spend twenty-seven years of his life, from 1776 to his death in 1803.

Nov. 8. . . . Dr. Blackstone dined with the Bursar, spent the aft. in M.C.R. supped, and spent the evening with me in the Chequer. [Under Nov. 9 he notes, 'he kept me up late last night'.][1]

[1] By Dr. Blackstone the Diarist presumably means the great Dr. Blackstone, Sir William (1723–80), who was Vinerian Professor of Law at

Dec. 6. . . . Master Sen^{r} publickly declared this afternoon in M.C.R. his intention of not taking the living of Weston. I therefore immediately being the next Senior in Orders canvassed the Senior Common Room, and then went with Master into the Jun^{r} Common Room and canvassed that. The Jun^{r} Common Room pretty full. . . .

Dec. 15. . . . We had a meeting of the whole House in the Hall at 12 o'clock, to present a Person to the Living of Weston Longeville and to seal the remaining Leases. The former came on first. Hooke and myself were the two candidates proposed. Many learned and warm arguments started and disputed, and after 2 hours debate the House divided and it was put to the Vote, when there appeared for me 21 votes, for Mr. Hooke 15 only, on which I was declared and presented with the Presentation of the Rectory. The chief speakers for me were the Warden, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Webber, Mr. Gauntlett, and Dr. Wall. The chief speakers for Mr. Hooke were Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Coker Sen^{r}, Mr. Adams, Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Milton, the latter talked nothing but nonsense. The Members present were as underwritten. [Note that the Diarist very sensibly votes for himself.]

For Mr. Woodforde	*For Mr. Hooke*
The Warden	Caldecot
Master Sen^{r}	Milton
Webber	Thorpe

Oxford from 1758–66; he may, however, be referring (in this later reference) to the son, who was also Vinerian Professor. It is said that the great Dr. Blackstone wrote his world-famous *Commentaries* with a bottle of port always beside him to refresh his flagging energies. (See *D. N. B.*)

For Mr. Woodforde	*For Mr. Hooke*
Woodforde	Adams
Lucas	Swanton
Bathurst Sen^{r}	King
Oglander	Coker Sen^{r}
Cooke	Eaton
Gauntlett	Trotman
Wall	Gratton
Townshend	Sandford
Blisse	Bingham
Holmes	Bathurst Jun^{r}
Oakeley	Awberry
Williams Jun^{r}	Coker Jun^{r}
Cummin Sen^{r}	
Coothe	
Bragge	
Lowthe	
Cummin Jun^{r}	
Busby	
No. 21	No. 15

. . . I treated the Sen^{r} Com: Room with Wine and Fruit in the afternoon and in the evening with Arrac Punch and Wine. I treated the Jun^{r} Com: Room with one dozen of Wine afternoon and in the evening with Arrac Punch and Wine. I gave the Chaplains half a dozen of Wine, the clerks 2 bottles and the Steward one bottle. I smoked a pipe in the afternoon with Coker's Father. A little after 11 o'clock this evening I went down into the Jun^{r} Common Room attended with Master Sen^{r}, Cooke, Adams, Townshend and Holmes to thank them for the favour conferred on me. We stayed there till after 12 and returned then to the Sen^{r} Common Room and stayed

till near 4 o'clock. We were exceeding merry in the Jun^{r} Common Room and had many good songs sung by Swanton, Williams Jun^{r} and Wight. And also a very droll one by Busby, which occasioned great laughter. The Jun^{r} Common Room was exceeding full and so was the Sen^{r} both after dinner and supper. Hooke dined with us Bursars and spent the afternoon in M.C.R. In the evening he and Milton set off in a Post Chaise for Wallingford.

1775. Jan. 2. I got up this morning between 5 and 7, breakfasted in my rooms upon Cocoa and afterwards went to the Cross Inn in the Corn Market, where I got into the Bath Machine to go into the West Country. Dr. Wall breakfasted with me and went with me in the Bath Machine, it being a Frost so far as Burford. Mr. Fisher of University Coll: went with us in the Machine as did one Sally Kirby, a servant maid of one Mrs. Horwood of Holton near Ansford who is now at Bath and bad in the gout. We stayed at Whitney and made a second breakfast, we treated the maid at Whitney, I pd 0. 1. 6; gave the porter at the Cross Inn Oxford 0. 1. 0. We then went on to Burford where we stayed to change horses. Dr. Wall left us at Burford and went to his Brother's in a Chaise about 13 miles from Burford. We took up another servant maid at Whitney who went with us to Cirencester. Mr. Fisher, myself and Mrs. Horwood's maid all go to Bath together. We dined at Bibury and we treated the two maids. Fisher and myself pd at Bibury 0. 4. 6. We got to Cirencester about 6 o'clock where we supped and slept at the Bull there. The two maids supped and spent the evening with us. Fisher and myself went to an auction of Books this evening at Cirencester, the Auctioneer very

saucy. I met with Brother Small [Free Mason] at the Auction. Fisher and myself treated the two maids pd 0. 6. 0 apiece this evening as we might not be hindered to-morrow.

He stops a night in Bath, and therefore does not reach Ansford till the 4th. He remains at Ansford till February 1st. Nothing very eventful happens. He is much pleased with Brother John's newly wed wife, though Brother John himself continues to cause him anxiety on account of his rather excessive regard for the bottle. Squire Creed, the younger, dies, and there is a great funeral at which the Diarist was a principal Mourner: 'The Mourners had only sattin Hatbands and gloves', still 'it was a handsome Funeral and Church full'. The Diarist is a little disappointed in the will, as no mention is made of the Ansford estate which his, the Diarist's, Aunt Collins, had left away from her family by giving it to Squire Creed, and which the latter had promised 'should revert to her family again'. He finds a new sort of Social Club started in Cary, the gentlemen and the ladies meeting separately at each others houses every Thursday. There is the usual constant round of mutual visiting and entertainment which is so marked and pleasant a feature of country life at this period. On January 28th he rides over to Shepton Mallett and calls on 'Mr. White at Shepton, but Betsy White was not at home, she being in Devonshire at Mr. Troit's and is to remain there till Easter—was told'. Of the unfortunate results of this Devonshire visit of Betsy's—unfortunate for our faithful Diarist—we shall hear anon.

Feb. 1st. I breakfasted and dined at Parsonage, and at one o'clock set of for Oxford in Ansford Inn Chaise

. . . gave a boy from Bruton for bringing a Hare o. 1. o which I carried with me, sent by Mr. Masey to Mr. P. I left all our folks rather low on my going away. . . . I put up at the Angel in West-gate Street Bath where I supped and slept. I met Mr. Parfitt of Wells, the Bishop's Secretary at my Inn at Bath and he supped and spent the evening with me. He told me that I should have my Testimonium as soon as possible, it is now with the Bishop at London. . . . N.B. The Bath Coach for to-morrow for Oxford quite full, so that I forfeit my half guinea that I paid some time back, and must go to Oxford some other way, as I did not come last week. However I met with a young gentleman from Devon at my Inn, who is going to Oxford, by name Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, and we agreed to take a Chaise to-morrow between us for Oxford. So far so good. He is of Christchurch Coll: on the Students List and Dr. Kennicott there is his great friend. He spent the evening with us at the Angel Inn. . . .

Next day the Diarist and Mr. Coleridge proceed to Oxford, which they reach between 7 and 8 o'clock, changing horses four times—at the Cross Hands, Tetbury, Bibury, and Whitney. 'The whole cost us apiece about £1. 14. 6. . . . The Hare that I brought with me [I] gave the Warden.'

The Mr. Coleridge who thus travelled to Oxford with the Diarist was William Coleridge, one of the eight brothers of the celebrated Samuel, who at this date was not three years old. William himself was born on March 8, 1758. His father was the Reverend John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary. William matriculated at Christ Church as Servitor on June 3, 1774, and

was admitted as Scholar at Wadham, September 30, 1777. He took his B.A. degree in 1779, and his M.A. in the following year, before the close of which he died. Shortly before his death he had been ordained. He was an excellent scholar, and apparently 'drudged like an emmet' at Oxford. Lord Coleridge says: 'He took life seriously. He would not have the buckles brother James the soldier sent him, and took the lace off his best shirt so as not to appear informally or uncanonically.'[1] His 'great Friend', Dr. Kennicott, was the foremost Hebrew Biblical scholar of his time, and was an old friend of his father, the Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, who may also be called the founder of the very distinguished house of Coleridge.

Feb. 7. . . . Sent a letter this aft: to my curate Mr. Howes of my Living of Weston in Norfolk. . . . Had a letter this evening from Mr. Peddle of Sussex concerning his name being in the Black Book. He was very submissive and penitent in this last.

Feb. 17. . . . Mr. Peddle gent: Com: St. Mary Hall whose name is in the black Book put in by me in July last, waited on me this morning to desire me to take his name out of the same, which I promised to do upon his bringing me a Declamation on—Nemo omnibus horis sapit, and asking pardon of Highway of Baliol. . . .

Feb. 20. . . . Mr. Peddle brought me his Declamation this morning. I went to Highway of Baliol about him, and he is satisfied, therefore this aft: I sent to the Sen^{r} Proctor for the black Book and erased his name, and put satisfecit.

Feb. 28. . . . I supped and spent the evening at Braze-

[1] *The Story of a Devonshire House* (pp. 52–4), by Lord Coleridge, K.C.; Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses.*

Nose Coll: with Brother Wood, we supped in the Hall and spent the evening in the Sen[r] Com: Room. . . . It being Shrove Tuesday we had Lambs Wool to drink, a composition of Ale, sugar etc., Lobsters, Pancakes etc., to eat at Supper, and the Butler there gives a Plumb Cake with a copy of Verses of his own making upon it. . . .

March 13. . . . At half past eleven this morning went with Cooke to see George Strop [1] hanged,—who was hung about a qr before one o'clock near the Castle. He confessed (just as he came out of the castle) the crime for which he suffered, but not before. He pulled up his cap two or three times to delay. A Methodist prayed by him in the Cart for some time under the Gallows. He seemed full hardy. It is said that he declared yesterday, if he had only his Liberty for one qr of an hour, he would employ it in murdering of his wife. I think I never saw such sullenness and villainy in one face. Jack Ketch kissed him twice before he went of. His body was carried to Dr. Parson's to be dissected and anatomised pursuant to the sentence. I do believe that there were more than six thousand spectators present when he was hanged. I took to two gentlemen there for wearing different capes to their coats, than the coats were of. . . .

On April 9 he enters that he is very busy packing up for 'my Norfolk Expedition'—an expedition to take possession of his living at Weston. This is a temporary visit, as he does not go into residence till over a year later.

[1] 'A shoemaker, an hardened villain who murdered his Master at Bicester' (entry under March 10).

April 10. I breakfasted in my room this morning at 7 o'clock upon some chocolate as did Cooke with me. After breakfast about 8 o'clock I set of in Jones's Post Coach for the City of London. Cooke went with me in the same, and I promised to frank him all the way to Norfolk as he goes to oblige me. Mrs. Prince and Osborn Wight of our Coll: went with us to London in the Machine or Post-Chaise. We all dined together at Maidenhead Bridge and then proceeded on to London. For Cooke and myself at Maidenhead pd 0. 8. 0. For the remaining fare for Cooke and myself pd 0. 15. 0. We got to London about six o'clock. Cooke and myself then took a Hackney Coach and went to the Turk's Head Coffee House in the Strand opposite Catherine Street, kept by one Mrs. Smith, a Widow and a good motherly kind of a woman, her person and talking very much like Mrs. Carr of Twickenham and there we supped and slept. To the Oxford coachman gave 0. 2. 0. For an Hackney Coach to the Turk's Head pd 0. 3. 0. We went in the evening to Mr. Burns in Duke Street, Westminster, Secretary to the Bishop of Norwich to leave my papers with him and to desire the Bishop to give me Institution to-morrow, but he told me that he thought the Bishop wd not so soon. Trenchard and Lovel late of the University supped and spent the evening with us at the Turk's Head. Mrs. Prince was a very agreable and merry Traveller.

April 11. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at the Turk's Head Coffee House. At 11 o'clock this morning I went in my gown in an Hackney Coach to Upper Grosvenor Street to the Bishop of Norwich but he was not within. I spoke to his man. For the Hackney Coach back and forward pd 0. 3. 6. At

12 Cooke and myself took a walk to Westminster Abbey, to the Horse Guards, to the Mell etc. We dined by ourselves at the Turk's Head. In the evening we went and called at Mr. Strahan's, the King's Printer, where Mrs. Prince is, to talk with her about going to Norwich. We lounged about afterwards till supper time. I saw Brereton and Courtney at the Coffee House to-day.

April 12. We breakfasted, supped and slept again at the Coffee House. I went to the Bishop of Norwich this morning, found his Lordship at home, Dr. Salter with him, rec[d] my letters of Institution and was instituted very soon, his Lordship behaved exceedingly handsome and free. Paid his Secretary, Mr. Burn, for the same 4. 17. 6. Gave his Lordship's servant 0. 5. 0. . . . The Bishop of Norwich is a short fat man. . . . We settled with Mrs. Prince this evening about going to Norwich to-morrow morning, we are to go in a Post Chaise. . . .

April 13. Cooke, myself, Mrs. Prince and one Mrs. Millard who has a Brother at Norwich, a Minor Canon, set of this morning early in an hired Post Chaise and four for Norwich over Epping Forest. At the Turk's Head Coffee House for myself and Cooke paid and gave to servants etc., £3. 3. 0. We changed Horses and Coach at the bull faced Stagg, on Epping Forest, and went on to Harlowe where we were obliged to take chaises. From Harlowe we went on to Stanstead, where we had some Wine and Egg, and fresh Chaises. From Stanstead we went on to Bourne Bridge, took fresh Chaises and went on to New Markett where we dined and then went on in fresh Chaises to Barton Mills where we changed again and then on again to Thetford where we drank coffee and

then went on to Attleborough, and then on to Norwich where we got, I thank God safe and well about 11 at night. We all supped and spent the evening together at the King's Head [1] in the Market Place, Norwich. It being after 10 when we got to Norwich we found the City Gates shut. We did not get to bed till after 2 in the morning. . . . From London to Norwich, 109 miles, and the best of roads I ever travelled.

April 14. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept at Norwich. We took a walk over the City in the morning, and we both agreed that it was the finest City in England by far, in the center of it is a high Hill and on that a prodigious large old Castle almost perfect and forms a compleat square, round it is a fine Terrass Walk which commands the whole City. There are in the City 36 noble Churches mostly built with Flint, besides many meeting Houses of divers sorts. A noble River runs almost thro the Center of the City. The City walls are also very perfect and all round the City but where the River is. On the Hills round the City stand many Wind Mills about a dozen, to be seen from Castle Mount. We drank Tea and Coffee in the afternoon with Mr. Millard and his Wife, Dr. Salter's daughter, in the Lower Close. Mrs. Prince and Mr. Millard there also. After tea we got to Quadrille—lost 0. 1. 0. Mrs. Millard is a very impolite lady, rather rude. We supped and spent the evening and slept at our Inn. Our journey from London to Norwich cost £11. 14. 4 which I paid,

[1] We shall hear of the King's Head constantly hereafter, as the Diarist always stayed there when he went into Norwich from Weston. Alas, it is no longer in existence. I searched the Market Place in Norwich for it in vain.

half of which I recd this afternoon from Mrs. Prince and Mr. Millard's brother—£5. 17. 0.

April 15. We breakfasted at our Inn at Norwich and about 12 we set forth for my Living at Weston in a Chaise. At Norwich at my Inn this morning pd 2. 2. 0 Chaise etc to Weston included. We got to Weston which is about 9 miles from Norwich by 2 o'clock in the afternoon where we dined, supped and slept at the Parsonage House. To Turnpike and Driver from Norwich to Weston pd 2. 0. My curate Mr. Howes came to us in the afternoon. Bed etc., all in readiness for us when we came. We carried with us some Wine and Cyder from Norwich.

April 16. We breakfasted, supped and slept at Weston Parsonage. A man and his wife, by name Dunnell live at the Parsonage House and are good kind of people. We went to Church this morning at Weston, and Cooke read Prayers and preached for Mr. Howes. I also administered the H: Sacrament this morning at Weston Church being Easter Day—I had near 40 Communicants. N.B. No money collected at the Sacrament, it not being usual at Weston. My clerk is a shocking Hand. The worst singing I ever heard in a Church, only the Clerk and one man, and both intolerably bad. Mrs. Howes and her niece Mrs. Davy were at Church and they would make us get into their Chaise after Church and go with them to Hockering to Mr. Howes, where we dined and spent the afternoon and came back to Weston in the evening in Mr. Howes's Chaise about 8 o'clock—Gave his driver 1. 0. Mr. Howes' is about 2 miles West of Weston. Cooke likes my House and Living very much. For my part I think it a very good one indeed. I sleep in the Garrett at Weston as I would not let Cooke

sleep there, but immediately under in the New Building which is very good. Cooke is mightily pleased with his Scheme [i. e. the whole expedition].

The Diarist and his friend Cooke remain together at Weston till April 26. The time is taken up in viewing the glebe, making expeditions, interchanging visits with the Howes', transacting on the Diarist's part a variety of ecclesiastical business, such as being inducted by Mr. Howes, taking the Oath of Abjuration [1] before the Justices at Norwich, reading the 39 Articles in Weston Church before a crowded congregation, and 'declaring my assent and consent to the Liturgy'.

On April 26 they go to Norwich for two days, see a Play one night, and the sights of Yarmouth the next: this last expedition is described as follows:

April 27. We got up pretty early this morning and at 7 o'clock we got into the Yarmouth Coach to go to Yarmouth about 22 miles from Norwich. We breakfasted on the road, and got to Yarmouth about 11 o'clock where we dined and spent the afternoon at the Sign of the Wrestlers kept by one Orton, near the Markett Place. We each took a Yarmouth Coach just big enough for one person and drove down to the Port, and so upon the Sea Coast close to the Sea, the German Ocean, out of which I drank. We were close to the Sea and sometimes the water came up to us. It is a sweet Beach. Upon the Port we saw the

[1] The Oath of Abjuration was imposed by the Abjuration Act of 1702, and is a reminder of the Jacobite nightmare which haunted the eighteenth century, though but feebly in the latter part of it. The oath abjuring the descendants of James II was by the Act of 1702 made a necessary qualification for every employment in Church or State (Stanhope's *The Reign of Queen Anne*, vol. i, pp. 36–7, 1908 edition).

Porpoises playing in the German Ocean. The tide was going out. We had a very fine day. After we returned from the Sea we went to the Church and saw that, and heard I think the finest Organ I ever did hear, the Organist, Mr. Chicheley, stone blind played on it. Between 3 and 4 this afternoon we got into the same coach and returned to Norwich about 7 o'clock. Yarmouth is a sweet place indeed, the key very fine. For our breakfast on the road this morning pd 0. 1. 6. For our Dinner, Coaches etc., at Yarmouth I pd 0. 11. 0. The Yarmouth coaches are very droll things indeed. The wheels very low and directly under the seat, the shafts very clumsy and very long and up in the air. A very small matter will overturn them, being so very narrow, and not more than a foot from the ground. For our Fare to Yarmouth and back again each pd 0. 8. 0. Gave the Coachman—each of us 0. 1. 0. We supped and spent part of the evening at Mr. Priest's near the Markett Place, Norwich, with him, his wife and Mrs. Davy who seems to be fond of Mr. Cooke. She is a very young widow but has two children. We returned to our Inn about 10 o'clock where we drank a bottle of Clarett, this being Cooke's birthday, for which he paid, and then we went to bed. We were highly pleased with our Scheme to-day.

The next day Cooke leaves him to go and stay with his brother-in-law, a Captain Uvedale, at Boxmoor House, near Needham in Suffolk, where the Diarist is to rejoin him in about ten days' time. Meanwhile he returns to Weston, and is busy making arrangements for receiving his tithes and letting his glebe. 'My plan is to

ask 3 in the Acre throughout the Parish, and to let my Glebe Tithe free for 18*s* o*d*. ditto.' Then there is the valuation of the late Rector's goods, and of course, the appalling question of dilapidations, as great a nightmare in the eighteenth century as to-day. It is, I think, the gravest possible reflection on ecclesiastical organization in matters financial, that some scheme has not been introduced long since to settle, on some reasonable basis, what is a perpetual source of anxiety and dispute. In this case the Diarist's valuer, Mr. Frost, a master builder of Norwich, estimates the Weston dilapidations at £175 2*s*. 6*d*., a very high figure if translated into modern values. There ensues, of course, the inevitable dispute between the Diarist and the late Rector's widow, who, also, of course, is badly off.

On May 9th the Diarist joins his friend Cooke at Boxmoor, about thirty-seven miles from Norwich. Cooke met him and 'conducted me to Boxmoor House to his Brother-in-Law's, Captain Sam[1] Uvedale, who has a most noble House and a very fine Estate round the same. . . . I dined, supped and slept at Captain Uvedale's, with him, his wife and Mr. Cooke. Everything very elegant. Captain Uvedale and Lady behaved exceedingly civil and polite to me indeed . . . very agreeable People. . . .' Here he spends a most pleasant week, visiting Ipswich and going out in the Captain's 'Chariot' to call on various neighbours and relatives of the Captain's. On Sunday he hears 'a very indifferent sermon' from the Curate at Needham, but next day is compensated as 'Capt. Uvedale, myself and Cooke took a walk to Needham in the evening and smoked a Pipe there with a Shop-keeper by name Marriott a very hearty man'.

May 16. We got up at 5 o'clock and at 6 Cooke and

myself went in the Captain's Chariot for Ipswich to go in the Ipswich Post Coach for London to-day. The Captain was up as soon as us to give orders. We took our leave of Mrs. Uvedale last night. I left in my Bed Chamber on the Table 0. 10. 6 for the Captain's Chambermaid. We got to Ipswich by 7 o'clock. Gave the Coachman and Servant Boy 0. 10. 0. For the Captain he took a ride a different way. I never met with more civility anywhere than I have done at Captain Uvedale's, his Lady very agreeable. At 7 this morning we got into the Ipswich Post Coach for London. . . .

He and Cooke stay two nights in London at the Turk's Head. On the 18th whilst walking in St. James's Park, 'the King and Queen with their guards went by us in Sedan Chairs from the Queen's Palace to St. James's Palace, there being a Levee at St. James's to-day at 1 o'clock. The King did not look pleasant but the Queen did.' The entry continues :

May 18. . . . In our return back I lost my companion Cooke and therefore I took a walk by myself to Westminster Hall, where I saw the Lord Chancellor presiding in the Court of Chancery and Lord Mansfield in the King's Bench.[1] I saw there also Peckham,

[1] The Courts of Chancery and Kings Bench were held in Westminster Hall till well into the nineteenth century. Between 1824 and 1827 Sir John Soane built some new Law Courts at the west end of the Hall, which were used till the great buildings in the Strand were completed in 1882. Soane's buildings at Westminster were afterwards demolished. The Lord Chancellor at this time was Lord Bathurst (1714–94), his term of office comprising the years 1771–9. It has been said that he was the least efficient Lord Chancellor of the last century, and Lord Campbell observed that the building of Apsley House 'was perhaps the most memor-

Head, Caldecott etc., all in their great Wiggs and gowns with a hundred more. In the afternoon we went and saw the exhibition of Pictures in the Strand pd 0. 2. 0. From thence we went to Covent Garden Theatre and saw a Play (the Merchant of Venice and for the entertainment Love a la mode). The Theatre quite full being Miss Machlin's Benefit. None of the Royal Family there. We sat in the Prince of Wales's Box Cooke having two tickets from a Miss Saville who took the whole box, we each pd 0. 5. 0. Many returned, there being no room for them. Mr. Machlin acted Shylock in the Play and very well. Shuter, Quicke, and Woodward, capital Players also. Love a la mode (Author Mr. Machlin) is a very merry and cheerful Entertainment indeed. We separated coming out of the Play House and Cooke went home by himself and I by myself. I met many fine women (Common Prostitutes) in my return home, and very impudent indeed. The Turk's Head very full after the Play. Thorpe etc., etc., there this evening.

Next day they return to Oxford, and so ends this very pleasant six weeks' jaunt.

June 2. . . . Selstone and myself settled our affairs concerning our being Masters of the Schools for the last year to-day before dinner. I had recd for Liceats £12. 12. 0 Selstone had recd for Liceats £24. 6. 0. So that the whole recd by both for Liceats £36. 18. 0. Out of which we deducted for the Collectors of

able act in the life of Lord Chancellor Bathurst'. The Lord Chief Justice, on the other hand, William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield (1705–93) is too eminent and well known to need a note. (For Westminster Hall, see Wheatley and Cunningham, *London Past and Present*, vol. iii. For Bathurst and Mansfield, the *D. N. B.*)

Austins having had 41 Setts in the year at 1*s.* 6*d* each £3. 1. 0, remaining therefore to be divided £33. 17. 0 which gave to each of us for Liceats only £16. 18. 6. Selstone paid me to make mine equal £5. 17. 0. N.B. We are each to receive besides at Michaelmas from the Vice Chancellor £5. 0. 0. So that I shall make in the whole for my being Master of the Schools last year £32. 18. 6. . . . Selstone went away pretty full from my room. . . .

This statement of the profits made by the Diarist as Master of the Schools would be entirely unintelligible without some account of the University system in the eighteenth century. The following remarks may clear up some obscurities.

It is generally admitted that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge do not show at their best in the eighteenth century. Scholars, of course, there were, and not a few of them, whose lustre is as bright to-day as it was then, but the general light was dim.

Our good friend, Bishop Watson of Llandaff, blaster of rocks in Westmoreland, thus describes his qualifications for the Professorship of Chemistry at Cambridge, to which he was unanimously elected by the Senate in 1764: 'At the time this honour was conferred upon me I knew nothing at all of Chemistry, had never read a syllable on the subject, nor seen a single experiment in it; but I was tired with mathematics and natural philosophy, and the "vehementissima gloriae cupido" stimulated me to try my strength in a new pursuit, and the kindness of the University (it was always kind to me) animated me to very extraordinary exertions.' A few years later he was made Regius Professor of Divinity: 'On being raised to this distinguished office, I immediately

applied myself with great eagerness to the study of Divinity.' In 1748 Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: 'What do you think of being Greek Professor at one of the Universities? It is a very pretty sinecure and requires very little knowledge, much less than I hope you have already of that language.'

Lord Eldon said: 'An examination for a degree at Oxford was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and History: "What is the Hebrew for the Place of a Skull?" said the Examiner. "Golgotha," I replied. "Who founded University College?" I answered, "King Alfred." "Very well, sir," said the Examiner, "then you are competent for your degree."' This was in 1770.

The mediaeval curriculum, the 'Trivium', which consisted of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and the 'Quadrivium' of music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, had degenerated in the eighteenth century into a system of declamations and disputations thereon. Oxford specialized in the 'Trivial', with the addition of some classics, history, and philosophy, and Cambridge in the 'quadrivial' subjects. The Cambridge system (I speak as a Cambridge man, but the fact is, I think, not disputed) was more efficient in the eighteenth century, and certainly mathematics were genuinely studied, and real examinations held. If we are to believe Dr. Vicisimus Knox (and Lord Eldon, quoted above), who took his M.A. degree in 1779 at Oxford, the examinations for the B.A. and M.A. degrees at that University were mere mockeries. Readers who wish to enjoy a prolonged laugh should read Knox's brilliantly witty description of the Oxford system in his essay, 'On some parts of the Discipline in our English Universities.'[1]

[1] *Essays Moral and Literary*, V. Knox, 1782.

1775

According to the University Statutes the Oxford course for the B.A. degree consisted of :

I. Disputationes in parviso—commonly known as 'Generals', or disputations on three questions in grammar or logic.

II. Answering under a Bachelor, that is to say more disputations upon three questions in grammar, rhetoric, ethics, politics, or logic, a B.A. taking the office of Moderator.

III. An examination in grammar, rhetoric, logic, ethics, geometry, Greek, and Latin; the candidate chose his own examiners—three of them, and then got a 'Liceat' for the examination from the Proctor or Master of the Schools. The examination was held privately.

The statutory course for the M.A. degree consisted of :

I. Determination, i. e. Disputations on the 'Trivial' subjects.

II. Disputationes apud Augustinenses—commonly known as 'Austins', more disputations, the candidate and the Master of Schools being alone. The Proctor appointed a B.A. as his 'Collector in Austins', who matched the 'disputants' at his discretion. In the Middle Ages the Oxford scholars had 'disputed' thus with the Augustinian monks.

III. Disputationes Quodlibeticae—more disputations.

IV. Sex Solennes Lectiones—or 'pro forma' dissertations on natural and moral philosophy, commonly known as 'Walls', because no one—except possibly a Proctor—was there to hear, and the candidate addressed the walls.

V. Binae Declamationes, exercises in composition.

VI. Examination as for B.A., with a slight variation in the subjects.

It was upon the whole of these exercises and the manner of their execution that the witty Vicisimus Knox poured—to use his own excellent phrase—' the utmost poignancy of ridicule.'

The ' declamations ' in Chapel to which the Diarist so often refers, were required to be held by the College authorities, and were not technically a part of the degree course. In so far as these Latin compositions were the work of the declaiming student himself, they were probably very useful intellectual exercises, and the testimony of the Diarist is noteworthy both as to the subject of these declamations and their frequency.

It is always easy to criticize, and the Universities in the eighteenth century undoubtedly expose their flanks to the critic's attack. But it is pertinent to observe that if that system could be notoriously abused by the lazy, stupid, or unscrupulous student, it at least had this merit, that it left the student who had a brain really worth cultivating to cultivate it himself. At present there is, perhaps, some danger of the frequent lecture system developing into a sort of frenzy, in which lecturer vies with lecturer in pouring information into the student with an eye always on the inevitable examination, and rivers of outpoured information are of less value than the smallest spring of knowledge which the student has sought, and found himself.

The career of Bishop Watson is at once an illustration of the defects and merits of the eighteenth-century University system. The frank statements of the Bishop (already quoted) have been used by critics of that system as supporting their case. So, of course, they do. But the critics—or some of them—fail to bring out that, in the case of Bishop Watson, better appointments to either Chair—of Chemistry and Divinity—have seldom been

made.[1] Bishop Watson's researches in chemistry were of great scientific importance, and he was, a few years after his appointment to the Chair of Chemistry at Cambridge, unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—in 1769. As an apologist of Christianity he was much respected by Gibbon, whose animadversions on the Christian religion the Bishop had vigorously countered. Few more brilliant or broad-minded men have ever sat upon the Episcopal Bench, and not the least of Lord Shelburne's good acts was his promotion of Dr. Richard Watson to the bishopric of Llandaff in 1782.[2]

June 13. . . . A Chinese man about 25 years of age attended by a multitude of People came to see our College and Gardens this morning, I was in the garden with him. He talks English very well. He

[1] Mr. Winstanley in his recent book, *The University of Cambridge in the Eighteenth Century* (pp. 5–6), does the Bishop less than justice in merely describing him as 'in many ways a very favourable specimen of an eighteenth-century Professor', who 'appears conscientiously to have discharged his duties as a teacher'.

[2] *Scholae Academicae: the studies of the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century*, Christopher Wordsworth, 1877; also *Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century*, by the same author, 1874.

The English Church in the Eighteenth Century, Abbey and Overton, 1878.

The Church in England from William III to Victoria, A. H. Hore, 1886.

Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, vol. i, *passim*.

Essays Moral and Literary, V. Knox, 1782.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge (the Asquith Commission), 1922.

The University of Cambridge in the Eighteenth Century, D. A. Winstanley, 1922.

Of these authorities I found Christopher Wordsworth's *Scholae Academicae* the most useful for my purpose: it is crammed with information. For a compendious account of Bishop Watson's career, see the excellent notice in the *D. N. B.* See also my remarks on this Bishop on pp. 38–9.

had on his head a Cap like a Bell covered with a red Feather and tyed under his Chin, a kind of a Close Coat on his back of pink Silk quilted, over that a loose Gown of pink silk quilted also, which came down to his heels, and over that a black Gauze or Crape in imitation of a long Cloak, a pr of Breeches or drawers of pink silk also and quilted, and a kind of silk Boots of the same colour and quilted also, and a pr of red Morocco Slippers. His hands were also covered with some thin silk of pink. He had a Fan tyed to a Sash before him. He was of a moderate stature, a tawny complexion, black hair tyed in a kind of tail, small eyes, short nose, no beard, in short as to his whole Face, it was uncommonly ugly, not unlike one of the runabout gipsies. . . . After prayers I went with Acton one of our Gent: Com: to have my Profile taken of by a Lady who is come to town and who takes of great likenesses. I was not above a minute sitting for the same. . . .

June 23. . . . This morning about 6 o'clock it pleased God to take to himself my worthy friend young Seymour [the son of the Dean of Wells, Lord Francis Seymour, whom we met at the Deanery some time back] and I hope he is now eternally happy in Thy Kingdom O Lord. Everybody that knew him, respected him much, and therefore is as greatly lamented by his friends. He was an amiable young man indeed, and a very good and dutiful son. Pray God comfort his distressed Parents and Friends for so great and valuable a loss in him. He took his Batchelor's degree but Thursday Sennight. . . .

June 29. . . . Whilst Dr. Wall and self were at the [Freemasons'] Lodge, it was proposed in the Sen^{r} Com. Room by Daubenny and Jeffries and carried by

a great majority, that Mr. Masters and Mr. Bathurst, should not treat this evening for their Livings as usual, but give five guineas or so, to the Library or for plate. I cannot say but I was much displeased at it. . . . In the night there was a great riot in College by the Junior People who broke down Daubenny's doors and broke Jeffries windows. . . .

June 30. . . . A complaint being made to the Warden of the Riot last night in College,—the Deans were summoned to the Warden's lodgings this morning to consider of the same, but none of the young gentlemen that were concerned in the same, not being to be met with, the meeting was put off till to-morrow morn. . . .

Next day the meeting was accordingly held—the Diarist being present as one of the Deans—and the principal offenders in the affair of the riot were punished by confinement for varying periods, and impositions. The Diarist observes: 'For my part, I must own it did not deserve so serious a determination or attention to the same. . . .'

July 13. I breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept again at College. Bell one of our Fellows was at Masters rooms this morning, who informed me of the same and I went and saw him, walked in the garden with him, and had him to my room afterwards, and he stayed with me till dinner time. I asked him to dine with us but he would not. He asked me to eat a bit of dinner with him at his Inn, but he did not seem to be fond of my accepting his invitation therefore I declined going with him—I parted with him at 3—He appears to me to be quite cracked-brained and

abuses the New Testament much but greatly praises the Bible and the Jews—a very strange Fellow. He is grown quite fat, wears a black Wigg with 3 curls without any powder in it. I have not seen him before as I know for the last ten years. . . .

July 17. At 5 o'clock this morning went to the Cross Inn, and got into the Bath coach for the West . . . a Mr. Crocker of Wadham College, a Mrs. Tompkins wife of Mr. Tompkins the grocer in the Corn-Markett, Oxford, and her little girl by name Sukey, a very pretty little girl about 11 years old, were all the passengers. Mrs. Tompkins and her little Maid are going into Cornwall to Bodmin to see her sister who married Mr. Pickering formerly a Chaplain of New Coll: I knew him. We breakfasted at Burford, dined at Cirencester, and drank tea in the afternoon at the Cross Hands, and got into Bath about 8 o'clock in the evening. For breakfast, dinner, and tea in the afternoon I paid 0. 8. 0. as I treated Mrs. Tompkins' little girl all the way. Crocker took his leave of us at the Cross Hands—he went from thence for Bristol—he is a strange genius. For the remaining part of the Fare [he had paid already 10*s.* 6*d.* half fare in advance] and Luggage pd. 0. 14. 0., gave to the coachmen as we had two 0. 2. 0. I supped and slept at the Angel in Westgate Street—Bath. Mrs. Tompkins and little Maid did the same—both much tired.

July 18. I breakfasted at the Angel with Mrs. Tompkins and daughter. After breakfast I took a chaise for Ansford, Mrs. Tompkins and daughter took another chaise for Wells. We travelled together so far as Old Downe and then we parted—Mrs. Tompkins is a very good kind of woman. At Bath for

supper last night and breakfast I pd. 0. 6. 0. Gave to a Barber at Bath this morning 0. 1. 0. I took a walk over Bath this morning with Miss Tompkins. Gave the Chamber Maid 0. 1. 0. To the Boot-Catch and Waiter gave 0. 1. 6. For my Chaise to Old Downe pd. 0. 10. 6. To the Driver and Turnpikes pd. 0. 2. 0. At Old Downe we had a glass of white wine together and then I went in a fresh Chaise to Ansford and Mrs. Tompkins and daughter for Wells. For Old Downe Chaise to Ansford pd. 0. 10. 6. To the Driver and Turnpikes pd. 0. 2. 0. I got to Ansford to the Old House about 3 o'clock where I dined, supped and slept at the Parsonage House. I was very glad to find Mr. Pounsett was alive [he had been very ill] but he is still very bad indeed, not able to move at all. I am afraid he will not get the better of it—but he is much better than he was, as they told me. My poor sister is as well as can be expected. She has a very pretty little maid about two months old. . . .

The period of nearly three months at Ansford which follows is, but for one very important episode, uneventful. Brother John continues to cause him anxiety, and there is an additional cause of feeling in that the patient Diarist, having received no rent from Brother John for three years in respect of the estate left him by his Mother, not unnaturally decides that he must seek another tenant. Mr. Pounsett recovers from his illness and during convalescence wheels himself about in the garden in a bath chair, one of the kind with a little wheel fitted in to turn by hand. I confess I did not realize that this convenient contrivance was as old, or older than, 1775. On August 25th a neighbour was tried at Wells Assizes

on the charge of murdering his wife, and was condemned to be hung by the judge, who did not leave the hall during the whole ten hours of the trial. The Diarist was summoned as a witness to testify to the prisoner's character, but his name being called while he was having some dinner —his endurance not equalling the judge's—he failed to appear. As, however, he thought the prisoner guilty, his absence did not, presumably, affect the issue. The poor wretch protested his innocence to the last—he was hung on August 28th—the Diarist commenting 'if he is [innocent] I doubt not he will be amply rewarded, if he is not—Lord be merciful unto his Soul'.

We come now to the main episode of this time, the conclusion of the Diarist's one and only love affair told in a few lines with characteristic brevity:

August 10. . . . Jenny Clarke returned from Devonshire last night. Betsy White of Shepton is to be married in a fortnight to a Gentleman of Devonshire by name Webster, a man reported to have 500 P^{d} per annum, 10,000 P^{d} in the Stocks, beside expectations from his Father. He has settled 300 P^{d} per annum on Betsy.

Sep: 13. . . . Jenny Clarke told me that she was at Shepton Mallett yesterday, and that Miss White was Married to Mr. Webster this day sennight the 6 Instant.

Sep: 16. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Webster (late Betsy White) came to Sister White's on Horseback this morning, and they dined, spent the afternoon there, and returned to Shepton in the Even^{g}. I did not go to Mrs. White's today tho much pressed in the aft:. Brother Heighes and myself took a walk in the evening down to Allhampton Field, and in our return back

we met Mr. and Mrs. Webster in the Turnpike Road. Mrs. Webster spoke as usual to me, but I said little to her, being shy, as she has proved herself to me a mere Jilt. Lawyer White at Mrs. White's—quite drunk this evening. . . .

The following are one or two homely, and more cheerful entries before the Diarist returns to Oxford.

Sep: 27. . . . Gave a poor old man at Rachel Pounsett's by name Curtis, who is now in his 95 year, and walks strong, sees tolerable, and hears quick, and who has thatched some Hayricks this year tho' so old . . . 0. 1. 0. . . .

Sep: 29. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. My Sister's little Maid was publicly christened this morning at Ansford Church, Mrs. Donne and Mrs. Pounsett of Cole were her Godmothers, and myself the only Godfather. Mr. and Mrs. Donne, Mr. Guppey, Mrs. Pounsett, Sister White, Sam Pounsett, all dined & spent the aft: at Parsonage. Frank Woodforde christened the little Maid, and was asked to dine with us, but he declined. Being Godfather I gave to the Midwife 0. 5. 0., to the Nurse gave 0. 5. 0. To four Servants—1/0 each —gave 0. 4. 0. Brother Heighes and son Sam[1] supped etc. at Parsonage.

Sep: 30. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Parsonage. I went down to Sister Clarke's this morning and made her a visit, she is not at all pleased in being not invited to the Christening yesterday—many more the same. . . .

On October 3rd he sets out for Oxford, which he reaches

after an uneventful journey next day. On October 26 we get the first direct reference in the Diary to the revolt of the American colonies. . . . ' I went to the Convocation House and heard an Address to His Majesty on American affairs read and unanimously approved of the second time of its being proposed. The first time there were about three Non Placets—none the second time. The House was pretty full on the occasion. . . . '

Lord Shelburne cynically observed about this time that ' Loyal addresses were indeed many, but the enlistments were as few as the signatures to the addresses were numerous '. On the other side of the Atlantic, where the rhetorical capacity of the revolting Americans was even more unlimited, the same phenomenon appeared. Washington complained of the ' amazing ' backwardness of his troops to enlist for another year, and in a letter of November 28, 1775, confessed—' Could I have foreseen what I have experienced, and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth would have induced me to accept this command '. There appears to have been more of academic vehemence than profound feeling on both sides, at least during the early days of the conflict.[1]

Oct: 30. . . . Very busy again in the Audit House [doing the College Accounts] from 10 till 2 o'clock. Betting with Cooke and Boys this morning in the Audit House about casting up a sum won 0. 10. 6. which they owe me at present. . . .

Nov: 7. . . . Very busy to-day in preparing things for Divinity Disputations for my Bachelor of Divinity's Degree. Harry Oglander and myself go up very soon.

Nov: 11. . . . At one o'clock myself and Harry Oglander

[1] Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Shelburne*, vol. i, pp. 479–81; Lecky's *History of England*, vol. iv, p. 228 (foot-note). See also pp. 139–40 preceding.

went into the Apodyterium, adjoining to the Convocation House, and about a quarter after one the Professor of Divinity came to the same place, where we were with our Masters Hoods on, the Beadle of Divinity Mr. Walker walking before the Divinity Professor with his staff from Christchurch. The Professor then put on his robes, after which Harry Oglander the Respondent presented the Professor with a copy of the Epigrams, reserving another copy for himself. The Professor then with the Beadle before him with his staff, and we following him nudatibus[1] capitibus, went altogether into the Divinity School through that Place commonly called the Pig-market adjoining to the Divinity School. The Professor then went into his proper Pulpit, the Respondent into his, (which is the left of the Professor), and the Opponent opposite to the Respondent; the Professor then reads the Lord's Prayer in Latin, after that the Professor desires the Respondent to read the Epigrams and States upon both questions, which being done, the Professor reads the Epigrams and then proposes an argument on the first question, and goes thro' one entire medium to which the Respondent answers; then the Professor bids the Opponent read his Opponent speech on the first question, then the Professor bids the Opponent propose an argument on the first question and then begins the Disputations between the Respondent and Opponent, which lasted till near three o'clock in the whole. The States were about a quarter of an hour each before the Professor stopped us. The Professor then gives his opinion of the whole Disputations and then concludes the whole in Latin with the Grace of our Lord etc. Our first

[1] An obvious slip for nudatis.

question was, An Sacra Scriptura contineat omnia ad salutem necessaria—Affirmatur—Our second was, An Sacra Scriptura sit satis perspicua in rebus ad salutem pertinentibus—Affirmatur . . . The Professor Dr. Bentham behaved very polite and exceedingly civil to us indeed. . . .[1]

Nov. 14. . . . At 1 o'clock myself and Harry Oglander went again up into the Divinity School and disputed under the Professor as last Saturday, only I was Respondent. The Questions we went upon to-day were, An Sancti sint invocandi—Negatur. An operatio gratiae Divinae sit irrisistibilis—Negatur. . . .

Nov. 16. . . . Very busy in the morning in preparing myself to preach a Latin Sermon before the University which I intend doing very soon. . . .

Nov. 18. . . . Had a letter this evening from my Norfolk Curate who acquainted me that Mrs. [Ridley] had had a survey taken on her side concerning Delapidations [at Weston] by a Clergyman, the Rev^{d} Mr. DuQuesne and a Will^{iam} Tompson, Carpenter at Hockering and they did not bring it to more than £26. 9. 0. N.B., a very wide difference between us indeed. [The Diarist's survey came to just over £175, it will be remembered.] My Curate Mr. Howes is very much for Mrs. Ridley.

On November 20 he preached his Latin Sermon before the Vice-Chancellor in his robes, attended with three Beadles, in St. Mary's Church: 'I wore a Gown & Cassock and had on my Master of Arts Hood without any Tippett to my Gown—my text was out of the Greek

[1] Edward Bentham, D.D., 1707–76, made Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford in 1763. He appears to have been an industrious but unremarkable man. (See *D. N. B.*)

Testament, Rom: 6. 18: 'Ελευθερωθέντες δὲ ἀπὸ τῆς ἁμαρτίας, ἐδουλώθητε τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ. My sermon was about half an hour long. After sermon I returned to Coll: and drank a dish of tea. . . .'

On November 24 he took his Bachelor's Degree in Divinity, paying at the same time a fee of £12. 18. 6. For the next day or two he is 'very bad indeed in the Influenza', but after dosing himself with Brimstone, cream of tartar, and treacle, living 'very low', and going to bed early, he rapidly recovers.

Nov. 28. . . . The warden sent down a note to the Jun^r C. Room to acquaint the young gentlemen that if any of them should make any future noise in the College, they would suffer the greatest rigour of the Statutes. We have of many nights past had very great Hallowing etc. in the Courts, what is facetiously called the upright—the He . . . Up. Lee, Warton, Alcock, Bingham, Awbery and Busby the principal gentlemen, but Lee is far the worst. They are called in the University the black Guards of New College for their noises in the street. I have been disturbed two or three nights lately by their great disturbance in the Court. The Jun^r Com: Room Chimney Piece was pulled down Saturday night by the above Rioters.

Dec. 8. . . . Jumper Cox had a Prize of £5000 in the Lottery, his ticket was drawn yesterday—No. 55,471.[1]

Dec. 9 . . . Had a letter this evening from my Curate Mr. Howes and in it a Norwich Bank Bill of the sum of £150. 0. 0. being part of money for Tithes received for me at Weston.

Dec. 19. . . . Agreed in the Thirteen this morning that

[1] See p. 89.

the Coll: give to the Subscription that is set on foot for the King's Troops at Boston—the sum of £21. 0. 0. . . .

December 21. . . . My Fellowship this year was worth £80. 0. 0. [including] as Dean of Divinity and other Exhibitions £10. 5. 0. . . .

December 31. . . . Sent a letter this afternoon to Mrs. Ridley at Greenwich, one that will not be relished very cordially. . . . [Doubtless the wretched Dilapidations dispute.]

Jan. 14, 1776. . . . The Post which should have come in last night, did not come till 10 this morning on account of the snow. Scarce ever was known so deep a snow as at present. Many carriages obliged to be dug out near Oxon. No Curates could go to their Churches to-day,—Not one from our College went today on account of y^e^ snow. . . .

Jan. 18. . . . Williams Sen^r^ and Jeffries played at all fours this evening in M.C.R. They had very high words at last and Williams threw the cards in Jeffries's face, the whole pack, being in a very violent passion. They were both to blame, but Williams much more so. Jeffries went to his room soon after and their [there] stayed. . . .

On January 26 he had 'a very elegant dinner' at Brasenose College where he went 'in a Visitational Capacity but did nothing at all, only received for my trouble as usual 0. 0. 8. Some of us go every quarter on the same account.'

The dinner was as follows :

Jan: 26. . . . First course Cod and Oyster Sauce, Rost Beef, Tongue and boiled Chicken, Peas, Soups and

Roots. The second course a boiled Turkey by mistake of the Manciple, which should have been rosted, a brace of Partridges rosted, 4 Snipes and some Larkes rosted, also an orange pudding, syllabubs and jellies, Madeira and Port Wines to Drink and a dish of Fruit. . .

Jan. 31. . . . Thermometer down to No. 9 this morn. 23 degrees beyond freezing. It is thought that Professor Hornsby's Thermometer was down this morning—to No. 6. No. 4 is the lowest that ever was known.

On February 15 he sets out for Ansford, which he reached next day; the journey by post-chaise, including stopping the night at Tetbury, and all expenses on the way cost him the very large sum of £5. 9. 5. The journey was uneventful, though he spent a bad night at Tetbury owing to an officer turning up very late and making a great noise. Just outside Bath he met Mr. Holmes 'of our College' returning on horseback who had been staying at Bath and he 'told me he never spent such a six weeks in his life—highly pleased'.

The next three months at Ansford, the last he was to spend at the Old Parsonage House, passed in the usual quiet country way, except for a scare of fire on March 5. The Diarist on that day was congratulating himself on feeling 'brave' again after a disorder which had 'proceeded from eating great quantities of water-cresses', when 'at one o'clock . . . as a leg of mutton was rosting by the Kitchen fire, a very dreadful fire happened in the chimney'. Cary and Ansford friends rushed to the rescue. Pails of water were thrown down the chimney as well as wet rugs and blankets, and in two hours the fire was extinguished. 'My Uncle sent down some Cyder

in Pails to the people and we gave them more. I offered a guinea to the people upon the house but they would not take it, Mr. Burge would not suffer it.' The fire was all due to the chimney's not having been swept ' for above twelve months. . . . It is amazing that Mr. Pounsett should neglect it so long, very wrong indeed of him only to save sixpence '.

The subsequent weeks are spent—apart from the almost daily round of mutual hospitality—largely in settling things up prior to his final departure from Somerset in May. He lets his little estate of some thirty acres in Ansford to Farmer Corpe on March 11 for seven years for a rent of £35. 0. 0. per annum, the farmer to pay all taxes except the Land Tax. He gives presents to various relations, particularly to Brother Heighes, who is presented with ' a very handsome piece that I had by me for a waistcoat, a buff-coloured with sprigs in it ', also he buys some broad cloth ' for a coat and breeches for Brother Heighes . . . to wear with the waistcoat '.

Under March 26 and 27 there is an interesting reference in the Diary to various cures for the King's Evil, from which his niece Nancy (daughter of Heighes) is suffering, which will prevent her for the time being from coming with him to Norfolk. Alford Well water is said to have ' done great things in complaints of the King's Evil '. On April 14 he enters ' very much frightened and hurried this morning by hearing that my brother John had a fall from his horse in the night coming from Evercreech and was found senseless about 1 in the morning '. He is greatly relieved to find him comparatively uninjured. ' I hope this will caution him from riding when merry—he has had many falls before but none so bad as this.' On April 15 he mortgages his Ansford estate for the sum of £400, which he receives

from his lawyer, Mr. Martin of Bruton, at 4 per cent. per annum. This considerable sum he expends partly on buying 'an house and orchard' for £100, partly in paying off various debts of his own and his Brother John, partly in paying back the principal and interest to various persons for whom he had acted as a sort of banker, and partly in purchasing two horses for £27 17*s.* 6*d.* (inclusive) on which he and his nephew Bill (son of Heighes) are shortly to set forth for Norfolk. The rest is available for other expenses connected with getting into his Norfolk living. On May 6 he sends off '7 large Boxes to Mr. Will^m^ Burge Junior, this afternoon for him to send them by the London Waggon tomorrow for Norfolk'. May 8 is spent in packing and taking leave of friends and relatives—'after supper I went down to my Brother John's and took leave'.

> May 9. . . . This morning at 9 o'clock took my final leave of the old Parsonage House at Ansford and went up to Mr. White's and there I breakfasted with him, Sister White, Mr. Pounsett and Jenny, Brother Heighes, his son Will^m^ and Sam and James Clarke. . . . After breakfasting at Mr. White's about 10 o'clock I took my leave of my Friends at Ansford and set forth on my mare for Norfolk, and Bill Woodforde and my boy Will. Coleman went with me. I left my friends very low on the occasion.

I must confess also to feeling 'very low' on this occasion. Having read forty-eight manuscript booklets covering every day of the period from July 21, 1759 to May 9, 1776, I have become so acquainted with all the Somerset friends and relations in their daily lives that they are almost as familiar to me as my own family. Good

THE OLD PARSONAGE, ANSFORD, SOMERSET

affectionate Sister Jane, slow but amiable Mr. Pounsett, roystering Brother John, the hospitable Clarke and White families, wily Uncle Tom, the demure but faithless Betsy White (now Webster), friendly but impecunious—and I fear rather unsteady—Brother Heighes, Solicitor Martin, Counsellor Melliar, Parson Gapper, and Parson Leach, the Burges, the Pews and the Russes—not least 'the fair Bathsheba' of whom the Diarist dreamed one night—to all these it would be heartrending to say 'Farewell'; happily the Diarist himself has made it impossible, and 'the unimaginable touch of time' leaves them, as they were, alive.

Of Brother John a word should be said, as he will appear but rarely in future. The tradition of his dare-devilry has survived in the neighbourhood almost to the present day. There are two stories of him which have been handed down; one is that he rode his favourite horse into the Methodist Chapel and cursed the congregation, and another that he rode the same horse upstairs and jumped it over his wife's bed. But he sobered down in time. He was apparently always known as 'Cap. Jack'—that he was an ensign in the Somerset Militia has been told in the Diary, and he rose to be a captain later. He died on September 23, 1799, in his fifty-fifth year. His wife Melliora Clarke survived him till 1826. She is said to have been a friend of Wesley's, and possibly that very great man influenced her husband in later life. It is, at least, noteworthy that in his Journal under date Thursday, September 27, 1787, Wesley enters 'About noon I preached at Castle-Cary. How are the times changed! The first of our Preachers that came hither, the zealous mob threw into the horse-pond; now, high and low earnestly listen to the word that is able to save their souls.'

The Diarist and his nephew Bill, the boy servant, William Coleman, and the dog proceeded to Norfolk via Oxford. From the 12th to the 20th of May they stay in Oxford as the Diarist has to settle up accounts—his Fellowship had lapsed as from April 12—and pack up those of his goods which he does not sell, for Weston. Also nephew Bill, of course, is shown the chief sights of Oxford.

> May 20. We breakfasted at College and about 10 took my final leave of my Rooms at College and we set forth for Norfolk, myself, Bill Woodforde and my serv: Will: Coleman. . . . We got to Tame about 12 o'clock about 13 miles from Oxon : and there we dined at the red Lion kept by one Powel. When we got to Tame was very uneasy on account of my leaving at Oxford this Book and my Baldwins Journal. I sent a man immediately from Tame with a letter to Master Sen^{r} to send back the same, and in about three hours he returned and brought me back both very safe. I was then quite happy—p^{d} him for going 0. 2. 6. . . .

A peculiar thrill of excitement and pleasure passed through me as I read this passage, holding in my hand the precise volume of the Diary, which had been left behind, and retrieved thus one hundred and forty-six years ago. The party set on and slept the night at Tring ' about 17 miles from Tame ', at the Rose and Crown. They started off at seven o'clock the next morning and breakfasted at Dunstable ' about 10 miles from Tring. . . . '

> May 21. . . . From Dunstable we went to Baldock thro'

Hitchin about 20 miles from Dunstable and there we dined at the White Horse kept by one Kendall. . . . A great many soldiers, Dragoons at Baldock today. From Baldock we went on to Royston about 10 miles, there we baited our Horses and selves a little time at the Crown kept by one James. . . . From Royston we went on to Cambridge about 13 miles from Royston and there we supped and slept at the White Bear kept by one Garford, a very good Inn and very reasonable. We got there about 9 o'clock, very fine road and very pleasant indeed all the day.

May 22. We breakfasted at Cambridge and then set forward. Bill and myself went after Breakfast and saw Kings Chapel, the finest I ever saw, all fine carved Stone, the Roof of the same—most capital piece of Architecture indeed, gave a man that shewed it to us 0. 1. 0. The gentlemen Commoners were [wear] black Gowns and gold trimmings made slight upon the sleeves of the same and very small gold Tossills to their square Caps of cloth. The members of Trinity Coll: undergraduates all wear Purple Gowns—gentlemen Commoners were purple Gowns trimmed with silver instead of gold and silver tossills. The Buildings are grand at Cambridge but few of them. . . .'

Their route from Cambridge was through Newmarket (13 miles from Cambridge), Barton Mills (10 miles from Newmarket), and Thetford (10 miles from Barton Mills). They baited their horses at the Bull at Newmarket, dined at the Bull at Barton Mills, and supped and slept at the George at Thetford. ' A great many soldiers at Thetford going on to Norwich. Prodigious fine road from Cambridge to Thetford.'

Next day, May 23rd, they went from Thetford to

Attleborough (15 miles from Thetford) where they dined at the Cock and from Attleborough to Norwich—another 15 miles, where they supped and slept at the Kings Head. 'Our great dog'—for whom a brass collar had been purchased at Oxford for 5*s.* 6*d.*—'performed the journey very well'. Next day they reached their journey's end at Weston, 10 miles from Norwich, but finding nothing to eat they rode on to Lenwade Bridge—a mile away—and dined there. 'My servant Will: supped and slept there. Myself and Bill supped and slept at Weston at my House.'

PART II

WESTON LONGEVILLE, NORFOLK

May 24, 1776, to January 1, 1803

As Weston Longeville will become as familiar as Ansford or Castle Cary, little need be said here. It owed its second name to the priory of Longeville in Normandy, to which its tithes were transferred at the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century—a common mediaeval practice—by its then Norman Lord of the Manor. The population in 1776 probably did not exceed 360—its population in 1801 was 365, in 1901, 367, and at the last (1921) census 323. The church, exceptionally spacious and beautiful, is of the perpendicular period, and dedicated to All Saints. The living is still in the gift of New College, Oxford, and still relatively a good one. The rectory is not, alas, as known by the Diarist, but on the same site, about half a mile from the church. Fish continue to flourish in the river Wensum, a lovely stream which flows through Lenwade Bridge a mile and a half away. The descendants of Squire Custance are still the Squires of Weston, and doubtless many descendants of the farmers and villagers who flourished in the Diarist's day survive—the names on the village war memorial are sorrowfully familiar—whose families are not less ' old ' because they are not recorded in, often doubtful, books of genealogy. Indeed it is certain that the oldest families in England, in the sense of continuous connexion with the same soil, are to be found in the cottages of remote villages, families whose

age in this sense would cause four-fifths of the Peerage to hang their diminished heads.[1]

For the first few days the Diarist and Bill were very busy and rather uncomfortable settling in. The Oxford and Ansford boxes arrived from Norwich, another survey of dilapidations is taken on the Diarist's behalf, a rat catcher is set on to catch and destroy all the rats for 10*s.* 6*d.*, a labourer is engaged for four days at 1*s.* 6*d.* a day for grubbing up furze. They spend two days in Norwich—from May 30 to June 1—buying household goods, furniture, silver and so on, also cloth for a coat for Bill, to be made by a tailor—'an old Prussian' called Murray.

June 3. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. My nephew breakfasted, dined, supped and slept at Weston. Two servant maids came to me this morning and offered their services to me. I agreed with them both and they are to come to me here Midsummer day next. One of them is to be an upper servant and she lived very lately with Mr. Howes. A very pretty woman she is and understands cookery and working at her needle well. I am to give her per annum and tea twice a day—5. 5. 0. She was well recommended to me by Mrs. Howes and the reason she was turned away from Mrs. Howes's was her not getting up early enough, as Mrs. Howes told me. The other maid was recommended to me by Mrs. Howes, she is a Tenant's daughter of Mr. Howes's, she is wooled. I agreed to give her per

[1] There is a very interesting history of Weston in Blomefield's monumental *History of Norfolk* and its continuation by the Rev. C. Parkin. (See volume viii—published 1808—dealing with the Hundred of Eynford.) Kelly's *Directory*, 1922, supplies modern information.

annum—3. 10. 0. She is to come at Midsummer also. She is to milk, etc.

Very bad all day in the toothache. The tooth is faulty. Mr. Hardy and his Boy Mason at work for me all day. Gave a man this morning for bringing home our dog 0. 1. 0. Dunnell the carpenter at work for me all day.

June 4. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. My tooth pained me all night, got up a little after 5 this morning, & sent for one Reeves a man who draws teeth in this parish, and about 7 he came and drew my tooth, but shockingly bad indeed, he broke away a great piece of my gum and broke one of the fangs of the tooth, it gave me exquisite pain all the day after, and my Face was swelled prodigiously in the evening and much pain. Very bad and in much pain the whole day long. Gave the old man that drew it however 0. 2. 6. He is too old, I think, to draw teeth, can't see very well.

June 5. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. Very much disturbed in the night by our dog which was kept within doors tonight, was obliged to get out of bed naked twice or thrice to make him quiet, had him into my room, and there he emptied himself all over the room. Was obliged then to order him to be turned out which Bill did. My face much swelled but rather easier than yesterday tho' now very tender and painful, kept in today mostly. Paid and gave Will my servant this evening 0. 5. 0. Paid Mr. Dunnell this evening part of a bill due to him from me, for 2 cows, 3 Piggs, 3 p^{r}. Shoes, Flower, Tea, Sugar, News Papers, Pipes, Candles, Pan, Tobacco, Beer, Mustard, Salt, Washing, Halters,

Comb and Brush, Crabs, Bread and Porterage of £14. 9. 3. the sum of a Bank Note—of—£10. 0. 0.

June 8. . . . Mrs. Howes sent us over this afternoon some plumb Cake with 2 little pieces of the same to put under our pillows. . . .

June 9. . . . Bill went with me to Church this morning and appeared in a new suit of clothes, which was brought home last night from Norwich and which I gave him. No service in the afternoon at Weston, not usual.

June 13. . . . Mr. Wilson Sen^r of Elsing a Clergyman spent the afternoon with me at Weston. He brought me in his Pocket two bundles of Asparagus—it was very kind in him.

June 15. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston, Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. We were busy all the morning in fishing with a casting net in our Ponds. We took out of one little Horse Pond 40 Brace of Tench—some very fine ones. Had a brace for dinner. Most of the rest we put into the great Pond. My Squire's brother Mr. Custance lent me the net. . . . To 2 Masons, 1 Carpenter and 2 Labourers 1 week p^d £2. 12. 10½.

June 25. . . . After breakfast I went on my Mare to Norwich where I dined at the King's Head and spent part of the afternoon. My servant Will Coleman went before me to Norwich. I had him to bring back a servant maid behind him. . . .

July 11th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. Bill breakfasted, dined supped, and slept again at Weston. Recd. for Butter this morning—0. 1. 0. Mr. du Quesne sent me over a present of some strawberries. I signed a Testimonial for him

as he is going to be installed into his new Preferment, that of Chancellor Canon of St. David's. . . .

July 19th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. Bill and myself took a ride in the afternoon to Mr. Howes at Hockering where we spent the remaining part of the afternoon with Mr. Howes and his Wife. Mr. Howes went to bury a corpse for Mr. du Quesne, and when he was gone Mrs. Howes told us that she lived very unhappy with her Husband, as he wants her to make her Will and give everything to his Family. I advised her to the contrary, and to give to her own. We were wet coming back as it rained.

August 1st. I breakfasted, supped and slept again at Weston. Bill breakfasted, supped and slept again at Weston. After Breakfast my Nephew and self rode down to the River upon a fishing scheme; we got two nets and had some Men with us, and a cart to carry Provision for us as well as to bring home the Fish for us. We were at it all day and went up from Leonard Bridge to Attlebridge. At one draught only we caught 59 brace of Fish, mostly roach and dace, but some trout rather small. We caught in the whole about 6 score brace—two brace and a half of which were Pike—the largest about 6 Pound which with a brace more we preserved alive and put them into the Moat when we came home. Most of the rest died before they got home. Barnard Dunnell, Harry Dunnell, my Boy and Allen the Pond Man and son, and Bates my chief Man a-fishing. We all dined by the water-side upon some cold Beans and Bacon, and a cold rost Leg of Mutton which I sent down. We left off about 8 o'clock in the evening at Attle-

bridge. At Attlebridge we met with Mr. Custance's Fishers and Mr. Custance was with them and his Mistress[1] Miss Sherman, but they went away immediately as we came. We caught a fine Pike at Attlebridge where Mr. Custance had been fishing but just before we came. For a pint of Rum at Attlebridge for the Fishers pd.—0. 2. 0. Called at Mr. Ames my Cooper at Attlebridge and paid him a Bill of the sum of—3. 17. 6. We were all pretty well tired by the time we got home. Mr. Bates went from us before dinner being obliged to be of [off]. Liquor had from Leonard Bridge to-day—Ale—30 Pints, Rum, 1 Bottle, Porter—2 Bottles. All which I owe for there.

Aug. 3rd. . . . George Wartons little boy John came to live with me last thursday, and I am to give him his victuals and some cloathes when he wants the same. He does not sleep at my House as he has not had the small-pox. The Boy is about 10 or 11 years of age.

Aug. 4th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Home. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston. Dull and heavy all day to-day, dreamt last night and the night before very dismal things happening at Ansford.

Aug. 16th. . . . Was taken this evening very ill in a fainting fit, fell out of my Chair whilst I was playing with my Nephew at Draughts, he was terribly frightened indeed, I soon came to myself again. I

[1] Readers of, for instance, the *Memoirs of William Hickey*, will realize how normal and open was the maintenance of a mistress in eighteenth-century society: the significance of what might almost be described as the mistress convention, would form a very interesting chapter in the history of society at this time.

bruised my Face very much with the fall, as I fell full upon my Face on the floor.

Aug. 24th . . . Gave Michael Andrew's Harvest Men that were cutting wheat at the end of my garden a largess of 0. 1. 0

They gave me three cheers for the same . . .

Sept. 4th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Home. Bill breakfasted, dined supped and slept again at Weston. Mr. Francis Junr. of Norwich my Attorney came to my House this morning to shew me a letter that he received from Mrs. Ridley in which she mentions that she cannot comply with the last Estimate sent her concerning dilapidations, that her Friends advise her to the same, therefore I advised Mr. Francis to apply to my Proctor Mr. Murphy to begin the suit in the Ecclesiastical Court and to acquaint her of it. Mr. Francis dined and spent the afternoon with us. Mr. Custance the Squire's Brother sent me a brace and half of Partridges this evening. Very kind of him.

Sep. 12th. . . . Largess given today to Farmers Harvest Men 0. 2. 0

A custom in this County when Harvest is in to give the Farmer's Men who call upon you, each set 0. 1. 0

Sep. 14th. . . . Very busy all day with my Barley, did not dine till near 5 in the afternoon, my Harvest Men dined here to-day, gave them some Beef and some plumb Pudding and as much liquor as they would drink. This evening finished my Harvest and all carried into the Barn—8 acres. I had Mrs. Dunnell's Cart and Horses, and 2 men, yesterday and to-day. The men were her son Thomas and Robin Buck. . . .

Sep. 17th. I breakfasted at Weston and afterwards set

of to Yarmouth. Bill breakfasted at Weston and he went with me. . . . We got to Yarmouth about 4 o'clock, and there we dined, supped and slept at the Wrestlers in Church Square kept by one Orton. A very good house. After we dined we took a walk on the Quay and viewed the Dutch vessells, about 70 sail which came in last night, to go a-fishing soon for Herrings. The Dutch are very droll fellows to look at, strange, heavy, bad dressed People with monstrous large Trousers, and many with large wooden shoes. To turnpikes today from Weston to Yarmouth pd 0. 1. 6
My nephew is highly pleased with the Town of Yarmouth.

Sep. 19th. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Yarmouth. After breakfast we each took a Yarmouth coach and drove down upon the coast, and called again at the Fort. Will walked down there, at the Fort to-day pd. 0. 2. 0
It was very pleasant and delightful indeed. Nothing can beat what we saw to-day—immense sea Room, Shipps and Boats passing and repassing—the Wind being rather high, the Waves like Mountains coming into the Shore. We rode close to the Ocean, the Waves sometimes coming into our Carriages. We returned about 3 o'clock. We had some fine smelts, shoulder of Mutton rosted and Tarts. In the evening we took a walk on the Quay, as fine a one as ever was seen. A great deal of company walking backward and forward. We got on board an English vessel, and were treated with Wine, Gin, etc. The sailors behaved very civil indeed to us, had a difficult Matter to make them take anything, but at last I did, and all the silver I had, being only . . . 0. 1. 0

She was a Collier and going soon back to Sunderland.

Sep. 30. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. Paid Molly this morning for things last week 0. 3. 6
Mr. Legate and his son Benjamin called on me this morning and talked about my taking his son at old Michaelmas as a servant, and I agreed and bargained with him for the sum of per annum . 10. 0. 0
Gave him as earnest for the same being usual 0. 1. 0
. . . .

Oct. 4th. . . . A Mr. Roop a young Man and is a Brother of Mrs. Davy's called on me this morning, he drank a glass of Wine and decamped. I never saw him before in my Life—he is a Prig.

Oct. 8th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. I found this morning which I had carefully put by in a Snuff Box and quite forgot by me the sum of 8. 8. 0. Bill and myself went to Mr. Bowles this afternoon by appointment and drank a dish of Tea with him and his Wife.

Oct. 24th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. This morning Mr. Bowles and one Mr. Cobbe of Dereham, a Rat Catcher called on me this morning, and as he was recommended by Mr. Bowles, I agreed with him to destroy my Rats per annum for me for 1. 1. 0
I gave him as usual so to do at first . 0. 11. 0
He wanted to have included victuals and drink and keeping his Horse besides in the Bargain, but I would

by no means agree with him on that account, which he declined soon of asking the same. No demand on that head upon any account. Peachment called upon me this morning to talk with me about a little Piece of Land called Bell-string Rood which he claims for the Parish as being Church Warden. Mrs. Dunnell has it, and has paid for it 13 years together as a Piece of Glebe to Dr. Ridley—I also claim it.

Nov. 3rd. . . . This morning about 11 o'clock Dr. Thorne of Mattishall came to my House and inoculated my two servants Ben Legate and little Jack Warton. [A very elaborate description follows of Dr. Thorne's method of inoculation—in the arm—and the Diet and Physics to be taken during the period of inoculation: see also pp. 40–1.] . . . Pray God my People and all others in the Small Pox may do well, several Houses have got the Small Pox at present in Weston. O Lord send thy Blessing of Health on them all.

Nov. 14th. . . . My Inoculating Folks took their salts very well this morning and drank well of Water Gruel. . . . They had for dinner Norfolk dumplins and Vinegar Sauce and Potatoes also, and they eat very hearty. Gave my Brewers Man that brought some

Beer 0. 0. 6

Molly made me very angry this morning, so angry that I gave her warning to go away at Christmas. The inoculated People had for supper Rice Milk and I am afraid Molly put some eggs into the same, I had a pint of the same, I am astonished at her.

Nov. 8th. . . . Dr. Thorne who inoculated my Servants dined and spent the afternoon with us. I gave the Dr. for dinner a Couple of boiled Fowls and some Pork, a boiled plumb Pudding and a fine piece of rost Beef, roots etc. I paid the Dr. for inoculating our

People 0. 10. 6. I gave him also towards inoculating a poor Family 0. 10. 6. Neighbour Downing's children. The Doctor's price for inoculating a single person is only . . . . . 0. 5. 3 Ben's arms look much inflamed, much forwarder than the Boy's, Jack complained of a Pain under his Arms to-night. . . .

Nov. 9th. . . . Had a very civil and very agreeable Letter from Mr. Francis Senr. and in it one from Mr. Morphew to inform me that Mrs. Ridley will pay my last estimate of dilapidations. . . .

Nov. 10th. . . . I read Prayers, Preached, Churched a Woman, and christened two children by name Christopher and John this afternoon at Weston Church. A large congregation at Church, Mr. and Mrs. Carr there. All People well pleased with the Alteration at the Church. This afternoon was the first time of my using the reading Desk and Pulpit, since its being removed, and also of a new Common Prayer Book in my Desk. I can be heard much better than where it was, and easier. . . .

Nov. 12th. . . . Dr. Thorne called here to see his Patients, but did not stay long. He told Ben that he might now live as he used to do before Inoculation and that Jack should live low as yet. One Herring, a young Man that has taken Rivett's Estate in Ringland called on me just at Dinner time, came into the Parlour which I did not like, stayed there all the time we dined and did not go away till near 6 o'clock. . . . He seems a sensible man but rather too free. . . .

Nov. 19th. . . . At Cary's Shop this morning for Snuff, Garters and Herrings. pd. 0. 1. 6. Mr. Bowles spent the afternoon at my House. He came quite full in liquor and talked very foolishly and weakly. . . .

Nov. 22nd. . . . Bill and myself took a walk in the afternoon to Mr. Bowles, but we did not stay long as our reception was not quite so handsome as our last visit was. We drank one glass of wine apiece and that was all. John Bowles's Wife is under Inoculation, was inoculated by one Drake formerly a serjeant in the Militia. He makes a deep incision in both arms and puts a Plaister over, he gives no calamile but they take salts every other day. Price 5/3 each. Had a fine calf fall this morning from my flaked cow. My neighbour Downing, the Father of the Children that were lately inoculated has got the small pox in the natural way and likely to have it very bad—therefore I sent over Harry Dunnell this evening to Dr. Thorne's, to desire him to come to-morrow and see him, which he promised.

Nov. 23rd. . . . Dr. Thorne came this morning to poor Downing and I went to meet him there and saw him there. He has a great Quantity and I think will have a difficult matter to get over it. But by the blessing of God upon him, hope that he will do well. He is a poor labouring Man and has a Wife and seven small children. I told the Dr. that I would see him paid, if he would assist him etc. . . .

Nov. 26th. . . . Dr. Thorne came to see my neighbour Downing this morning, and I was with him there. He desired him to let him take some matter for Inoculation, but he was so obstinate and ungrateful to refuse him. . . .

Nov. 28th. . . . Poor Neighbour Downing very bad indeed this evening the Small Pox being upon the turn. They sent to me to desire me to come and see him they all thinking that he was dying. I went to him and saw him, his Pulse was very high owing to

drinking some Beer etc. to-day. He was quite light though not in a dying way, tho' he laid as if he was. I ordered them to give him some electuary in warm water, and when I came away he seemed a little better. My man Ben I ordered to sit up with him to-night. We did not get to bed to-night till after 12 o'clock.

Dec. 1st. . . . Had notice given at Church this morning for People to come to my House on Tuesday next to pay Tithe. I went and saw Downing after Church this morning and he is brave. I thank God for it. . . .

Dec. 3rd. . . . My Frolic for my People to pay Tithe to me was this day. I gave them a good dinner, surloin of Beef rosted, a Leg of Mutton boiled and plumb Puddings in plenty. Recd. to-day only for Tithe and Glebe of them . . . 236. 2. 0 Mr. Browne called on me this morning and he and myself agreed and he paid me for Tithe only 55. 0. 0 included in the above, he could not stay to dinner. They all broke up about 10 at night. Dinner at 2. Every Person well pleased, and were very happy indeed. They had to drink Wine, Punch, and Ale as much as they pleased ; they drank of wine 6 Bottles, of Rum 1 gallon and half, and I know not what ale. Old Harry Andrews, my clerk, Harry Dunnell and Harry Andrews at the Heart all dined etc. in Kitchen. Some dined in the Parlour, and some in the Kitchen. 17 dined etc. that paid my Tithe, that is to say, Stepn. Andrews, Baker, Burton, Cary, Man, Pegg, Norton, Bowles, Dade, Case, Pratt, Legate Senr. and son of Ringland, Bidewell, Michael Andrews, Burrows and Legate Junr. at the Horse. Mr. Peachment came just at dinner time, but he had dined ; he spent the afternoon and evening however. There was no supper

at all provided for them. We had many droll songs from some of them. I made use of about 13 lemons and about 2 Pds of sugar. Bill and myself both well tired when we went to bed.

Dec. 7th. . . . My Nephew had a new suit of cloaths brought home to-day of the best broadcloth, given to him by me. A light brown with yellow buttons gilt.

Dec. 8th. . . . I gave notice of a Fast being kept on Friday next, concerning the present War between America and us.

Dec. 9th. . . . Paid my Taylor Clarke this morning for a new suit of cloaths for my Nephew, Materials and making £5. 2. 4½

Dec. 10th. . . . Mr. Chambers the Schoolmaster who is lately come here called on me this morning to let me know that he would teach my Servants Ben and Will to write and read at 4/6*d*. a quarter each—which I agreed for.

On December 11th at Norwich he receives through his solicitor the sum of £77 9*s*. 7*d*. in respect of dilapidations from Mrs. Ridley, which with goods valued at £38 2*s*. 9*d*., makes up his demand of £115 12*s*. 4*d*. So the dilapidation controversy is settled at last.

Dec. 13th. . . . This day being appointed a Fast on our Majesty's arms against the rebel Americans, I went to Church this morning and read the Prayers appointed for the same. I had as full a congregation present as I have in an afternoon on a Sunday, very few that did not come. . . .

Dec. 17th. . . . Busy this morning and day in Brewing some Ale being the first time of brewing since I came

to Weston. I had my Malt and Hopps of Mr. Palmer of Morton. I brewed only 1 Vessell of 36 gallons and I allowed one Coomb of Malt and one Pound and half of Hops, which I think will make tolerable good Ale. . . .

Dec. 23rd. . . . I had a very fine Turkey for dinner to-day, and the best I ever tasted in my life. Mr. Baldwin clerk to Mr. Bircham the Brewer at Reepham being in a low way, one day last week hanged himself. The Lord have mercy on his Soul. I paid him a Bill for his Master not long ago. To Poor People of my Parish again Xmas gave . . . 0. 13. 0

. . .

Dec. 25th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Bill breakfasted, dined supped, and slept again at Weston. Mr. Brooks my Upholsterer sent over a Man on purpose from Norwich this morning, with a fine Hind Quarter of London Lamb, prodigious fine it was indeed. I gave the man some victuals and drink and 0. 1. 0. The undermentioned poor old People dined at my House to-day being Christmas Day and went to Church with me in the afternoon, to each of them gave 0. 1. 0.

Old Richard Bates	0.	1.	0
Old Richard Buck	0.	1.	0
Old Thos. Cushion	0.	1.	0
Old Harry Andrews	0.	1.	0
Old Thos. Carr	0.	1.	0
Old Robin Buck Mrs. Dunnell's man .	0.	1.	0
James Smith the clerk	0.	1.	0

By God's Blessing I intend doing the same next Christmas Day. Gave old Richard Bates an old black coat and waistcoat. I had a fine sirloin of Beef rosted and Plumb Puddings. It was very dark at

Church this aft. I could scarce see. I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston Church.

Dec. 30th. . . . Paid Molly Salmon my servant-Maid her Wages this morning for half a year . 2. 12. 6 and then she went from me to Hockering, being no longer a Servant of mine. I should have been glad to have kept her as she is good-tempered, but she never once asked to stay after I had given her notice, therefore I dismissed her. Had a fine Hare for dinner to-day.

1777. Jan. 9th. . . . Had a letter this evening from my old Friend, Dr. Bathurst, Canon of Christchurch and nephew of my Lord Chancellor's,[1] to desire me to receive his Mony and look after his affairs at Witchingham, as Mr. Francis charges him at sixpence in the Pound for his trouble for receiving the same.

Jan. 13th. . . . Went on my Mare, and my servant Will: with me to Mr. Du Quesne's where I dined spent the afternoon and stayed till 8 at night with him, Mr. and Mrs. Howes and Mr. Donne. We had for dinner a Leg of Mutton boiled, a batter Pudding, and a couple of Ducks. It is a Clubb meeting and goes by the name of Rotation. I became a Member of it to-day and they all dine with me on Monday next. Every Monday is the day. At Quadrille this afternoon—lost 0. 1. 3. I gave nothing at all to Servants.

As there was no Moon to come home by, it was very disagreeable to come home thro' the Wood that I did, but I thank God I got safe and well back tho' very dark. When there is no Moon for the future will get back before it is dark.

[1] See note on pp. 156–7, and p. 295.

1777

Jan. 16th. . . . To one Richard Andrews a Smuggler for a Pound of 9/0 Tea, and 3 silk India Handkerchiefs at 5/6. . . . . 1. 5. 6
Tom Dunnell begun making a Pr of handsome large deal Gates for the Barton this afternoon. . . .

Smuggling was a commonplace of eighteenth-century life, and was due entirely to high Protection. During the Seven Years War, when the English Army was freeing North America from the French, the American colonists did a thriving business in supplying their ancestral enemies (the French) with smuggled goods. That the trade was highly discreditable to them, in these circumstances, goes without saying. At the same time it is only just to point out that the duties imposed by the English Government were excessively damaging to American industries, and were one of the exacerbating causes leading to the revolt of the American colonists.

In England, before Pitt took the whole business in hand in 1784 onwards, smuggling was carried on on a scale which was simply colossal. The annual defalcation of the revenue was estimated at £2,000,000 out of a total revenue of £12,500,000. Whole fleets of ships and armies of persons were engaged in the smuggling business. 'Pitt', says Lecky, 'computed that at least 13,000,000 pounds of tea were annually consumed in the kingdom, but duty was only paid on 5,500,000. Assuming, what was notoriously untrue, that the consumption of foreign wines was only equal to what it had been thirty-six years before, the revenue had in this single article been defrauded of £280,000 a year.'

Pitt struck at smuggling partly by carrying through great reductions in the duties—the tea duty, for instance, was reduced from 119 to 12½ per cent., and partly by

reviving Walpole's attempted policy of substituting excise for customs duties.[1]

Jan. 20th. . . . Mr. du Quesne, Mr. Howes and Mr. Donne dined and spent the afternoon with us being my Clubb day. I gave them for dinner a couple of Rabbits smothered with onions, a Neck of Mutton boiled and a Goose rosted with a Currant Pudding and a plain one. They drank Tea in the afternoon, played a pool of Quadrille after, drank a glass or two of Punch, and went away about 8 o'clock. No Supper is a Rule. And no vails [tips] to servants, however Mr. Donne gave 0. 1. 0 to my servant Will. The other two gave nothing. Mr. Frost called on me in the afternoon, and I paid him a Bill for deals etc. 9. 11. 0
Gave Mrs. Dunnell's Man Robin . . 0. 1. 0
At Quadrille this evening, lost . . . 0. 0. 3

Feb. 6. . . . Had ½ an Anchor of Rum brought me this evening about 10 o'clock by one Richard Andrews (the smuggler) paid him for it . . 1. 15. 0
He brought me also ½ an Anchor of Geneva, for that paid . . . 1. 5. 0

Feb. 9. . . . I buried one John Greaves of East Tuddenham this afternoon at Weston—recd for burying him as he was a stranger the sum of 0. 6. 8 and which I gave back to his widow as she is poor and has many children. . . .

Feb. 14th. . . . To 36 children being Valentine's day and what is customary for them to go about in these parts this day gave 0. 3. 0 being one penny apiece to each of them.

[1] Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv, pp. 46–8; vol. v, pp. 294–300. See *Memoirs of William Hickey*, vol. i, pp. 248–50, for an account of how smuggling was carried on at sea.

March 1. . . . Dr. Dodd for forging a Bond on Ld. Chesterfield for 4000 Pd was tried this week and by the Jury brought in guilty. He is a Dr. of Divinity and late Chaplain to his Majesty.[1]

March 13. . . . To Mr. Cary for a Turkey 11 pd. at 4½ . . . pd 0. 4. 1½. My nephew and self took a walk to Hockering this afternoon to see Mrs. Howes who is ill and keeps her room. Mrs. Davey there from Norwich. We drank tea but did not see Mr. H. Mr. Howes was at the Cock at Hockering, he was sent for but he sent word that he could not come at all. It snowed going there and coming back. . . . Mrs. Howes is very indifferent and very low-spirited.

March 18. . . . My Servants Will and Suky went to a Puppett Show this evening at Morton and kept me up till after 1 o'clock.

March 23. . . . I read Prayers and preached this morning at Weston. I gave notice this morning at Church that there would be Prayers on Friday night being Good Friday—there used to be none that day, which I think was very wrong.

March 25. . . . My great Pond full of large toads, I never saw such a quantity in my life and so large, was most of the morning in killing of them, I daresay I killed one hundred, which made no shew of being missed, in the evening more again than there were,

[1] William Dodd (1729–77) was a popular preacher and Chaplain to the King. He also acted as tutor to Philip Stanhope, the great Lord Chesterfield's heir and godson. On February 1, 1777, he committed the famous forgery in Lord Chesterfield's name of £4,200, £3,000 of which he returned on being found out. He was condemned, and despite popular appeals and the interposition of Dr. Johnson himself, was hanged on June 27, 1777. Dodd was a voluminous writer. It was through his *Beauties of Shakespeare* (1752, constantly reprinted since) that Goethe first became familiar with Shakespeare's works. (See *D. N. B.*)

I suppose there are thousands of them there, and no froggs. . . .

March 26. . . . Went a fishing with Nets down to the river to-day, but had little or no sport, caught 2 brace of Pike, one fine Perch, some Gudgeons and a few flat Fish—I sent the men before I went, and I found them at Attlebridge, and it made me quite angry to find them there, so angry that I left them immediately and ordered them of, and then my nephew and self took a ride to Witchingham and saw the Parsonage House there and Church. The Church is a very neat one and in good repair, the House not bad, tho' better than I thought it to be.

As we returned we found the Fishers at Leonard Bridge trying there for fish, and there we stayed with them till 5 o'clock and then returned home to dinner. For some Beer for them at the Inn there

pd. 0. 1. 0

Harry Dunnell, Ben, Will, Allen and Barney and Tom Carr were the Fishermen and they all returned and dined at my House . . . gave them . 0. 2. 0

I let the Fishermen have a Bottle of Rum to carry with them. We returned quite tired and hungry and much fatigued. . . .

March 27. . . . We took half a large basket full of toads this morning out of the great Pond, put them into a kettle and poured some boiling water upon them, which killed them instantaneously. I daresay we killed 200. Harry Dunnell and my boy Jack Warton took them up in their hands alive and put them into the basket. . . .

March 28. . . . I read Prayers this morning at Weston Church at 11 o'clock. No Sermon. I had a tolerable good congregation. I did not dine to-day being Good

Friday till 5 in the afternoon, and then eat only a few apple fritters and some bread and cheese.

March 29. . . . Andrews the Smuggler brought me this night about 11 o'clock a bagg of Hyson Tea 6 Pd weight. He frightened us a little by whistling under the Parlour Window just as we were going to bed. I gave him some Geneva and paid him for the tea at 10/6 per Pd 3. 3. 0

April 6. . . . I read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament this morning at Weston. No Sermon. My Clerk Js. Smith dined here to-day being Sacrament Day. About 9, o'clock this evening I saw in the Element a prodigious Light, exactly the form of a Rainbow and near the breadth but vast deal larger, as it extended from N.E.N. to W.S.W. very bright indeed. I apprehend it to be the Northern Lights, but I never saw them in that form before; it went of soon and quivered about as the Northern Lights.

April 9. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept at the King's Head. Bill breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at the King's Head. [They had gone on a jaunt to Norwich.] Called on Mr. Francis this morning, he asked me to dine with him, but I would not be so troublesome.

Called on Mr. Priest and pd him for Wine etc. 5. 6. 0

Paid Mr. Beloe China Man for glasses and decanters 0. 12. 0

To a Mariner's Compass pd . . 0. 4. 6

To a Silk Purse pd . . 0. 1. 6

To a Spice Box pd . . 0. 2. 6

We drank tea in the afternoon at Mr. Francis's with him, his wife and Father. From thence we went to the Theatre Royal and saw Tancred and Sigis-

munda—with Bon Ton for the entertainment. We sat in the Front Box—paid for 2 tickets 0. 6. 0. Gave a soldier a Dragoon of the 11 Regiment whose name was Martin and came from Somerton 0. 1. 0.

April 10. I breakfasted and dined at the King's Head. Bill breakfasted and dined at the King's Head. Had a letter yesterday from Mr. Pouncett who informs me that Sister Clarke is going to be married to one Ryal of Sherborne, a man who drives his own waggon to Bristol, is much in debt and has 10 children already. I sent her a trimming letter to-day on the above account. Called on Mr. Aram, gardner, and paid him 2. 11. 0

My nephew and self took a walk this morning to see the Dragoons exercise on Mousehold Heath about 3 miles from Norwich. We returned by 3 o'clock. Gave to my servt. Will Coleman who came to Norwich yesterday, towards a Pr of Leather Breeches 0. 10. 6. Gave my nephew towards a Hautboy 0. 8. 0. After dinner towards the evening we set of for Weston. . . .

April 17. . . . Sent my servants Will: and Ben with a cart this morn' to Norwich after some Wine from Mr. Priest and some dishes and plates etc. from Mr. Beloe's—China Merchant. Sent by them a note to Mr. Priest and one to Mr. Beloe. They did not return till 7 in the evening. They might have come home much sooner I think. The things came home very safe however as well as wine. I have now a compleat Table service of the cream coloured ware, with some other useful things. . . . My servants were both rather in liquor, and as for Will, he behaved very surly and went to bed before I supped, a pretty return for giving him half a guinea last week.

April 19. . . . Mr. du Quesne drank a dish of tea with

me this afternoon, he walked over and had his wheel to measure the distance from his house to mine, with him, and it was 2 miles and 6 furlongs. I played a game at Backgammon with him—he beat me. . . . Had a letter this evening from Sister Clarke to assure me that the affair with Ryal is entirely over. Had a letter also from Jefferies of Brecon to desire me to send his brother 6 quart of Turnip seed.

April 25. . . . I got up this morning at 5 o'clock and shot a Rook in Cary's Pitt, that was eating up my oats that are set. Lent Spaule my Blacksmith this morning 2. 2. 0. Mr. Donne and young Mr. Shelford of North Tuddenham dined and spent the afternoon with us. Had for dinner a Face and Greens, a leg of Mutton rosted and a plumb Pudding.

May 8. . . . After dinner my nephew and self with Ben and the Boy walked down to the river with the casting net for a little diversion at Fishing. I caught three fine trout, the largest two pound and half all but 2 ounces. The next largest near two pound, the other about ½ a pound besides gudgeons and roach and dace, all of my own catching and by my own throwing the net. Bill caught only one little Miney but he did not throw above four times. We saw Mr. Custance Junr. down at the River a-fishing with a fly and we spoke to one another—he said he had had bad sport. I think I had very great sport being the first time of my ever throwing a casting net into a river. I was very wet and dirty, got home about nine.

May 15. . . . Mr. Custance called on me this morning to go a fishing. We rode down to the river. Mr. Custance's mistress a Miss Sherman and one Sandall an oldish man a broken gentleman and who keeps

a Mistress also tho he has a Wife living, went with us on horseback. I returned home to dinner tho' very much pressed to dine with Mr. Custance. We had but middling sport—a lease of trout, 1 pike and some flat fish. Mr. Custance behaved exceedingly civil to me. He sent me the finest trout and the pike this evening by his man Phillips. Gave the servant 0. 1. 0.

May 25. . . . I read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament this morning at Weston. My nephew was at the Sacrament. Bill was quite sulky at dinner and all the afternoon on account of having a shoulder of veal for dinner which he did not like and would not eat one mouthful of it. I asked him to take a walk in the evening but he did not, therefore took a long walk by myself. I talked to him in the evening very home about his behaviour of late. . . .

June 4. . . . Recd. of Mr. Legate Ben's Father this morning for 2 small piggs which Sukey sold him 0. 15. 0. Gave Sukey out of it for selling them 0. 1. 0. . . . The toads in my great Pond made an extraordinary loud noise for this last week past. This being his Majesty's Birth Day had my Blunderbuss fired of by Bill above 2 hands high three times in honour of the day, and with powder only. We had the fine Pike that Mr. Custance sent me rosted for dinner with a Pudding in his Belly, and very good it was indeed, we dined on it chiefly, tho' we had a fine piece of Beef boiled besides. The Pike was more than 2 foot long after being rosted. . . .

June 10. [He rides with his servant to Norwich on the 9th for the Bishop's Visitation and stays, as usual, at the King's Head.] . . . I dressed myself in a gown and cassock after breakfast and at 11 o'clock went to

the Cathedral and heard Prayers and a Sermon preached there by Mr. Whitmell Rector of Wood-Norton and a good discourse he gave us. The Chancellor Dr. Sandly who represented the Bishop was there, and the Dean and a great many of the Clergy of the Deaneries of Blofield, Sparham and Taverham. After Divine Service we all went into the Consistory Court in the Cathedral and there the names of the Clergy were called over and each delivered the Bishop's letter with the answers to his Lordship's questions. We all then attended the Chancellor to the Maid's Head Inn not far from the Cathedral, where we dined and spent the afternoon and the Chancellor with us. . . . We had a very elegant dinner and 28 sat down to dinner together. I sat next to the Preacher by the Chancellor. The Chancellor is a very chatty man with little or no pride in him. He is a Wiccamist and I had therefore a good deal of talk with him. I delivered John Bank's compts. to him of Wooton in Oxfordshire, who was a contemporary of his. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Priest, Mr. Wilson Junr. and Mr. Millard who read Prayers at the Cathedral I saw and had conversation with them. Also one Mr. Hammer a Chumm of Mr. Du Quesne's, a very merry and sensible as well as good-natured man. Soon after the Chancellor went I departed also. I went and drank tea this evening after I had undressed myself, with Mrs. Davy in St. Stephen's Parish, with her, Mrs. Roupe, her mother-in-law and a very pretty young Lady from the boarding School. We took a walk afterwards in Chapel Field etc. Paid this evening for things 0. 10. 0. Made a very late evening of it being out after supper and so engaged in Company that I could not leave them till near 2 in the morning.

June 13. . . . Sent a letter to my Sister Pouncett by Cary this evening. I put half my Pigg into pickle this morning. Have been at Harwich that is in a great Hurry all the day long—Author Mr. Du Quesne—it took its rise from King George the first landing at Harwich for the first time of his coming to England. Harwich then was nothing but hurry and confusion. I sent my Sister Pounsett word that we intend to make her and our other Friends at Ansford a visit soon and that we should set of from Weston on that account next Monday sennight.

June 17. . . . Bill made me very uneasy and very angry with him at breakfast by contradicting me in a very saucy manner. I therefore told him that I was determined that he should not return with me to Weston but that I would leave him in the West. This being my Rotation Day, the following Company dined and spent the afternoon with me. Mr. and Mrs. Howes and with them Mrs. Priest and daughter from Norwich, Mr. Bottom, Mr. Donne and Sister with one Miss Church a Lady rather deformed but dressed exceedingy well with a prodigious high Head indeed, but very sensible and the Rev. Mr. Du Quesne, Chancellor of St. David's. I gave for dinner a bad Leg of Mutton boiled scarce fit to be eat by being kept too long, and capers, some green Pease and a Pigg's face, a Neck of Pork rosted with gooseberries, a plumb Pudding, with Carrots, Turnips, etc. for Roots. Miss Church and Miss Donne came and went back in a common market cart. Most of the Company were wet by coming to-day as it rained much about 2 o'clock. They all returned about 9. At Quadrille this afternoon after Tea, with Miss Church, Miss Donne, and Mr. Du Quesne, at 2d

per Fish lost—0. 4. 0. We were very merry with Mrs. Howes today. I gave them a plumb cake with their tea.

On June 23rd he and his nephew, and the servant, Will Coleman, started on their journey to Somerset to visit our old friend 'Sister Jane', Mrs. Pounsett. They went on horseback, and the journey, which was uneventful, took six days. The route lay through Attleborough, Thetford, Barton Mills, Newmarket, Cambridge, Royston, Baldock, Hitchin, Dunstable, Tring, Aylesbury, Thame, Abingdon, Farnborough, Hungerford, Everly, Wiley, Long Lane to Ansford, which they reached on June 28th.

July 2nd. . . . made old Mr. Burge a visit this afternoon at Cary. Poor old Mr. Burge is amazingly altered since I saw him last year . . . he is fell away to nothing almost, and I think will not hold it very long, he has a cough also. He was exceeding glad to see me at Cary. A grand christening to-day at Mr. Frank Woodfordes. I was not invited, neither Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett, nor my Brother Heighes. We the only ones not invited thro' Anford amongst their Relations. . . .

July 3. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Mr. Pounsetts. Brother John being at the Christening last night being merry disturbed the whole Company so much that they were obliged to break up about 11 o'clock. Js. Clarke and Jack were going to fight. He made terrible work there I heard this morning. He is the worst Company I ever was in in my Life when he is got merry. Nothing pleases him then but making the whole Company uneasy. . . .

July 5th. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Mr. Pounsetts. Brother Heighes and his son Sam dined etc. with us. Sam brought his violin with him and played several tunes to us—he is amazingly improved both in Painting and in Musick—he is a very clever youth. Gave Sam this afternoon 0. 2. 6. . . .[1]

July 7th. . . . I dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening at Mr. James Clarkes who treated me most cordially. Mr. Richard Clarke and Sam, Brother Heighes, and his two sons Sam and Bill, Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett dined, supped etc. there. We had a most elegant dinner, a whole Salmon, 3 boiled chicken and a Ham, a Neck of Mutton boiled with Capers, a green Goose rosted and Peas, with Plumb Puddings and a Gooseberry Tart. . . .

July 9th. . . . I dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Donnes at Westcomb to-day with him, his Wife and the two Miss Boards from London; Relations to Mrs. Donne and with very high Heads. Mr. Guppy and his sister Mrs. Pounsett, and Mr. Pounsett and my Sister. Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett and old Mrs. Pounsett had Ansford Inn Chaise. We had a fine Haunch of Venison, a fine Venison Pasty, with many other

[1] Samuel Woodforde, the Diarist's nephew (1763–1817) was a considerable artist in his day, and was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1800, and an academician in 1807. He was the most distinguished of the sons of brother Heighes. He contributed no less than 133 pictures to the Royal Academy. He was enabled to visit Italy and study there through the liberality of the banker, Henry Hoare of Stourhead, of whom the Diarist speaks more than once. Faringdon mentions Samuel Woodforde in his diary—now being published. His 'Dorinda wounded by Silvio' is in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. (See *D. N. B.*)

good things for dinner there. A Mr. Watts a Clergyman and was of Trinity College drank tea and coffee there in the afternoon. I remember his name at College and something of his Person. He has travelled about lately and rather shoots in the bow. . . .

July 22. I breakfasted and slept again at Ansford. We were rather disturbed about an Hour after we got to bed, and Jenny came to my door and waked me, and asked me if something did not fall down in my Room, and that she had heard something walk in the Passage to my door, and also thought that I was ill—but it all ended in nothing. Mr. Pounsett, myself and Sister dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening at Richd Clarkes at Cary with him, Mr. Thomas, Brother Heighes and Sam Clarke. Dr. Clarke, Sister White and Sam: Woodforde supped etc with us. In the afternoon I walked down to Charles Clarke's and bought me 20 yds of Huccaback Cloth for kitchen Table Cloths in Norfolk ¾ wide at 1/1 per yd 1. 1. 6. To Richd. Clarke's servants coming away gave 0. 2. 0. Cousin Lewis and Son went of this morning for Nottingham. . . . I was much better to-day and more easy in my Mind. Robert Biggen for stealing Potatoes was this afternoon whipp'd thro' the streets of Cary by the Hangman at the end of a Cart. He was whipped from the George Inn to the Angel, from thence back thro' the street to the Royal Oak in South Cary and so back to the George Inn. He being an old offender there was a Collection of 0. 17. 6 given to the Hangman to do him justice. But it was not much for all that—the Hangman was an old Man and a most villainous looking Fellow indeed. For my Part I would not contribute one Farthing to it.

The Diarist's stay at Ansford lasted for another month —the days are spent in much visiting of old friends, in fishing, and so on—and then on August 21st they set out for Norfolk, returning via Bath and Oxford. At Oxford they stayed two nights at the Blue Boar, while the Diarist visited his friends at New College. They reached Weston safely on the 29th, and found 'things in decent order'.

Sept. 16. . . . Very busy with the engine [for pumping out the pond] this morning. Mr. du Quesne, Mr. Donne and Sister, Mr. Bodham, Mr. and Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Davy came to my House about 12 upon account of seeing some fishing before dinner as my great Pond was near empty. We were obliged to sink the engine lower, and in doing of the same in raising the engine one of the triangular Poles broke and very near killed my man Will Coleman, he was knocked down by the Pole falling on his Head, but it only stunned him for some time. I then gave him a dram and he was soon pretty well. It frightened us all very much. We caught a number of small Tench with the casting net, but could not get all the water out to-day for the Mud. The Ladies and Gentlemen all dined and spent the afternoon with us. I gave them for dinner half a dozen of my own fine Tench (taken out of my Pond in the yard) stewed, a Rump of Beef boiled, and a Goose rosted, and a Pudding. Mrs. Howes found great fault with many things especially about stewing the Fish—she could not eat a bit of them with such sauce etc. Mrs. Davy fell downstairs but did not hurt herself. Miss Donne swallowed a Barley corn with its stalk. Many accidents happened but none very bad. . . . The company

went away about 9 o'clock: They all admired my plated candlesticks and snuffers. . . .

Sept. 21. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. I read prayers and preached this morning at Weston. Harry Dunnell dined with our folks today. In the afternoon my dog Pompey came home shot terribly, so bad that I had her hanged directly out of her Misery. My greyhound Minx who was with her did not come and we suppose she has met with the same fate. It is supposed that Mr. Townshend's gamekeeper who goes by the name of black Jack, shot Pompey. My nephew and self took a walk in the afternoon.

Sept. 27. . . . I took a walk about 5 o'clock this evening by myself to Mr. Townshend's at Honingham according to a promise from me to Mr. du Quesne, and was very politely received, and drank Tea there with him, his Lady and Mr. du Quesne. The Hon: Charles Townshend [1] handsomely apologised for my dogs being shot by his gamekeeper, and told me moreover that whenever I had an Inclination for a Hare I was

[1] This Mr. Charles Townshend (1728–1810) is not the celebrated Charles Townshend (1725–67), the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who perhaps more than any one man was responsible for making war with the American colonies inevitable—by his imposition of duties, tea and other, in 1767. Our Mr. Townshend was cousin of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was nick-named 'Spanish Charles' (to distinguish him from his cousin)—on the ground that he was Secretary to the British Embassy at Madrid from 1751–6. From 1761–84 he represented Great Yarmouth in Parliament, and during this period held various minor offices in various administrations: Lord of the Admiralty (1765), Commissioner of the Treasury (1770), Vice-Treasurer of Ireland (1777), Vice-Treasurer of the Navy (1783). He was made a Peer in 1797, taking the title of Baron Bayning of Foxley. His wife (married August 1777) was Annabella, daughter of the Rev. Richard Smith, and an heiress. (See *D. N. B.*)

very welcome to take a Course with Mr. du Quesne upon his Lands: Mr. Townshend's Lady is a most agreeable Lady indeed, very handsome and exquisitely genteel. She has been married but very lately and is about 22. I returned to Weston before 8 o'clock. . . .

Sept. 30. . . . Harry Dunnell found an old silver spoon this morn in levelling parts in the Pond to make it more even. It weighed one ounce and marked with M.E. and I apprehend it belonged formerly of the Family of the Englands, one of which was Rector in 1575. . . .

Oct. 1. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Harry Dunnell behaved very impertinent this morning to me because I would not privately name his child for him, he having one Child before named privately by me and never had it brought to Church afterwards. He had the Impudence to tell me that he would send it to some Meeting House to be named etc.—very saucy indeed—To 2 Peck more of Pears of Js. Taylor, paid 0. 1. 0. Gave to his little maid for bringing them 0 .0. 6. My servant Will has a bad Leg owing to its being scalded two days ago. My Folks say he has the Ague in it. I put to it some Family Plaister and a Poultice over it.

[On October 16th he and his nephew go on a jaunt to Norwich—next day they visit St. Faith's Fair].

Oct. 17. . . . We then set forth and Mr. du Quesne with us for St. Faith's Fair which begins to-day, and going there the road was crowded with People. St. Faith is about 4 miles North of Norwich. It is

a very large Fair for all things and lasts for a fortnight—a great concourse of People there. Sir Harbord-Harbord and Sir Wm. Jernegan we saw there, the latter is a very handsome young Man. We rode about the Fair till 2 o'clock and then went of. We had some oysters for which I paid 0. 0. 6. Sir Wm. Jernegan overtook us and rode with us some way—he is a mighty agreeable man. Mr. du Quesne went home with Sir Willm by Promise. Sir Willm's coach and four there with the children. Mr. du Quesne being deficient in cash I lent him 1. 1. 0. . . .

Oct. 26. . . . Gave poor John Grant this morning 0. 0. 6. Upon yesterday's Norwich Paper the Revd. Benjamin Russen Master of the Charity School at Bethnal Green and who has a Wife and six children, was tried at the Old Bailey for a Rape on the Body of one Ann Mayne only ten years of age, of which he was convicted and received sentence of Death. Three more indictments found against him on other children. I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston.

Nov. 5th. We breakfasted, supped and slept again at home. Took a ride down to Leonade Bridge this morning upon Bathurst's account to receive his Tithes for him. Bill went with me as did my servant Will: Coleman. We dined and spent the afternoon there with Mr. Wilson, Bathurst's curate and many Farmers that paid money. I received in the whole for Bathurst £191. 10. 1½. Paid out of it to Mr. Wilson 1 yr and ¼ stipend 62. 10. 0. For dinner etc. at the audit to-day pd £3. 17. 1. To Wm. Springal for Work done in the Chancel £0. 19. 6. We came away about 6 o'clock. The Farmers were well pleased with their Frolic. We had for dinner a Rump

of Beef boiled, a leg of Mutton rosted and a fat Goose and Puddings.

Dec. 2. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. The Hounds were round by my house this morning. My Nephew mad to go after them. This day being my Frolic for receiving money for Tithe and Glebe the following Parishioners dined with us. Mr. Dade, Stephen Andrews, Mr. Palmer, John Bowles, Mr. Mann, John Pegg, Royal Ringgar, Wm. Bidewell, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Legate Senr. John Baker, Wm. Case, Js. Pratt, Thos Cary, John Horner, and Mr. Legate Junr. Mr. Peachman with his Friend a young man Mr. Herring, and Mr. Galland came to us after Dinner. I gave my Parishioners for dinner a good Rump of Beef boiled, a Leg of Mutton rosted, a Ham boiled, vast quantities of plumb and plain Puddings and Roots. I gave them to drink Wine and Punch in plenty. They all stayed with me till about 10 in the evening, and then they all went to their respective homes. They were all well pleased and merry and tolerably sober. Cobb my Rat-Catcher was here to-day and he dined with the Folks in the Kitchen. I paid him £1. 1. 0. I gave the Folks in the Kitchen some Punch after dinner. Mrs. Hardy and Boy at work for me today. Mrs. Dunnell's man Robin Buck, Mr. Hardy and Boy, Thos. Thurston Senr. who lent me a Punch Bowl, Harry Dunnell and my Clerk Js Smith dined etc in Kitchen. Harry Dunnell had the ague in the evening. My People today drank 6 Bottles of Rum, of Wine 5 Bottles, and of Ale great Quantities. I recd today for Tithe £204. 17. 0. I paid out of it to the undermentioned as follows :—

To Mr. Palmer for 30 Hudrd of Hay at 2/6 3 15. 0

To Stephen Andrews for Carriage of Coal 0. 5. 4
To John Pegg for ditto . . . 0. 5. 4
To Mr. Mann for a Cow and Calf . . 5. 0. 0
To ,, for 1 Bshll and ½ of apples 0. 4. 0
To ,, for 2 Coomb and 2 Bshlls of seed wheat 2. 15. 0
Pd in all to the above 12. 15. 8
We did not get to bed to-night till near 1 o'clock.
I gave to my Servant Maid Sukey . . 0. 2. 6
I gave also to my Servant Will: Coleman 0. 2. 6
They having had a good deal of trouble to day and did everything entirely to my satisfaction.

Dec. 25. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. I went to Weston Church this morning at ½ past 10 and read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament there, being Christmas Day. About 24 Communicants. My Nephew made one of them. Neither Peachment, Dade, Burton, Andrews nor Bowls, nor Mann there. Being Christmas Day the following poor People dined at my House, old Rich: Bates, old Rich: Buck, Thos Carr, old Thos: Dicker, old Tom Cushion, Robin Buck and my Clerk Js. Smith. I gave to each after dinner 1/0 being 0. 7. 0. Harry Dunnell dined also at my House today. I had for dinner a fine surloin of Beef rosted and Plumb puddings for them..

Dec. 31. . . . We sat up tonight till after 1 o'clock on account of being the last Day in the old year. After the Clock struck 12 we drank a Happy New Year to ourselves and Friends in a glass of Gin Punch.

1778. Jan. 3rd. . . . Bill went out a-shooting again to-day and he brought home—just nothing at all—tho' he had several shots at Pheasants and missed every-one. . . .

Jan. 5. . . . Bill went out a shooting again this morning and he killed only one small Thrush. . . . My servant Man Ben spent the day at his Fathers by my leave. Sukey went out in the afternoon and returned in the evening with her sister who laid at my House. N.B. I did not know of her going out, nor of her sister sleeping here till after 10 at night. I think it is taking too great Liberties with me to bring home a stranger to sleep here. I do not like it at all—as every servant may do the same.

Jan. 6. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Sukey's sister breakfasted here and then went home. I did not speak one word to her, as she came unasked. Bill went out a shooting again this morning and he brought home only 4 Blackbirds. Gave Bill this evening for powder and shot 2/6.

Jan. 19. . . . This being the day for the Queen's Birth Day to be kept Bill fired my Blunderbuss 3 Times, each charge three Caps of Powder with a good deal of Paper and Tow on it. I fired him of in the evening with 3 Caps of Powder also. . . .

Jan. 22. . . . I took a ride about 2 o'clock and my servant Will with me to Justice Buxtons at Easton Reeds and there I dined and spent the afternoon with the Justice and Mr. du Quesne. We had for dinner a boiled Leg of Mutton and a Hare roasted. Gave Mr. Buxton's servant Boy coming away 0. 1. 0. About 6 o'clock we went from Mr. Buxton's, Mr. du Quesne went home in his carriage and I went on to Norwich where I supped and slept at the King's Head as did my Nephew. Mr. Buxton has a very good House and a very fine situation with a pleasing Prospect from the same. After we drank Coffee at our Inn this evening we went to the Play House and

as we did not get in till after the 3rd Act, we paid only 1/6 each for seats in the Front Box. The Play was the Maid of the Oaks with a Fete Champetre which was very pretty and the Entertainment was the Deuce is in him. I went away from the Play House before the Entertainment began. My Nephew stayed all the time. . . .

Jan. 23. . . . Mr. Donne, myself and Nephew took a walk after breakfast to the New Birmingham shop in London Lane and there I bought a pruning knife, and 2 Razors with cases to them for 2/6. Knife 6*d*. Razors 2/0 . . . . . 0. 2. 6

. . .

Jan. 27. . . . Mr. du Quesne called on me [at Weston] this morning and stayed with me some time, he told me that a Meeting of the Nobility, Gentry and Clergy of the county of Norfolk would be held tomorrow Morn' at the Maid's Head at Norwich for opening a Subscription to advance a Regiment in these critical Times for the King. He asked me if I should be there, which I promised. . . .

[Accordingly he and Bill set forth for Norwich].

Jan. 28. We breakfasted, supped and slept at the King's Head. To my Barber this morning gave 0. 1. 0. After dressing myself I walked by myself down to the Maid's Head to the Meeting of the Nobility, Clergy, etc. Lord Townshend, Mr. Townshend, Sir John Woodhouse, Sir Wm. Jernegan, Mr. de Grey the Lord Chief Justice's Son, a Mr Masham, Colonel Dickens etc. present. Sir John Woodhouse was Chairman and opened the business of the Meeting and he was answered by one Mr. Windham who spoke exceeding well with great Fluency and Oratory, but on the wrong side. Lord Townshend spoke after him, but

is no Orator at all. Mr. de Grey then spoke very well and after him Mr. Townshend.[1] The Question was then proposed by the Chairman that all those gentlemen that were against the subscription would retire, and many there were that retired. The subscription then was opened and Lord Townshend subscribed £500; Sir John Woodhouse also I believe did the same and some others. Mr. du Quesne was there and he subscribed 20 guineas: towards the end of the second sheet—I subscribed 5 guineas, there were many others that followed my example. N.B. I did not pay my subscription as many did not. The money is to be advanced as it is wanted. I dined and spent the afternoon at the Maid's Head with the rest of the Nobility, & Clergy & Gentry. We had about 40 that sat down to dinner. Sir John Woodhouse, Lord Townshend, Mr. Masham, Mr. Townshend, Sir Wm. Jernegan, Colonel Dickens, Mr. de Grey, Mr. du Quesne etc. etc. dined there. I sat between Colonel Dickens and Mr. du Quesne, the Colonel was at Christchurch in Oxford a Student there, therefore he and myself had a long Conference. The Colonel lives at Dereham and asked me to his House. The subscription amounted to near £5,000. The subscription is to be kept open at Kerrisons. There was also a Meeting of the opposite party at the White Swan to-day, to protest against it. The above Mr. Windham was one of them. Most People admired the manner of Windham's speaking, so much Elegance, Fluency and Action in it. For my ordinary paid 3*s*/0*d*. Extraordinary 1*s*/0*d*—0. 4. 0. My Nephew dined and spent the day at the King's Head. Mr. du Quesne and myself went from the meeting

[1] See p. 211

about 6 o'clock and drank Tea with Mr. Priest and his Wife. After tea Mr. du Quesne went home with Mr. Townshend. I then called on my Nephew, and we went to the Play. As we went in after the 3rd Act I only paid 0. 3. 0. The Play was the provoked Husband & Bon Ton the Farce. We sat in the centre Box which was quite full. Sir Wm. Jernegan was in the same box and spoke to me as he came out ; a very good House tonight. We slept in our own Beds at the King's Head tonight.

The Mr. Windham ' who spoke exceeding well ' is the celebrated William Windham (1750–1810), friend of Dr. Johnson, scholar, diarist, and statesman. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. His first appearance in public life was the occasion here referred to by the Diarist. His liberal opinions, however, changed under the influence of the French Revolution. From 1784–1802 he represented Norwich in Parliament, and in 1794 he joined Pitt's administration as Secretary for War, a position he held till 1801. He was again War Secretary in the Ministry of All the Talents, 1806–7. He was a very remarkable man, a good Greek and Latin scholar, fluent in French and Italian, and a student of mathematics. His *Diary* (1784–1810) is of very considerable interest—edited in 1866 by Mrs. Henry Baring. It is in his *Diary* (pages 30–4) that occurs the memorable description of Dr. Johnson's last hours, and the words addressed to Windham, ' " God bless you, my dear Windham, through Jesus Christ," and concluding with a wish that we might meet in some humble portion of that happiness which God might finally vouchsafe to repentant sinners.' (See the *Diary* and the notice of Windham in the *D. N. B.*)

Feb. 8. . . . We had for dinner to-day the finest and fattest Turkey Cock rosted that I ever saw. It was 2 Inches thick in fat upon the Breast after it was rosted. We had nothing else besides as it weighed 14 Pd.

Feb. 12. . . . Mr. du Quesne called on me this morning about 11 o'clock, and about 12 I took a ride with him to Ling and there we dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Baldwin's with him and his Wife and Youngest Daughter and Mr. Priest of Reepham. Mrs. Baldwin seems to be of a gloomy complexion—with a Beard. Before dinner we went into Mr. Baldwin's boat and went up the River a little way to take up some Hooks that were laid for Jacks, but never a Fish. Having done that Mr. du Quesne, Mr. Priest and self went and saw the Paper Mills close to Mr. Baldwin's. Mr. du Quesne and myself bought a Ream of writing Paper, 20 quires belonging to the same. I had one half and he the other. 10 Quires apiece. I paid for mine 0. 5. 0. The Master Mr. [H]Amerton went with us and shewed us the whole Machinery which is indeed very curious. We had for dinner at Mr. Baldwin's, some fricasseed Rabit, some Mutton Stakes, a Piece of rost Beef, a fine rich plumb Pudding, Tarts and Syllabubbs. At Quadrille this evening at Mr. Baldwin's lost 0. 0. 9. Gave Mr. Baldwin's servant Man 0. 1. 0. I returned home about 8 o'clock. Mr. du Quesne, and Mr. Priest slept there.

Feb. 23. We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Bill went out a coursing this morning on my little Mare, and Mr. Hardy went out with him and they brought home nothing at all, tho' out for 5 Hours and 3 Greyhounds. To Mr. Cary on Anne

Taylor my Maid's Account for a gown, 2 shifts and other small matters paid him 1. 0. 9¾. To Mr. Cary also for things from Norwich etc pd. 0. 4. 6. To my smuggler Andrews for a Tub of Gin had of him January 16 pd him this Morn 1. 5. 0.

Feb. 27. We breakfasted, dined supped and slept again at home. My Nephew and self walked to Church this morning at 11 o'clock and there I read Prayers only, being a day appointed for a general Fast, on account of the War with the Americans. I had a large congregation. My Servant Ben went after dinner to his Father's unknown to me, and did not return home till near 11 at night and when he came home he went to bed without my seeing him, and I believe not very sober. It is very bad of him.

Mar. 1. . . . Read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. Neighbour Gooch's Father was taken very ill today and thought to be dying. I sent him Tent Wine and in the afternoon went and saw him and read Prayers by him. He desired to have the Sacrament administered to him which I told him I would do it to Morrow morning. Poor Gooch has been an invalid for many years. His Pulse I thought was pretty regular, he had been convulsed in one of his hands, but talked pretty cheerful and well. My Clerk's Wife Jane Smith got immensely drunk I hear to-day.

Mar: 2. . . . Poor Neighbour Gooch died this morning about 7 o'clock. I was quite surprised to hear of it indeed, as he did not appear to me yesterday near his latter end. I hope that as his Intention was to receive the Sacrament this morning, that his Will will be, to the Supreme Being, taken as if the Deed had been done. . . .

Mar: 7. . . . My man Ben went to Norwich with my brinded Cow and Calf to sell on the Hill, which were sold by Mr. Burton for the sum of 5. 7. 6. Mr. Burton had bought me a Cow and Calf and which were had home March 5. They cost 6. 0. 0.

Mar: 21. . . . The Papers mention a War with France to be inevitable and will e'er long be publickly proclaimed. . . .[1]

April 7. . . . My nephew and self took a walk about 11 this morning to Mr. Howes and there we dined and spent the afternoon with him and his Wife, Mr. Bodham, Mr. and Miss Donne. We spent the afternoon in fishing Mr. Howes's pond. I lent him my large drag net, and my cart carried it over for him, and Harry Dunnell, Will and Ben went with the same. We caught vast quantities of Fish called Cruzers, they are a very beautiful Fish of a yellow hue, but none very large, almost all the same size—some few Carp and Tench. I gave Mr. Howes 20 brace of stock Tench and he gave me in return 50 brace of Cruzers. My folks all dined at Mr. Howes and then came away. We had for dinner some stewed carp, some Cruzers fried which were very good indeed —a Fillet of Veal rosted and a Ham, and some Mince Pies and Tarts. . . .

April 10. . . . Had a prodigious large Leg of Pork of Billy Bidewell this afternoon and which weighed 28 Pd. and ½ and for which I owe him.

April 15. . . . We breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Brewed a vessell of strong Beer today. My two large Piggs, by drinking some Beer grounds taking out of one of my Barrels today, got so amazingly drunk by it, that they were not able to stand and

[1] See p. 230, and foot-note, pp. 240–1.

appeared like dead things almost, and so remained all night from dinner time today. I never saw Piggs so drunk in my life, I slit their ears for them without feeling.

April 16. We breakfasted, dined supped and slept again at home. My 2 Piggs are still unable to walk yet, but they are better than they were yesterday. They tumble about the yard and can by no means stand at all steady yet. In the afternoon my 2 Piggs were tolerably sober.

April 18. . . . Between 5 and 6 in the evening I took a ride to Honingham and buried one Willen late a schoolmaster there and who died very sudden being taken as he came from Durham. His son and Daughter attended him to the grave and were much concerned for their Father. Pray God comfort them. None but those that have lost their Parents can feel that sorrow which such an event generally produces. . . .

April 24. . . . Who should come to my House about 2 o'clock this day but my cousin Js. Lewis from Nottinghamshire and on foot and only a dog (by name Careless) with him. He was most miserably clothed indeed in every respect. He dined and supped and slept at my House. He slept with my Nephew in the yellow Chamber. He looked much better than when we saw him in Somersett last, in Health. . . .

April 25. . . . Cousin Lewis breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. I gave Lewis a Tobacco Box this morning, a Pr of Shoes, a Pr of Stockings, a Pr of Breeches and Shirt and Stock, and an old Coat and Waistcoat. . . .

May 16. . . . About 7 o'clock this evening who should arrive at my House in a Post-Chaise and Pair, but

Mr. Pounsett and sister Pounsett. [He had been expecting them but did not know exactly when they would arrive.] They had come that day 100 miles. They set out from Ansford on Wednesday morn' last, and they came by way of London and in a Post Chaise all the way from London. They were much tired especially my Sister, but she was pretty tolerable. They supped and slept at my House. I was exceeding glad to see them, but did not expect them so soon. They slept in my yellow Chamber, and Cousin Lewis and Bill slept up in the garrett over my Chamber.

May 18. We all breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Weston. This morning I had my great Pond drawn to show Mr. Pounsett and Jenny some diversion. And we had the largest Pike we caught for dinner and it weighed 7 Pounds. Mr. Pounsett and Jenny said they never eat so fine a Fish in all their lives—it was prodigious nice indeed. In the evening I took a walk and showed Mr. Pounsett and Jenny my Church etc., they being not at Church on Sunday as it rained much that day in the afternoon.

May 21. We all breakfasted, dined and slept again at Weston. I walked up to the White Hart with Mr. Lewis and Bill to see a famous Woman in Men's Cloaths, by name Hannah Snell,[1] who was 21 years as a common soldier in the Army, and not discovered

[1] Hannah Snell (1723–92) had enlisted in 1745, after being deserted by her husband, a Dutch seaman. It was not till 1750 that she revealed her military adventures, a book of them being published under the title *The Female Soldier: the surprising Adventures of Hannah Snell*, which the author of the notice of her in the *D. N. B.* considers much embroidered. She married a second and third time. An account of her extraordinary career will also be found in Fortescue's monumental *History of the British Army*.

by any as a woman. Cousin Lewis has mounted guard with her abroad. She went in the Army by the name of John Gray. She has a Pension from the Crown now of 18. 5. 0 per annum and the liberty of wearing Men's Cloaths and also a Cockade in her Hat, which she still wears. She has laid in a room with 70 Soldiers and not discovered by any of them. The forefinger of her right hand was cut of by a Sword at the taking of Pondicherry. She is now about 60 yrs of age and talks very sensible and well, and travels the country with a Basket at her back, selling Buttons, Garters, laces etc. I took 4 Pr of 4*d* Buttons and gave her 0. 2. 6. At 10 o'clock we all went down to the River with our Nets a-fishing. . . . At Lenswade Bridge we caught a Prodigious fine Pike which weighed 8 Pound and half and it had in his Belly another Pike, of above a Pound. We caught also there the finest Trout I ever saw which weighed 3 Pound and two ounces. Good Pike and Trout we also caught besides.

May 24. . . . About 10 o'clock this evening my servant Will: came home rather intoxicated and was exceedingly impudent and saucy towards me. Said he would leave me at Midsummer or to Morrow morning etc. Will's behaviour made me very uneasy, I gave him notice that now he should go away at Midsummer. . . .

May 25. Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett and Bill breakfasted, dined, supped etc here. Cousin Lewis breakfasted with us and then took his leave of us, as he must now go to Beeston. Mr. Pounsett went with him so far as Lenswade Bridge. Bill went with Cousin Lewis as far as Elmham on foot. I gave Cousin Lewis going away 0. 10. 6. Cousin Lewis could not help crying on going away.

On June 2 the Diarist, Bill, and Mr. and Mrs. Pounsett and Will the servant make an expedition to Yarmouth, staying at Norwich on the way.

June 4. We all breakfasted and dined at the Wrestlers. After breakfast we took a walk about Yarmouth, called at Boulters shop in the Market Place and there I bought a fine doll for Jenny's little Maid. pd for it 0. 5. 0. For a dram Bottle covered with Leather pd 0. 2. 0. For a silk Purse pd. 0. 3. 0. For a turn screw and picker for a gun pd 0. 1. 0. Jenny bought a good many little things for her girl. Boulter is a very civil Man and a Quaker. He is also an Antiquarian and has a good many Curiosities as well as Medals. He shewed me a complete set of Copper Coins of the 12 Caesars. He offered to sell them to me for 10 guineas, but I could not spare the money. We went also and saw the Church and Church Yard. This being the King's Birthday, Yarmouth was quite alive, the Cambridgeshire Militia was there and were exercised. Bells ringing. The Flags from the Ships in the sea and on the Quay all flying. At 11 o'clock I drove my sister down to the Front in a Yarmouth Coach and there stayed till after the Cannon were all fired. Mr. Pounsett and Bill walked down to the Fort. At one o'clock the Cannons on the Fort were all fired. I fired the first Cannon on it of six Pounders and the second—and I likewise fired two of the largest Cannons 24 Pounders. They made a prodigious report. I stayed upon the Fort all the time they were fired. Bill let of 4 Cannon, and Will let of one of the largest. Several Women were there. Mr. Pounsett and Jenny walked about a Mile from the Fort during the firing of the Cannon. We eat and drank

at the Fort and I paid and gave 0. 7. 6. We returned at 3 to the Wrestlers and there dined. [They went back to Weston by coach and chaise which they reached at 10.0 p.m.] . . . we were all pretty much fatigued before we got to bed, which was not till 1 in the morning. We had a couple of Fowls rosted for supper after we got home and we eat very hearty of them indeed. . . .

June 5. . . . Mr. Custance Senr of Ringland called on me this morn' caught me in a very great disabelle, and long beard. He stayed with me about half an Hour. Talked exceedingly civil and obliging and behaved very polite. . . .

This is Mr. John Custance, 'my Squire', of whom and of whose wife we shall hear frequently hereafter. He was born in 1749, the son of Hambleton Custance, and grandson of John Custance who had purchased the Weston property in 1726. Mr. Custance's wife was the second daughter of Sir William Beauchamp-Proctor—created a baronet in 1745—and she was, therefore, sister-in-law of Sir Edmund Bacon, kinsman of the owner of Earlham (see p. 233), a name which now conjures up charming pictures of later Gurneys through the pious art of Mr. Percy Lubbock. The Custances, as will appear from the Diary, had numerous children, seven of whom survived. Squire Custance's pleasant character and the charm of his wife are revealed as the Diary proceeds. The Squire, it is amusing to know, maintained some touch with the great world of London as being a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.[1]

June 9. . . .[The Diarist has to go to Norwich on

[1] Burke's *Landed Gentry*, 1921, under Custance.

business.] . . . In the evening about 9 o'clock there was a great Riot upon the Castle Hill between the officers of the Western Battalion of the Norfolk Militia, and the common soldiers and Mob. Owing to the officers refusing to pay their men a guinea apiece, as they go tomorrow towards the Place of their encampment—several of them refusing to go without it and would not resume their Arms after Roll calling for which they were put into the Guard Room and the mob insisting upon having them out, which occasioned a great riot. The Mob threw stones and some of the soldiers running their Bayonets at the Mob and wounded them. Some of each side were hurt but not mortally wounded or any killed, it lasted till midnight and the officers behaved very well in it. I was at the Place for some time till near 11 o'clock. To odd things this evening pd. 0. 3. 6. I did not go to bed till after 12 and then only pulled of my Coat and Waistcoat and Shoes, as there was such a Bustle and Noise all night and Riot expected again.

June 10. I got up this morning at 4 o'clock and went and saw the Militia march out of Town, a great Mob was present and a great Riot expected, but they went away at 5 and tolerably quiet. . . .

June 14. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Mr. Pounsett, Jenny and Bill breakfasted etc etc here again. I read Prayers and Preached this morn' at Weston. Mr. Custance Senr. and his Lady were at Church and came in a coach and four.

June 30. I breakfasted, supped and slept again at home. Jenny breakfasted, supped and slept here again. Mr. Pounsett and Bill breakfasted, dined etc etc here again. At 1 o'clock myself and Sister took a ride to Mr. du Quesne it being his rotation and there we

dined and spent a very agreeable day with him, and Mr. Holkham from Pembroke, a friend of Mr. du Quesne's, and is a very merry, cheerful, and sensible Man. St. John Priest, Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mr. and Mrs. Paine, Howes's daughter, Mr. and Miss Donne and Mr. Bodham. Mr. Holkham is also a very musical Man, plays well on the violin and therefore we had a Concert also. We had for dinner some Maccarel, a piece of Beef boiled, 3 Fowls rosted, and Bacon, with Tarts etc. We had after dinner vast quantities of Strawberries. At Quadrille this afternoon lost 0. 1. 0. Mrs. Howes appeared in her new silk Sack today, it was very handsome, and of Lilac colour. My sister and self did not return to Weston till after 9. To a poor old Man 80 years old, gave 0. 0. 6.

July 6. . . . In the afternoon about 5 o'clock Mr. Pounsett and Sister took leave of Weston and set of in Lenswade Chaise for Norwich, in which I went with them to Norwich and had my Mare led there by Will. Bill also rode the little Mare with us to Norwich. We saw Mr. du Quesne as soon as we got there. He had bespoke 2 Places in the Coach for Jenny and Mr. P. Jenny, Mr. Pounsett and Bill drank Coffee at the King's Head this evening, and afterwards went to Mr. Baker's shop, Haberdasher in the Market Place and bought some trifling things—for what I bought pd 0. 5. 0. Mr. du Quesne, myself, Mr. Pounsett, Jenny and Bill went to the Angel Inn in the Market Place from whence the Coach goes out, and there we all supped and stayed till 12 o'clock (the time the Coach sets forth for London) and then Mr. du Quesne, Jenny and Mr. Pounsett got into the Coach after taking leave, and went of for London. Pray God they might all have a good and safe journey.

Bill and myself being rather low after, took a walk for about an Hour over the city and then went to the King's Head and went to bed there. At the Angel for Bill and myself I pd 0. 5. 0. My poor dear Sister shook like an aspin leave going away, she never went in a stage Coach before in her Life.

July 29. . . . Reported today that the English and French Fleets had engaged. N.B. the English is reported to have beat the French Fleet to the Purpose.[1]

Aug. 17. . . . Begun shearing my Wheat this morning and gave the shearers according to the Norfolk custom as under, a good breakfast, at 11 o'clock plumb cakes with caraway seeds in them, and some Liquor, a good dinner with plumb Puddings and at 4 Beer again. N.B. the above are called elevens and fours'. Only Ben and Will my shearers of Wheat. Before the dew is of in the morn' they mow Oats. My Wheat this year not above 4 Acres. They shear with sickles instead of Reap-Hooks. The form of them like a Reap-Hook but the Edge of it like a saw, and they do exceeding well. Will brewed this morning a barrel of Ale before he went shearing Wheat at 12 o'clock.

Aug. 18. . . . I buried poor Miss Rose this evening at Weston aged 20 years. It was a very pretty decent Funeral. But Js. Smith the Clerk made me wait in performing the office at the grave near a Qr of an Hour, the grave not being long enough a good deal. It was a very great interruption. I gave it to Js. afterwards. I had a Hatband and a pair of gloves sent me. I was quite low this evening.

Aug. 25. . . . Ben went to help Stephen Andrew's Men

[1] See pp. 240–1, foot-note.

at Harvest, came home in the evening in Liquor, and at 11 o'clock after I got up to my Room to go to bed, I heard my little Puppy cry much and therefore I went down to see what was the matter with him and he had got his Head between the Pales by the garden gate and could not get back again, I released him and carried him towards the back door and there I saw a light burning in Ben's Room, upon that I walked up into his Room, and there saw him laying flat upon his back on the bed asleep with his Cloaths on and the candle burning on the Table. I waked him, made him put out the candle and talked with him a little on it, but not much as he was not in a capacity of answering but little. I was very uneasy to see matters go on so badly.

Aug. 26. . . . Mr. Baldwin called on us this morning, and talked with us concerning a Midshipman's Place for Bill and desired us to drink a Dish of Tea with him in the afternoon which we promised him. . . . In the afternoon took a walk with Bill to Mr. Baldwin's at Ling and there drank a dish of Tea with him, Miss Vertue Baldwin, Mr. Hammerton, Dr. Neale. Had a good deal of Chat with Mr. Hammerton about Bill. Bill is to go to London when Mr. Hammerton goes which will be very soon, to show himself to a Captain of a ship and that Mr. Hammerton will use all his Interest for him. I have been most uneasy and most unhappy all day about one thing or another. When Bill goes away I shall have no one to converse with—quite without a Friend.

The entry for this day has been much crossed out—I suspect by some early Victorian great-niece of the Diarist—but from such parts as are decipherable, taken

in conjunction with later entries, I gather that the Diarist's maid, Sukey, confesses to him that she is with child by one Humphrey. Bill also had been causing him anxiety for some time—again the entries have been deleted, but portions are just decipherable—apparently by paying too great attentions to the fair sex. The combination of anxieties, and it is clear the Diarist was much attached to his nephew—sufficiently accounts for the depressed conclusion of this day's entry.

Aug. 28. . . . [The Diarist and Bill visit Mr. Hammerton.] We sat and talked a good deal about Bill's proceeding with regard to the Navy. Mr. Hammerton said that he would do what he could, and would advance him money to rig himself out, if he succeeds, upon my promise of paying him again soon. It was so friendly in Mr. Hammerton that I could not but comply in so critical an affair. Bill is therefore to go in the London Coach on Sunday evening and wait at the Swan and two Necks in Lads Lane London till Mr. Hammerton calls on him, which he says will be either Monday evening or Tuesday morning early—Mr. Hammerton rides. Very low and ill withal especially going to bed. Sukey went before Justice Buxton today with her [Information?] to swear to the Father of the Child she is big with. I had a note from Mr. Buxton which Sukey brought to desire the Parish Officer the Overseer to come with her, and then he would take her Information.

Aug. 29. . . . My Maid Sukey went with Mr. Palmer to Mr. Justice Buxton and he granted a Warrant to take up Humphrey.

Aug. 30. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston. Gave my Nephew to go to London this

morning 5. 5. 0. About 8 in the evening I took a ride with Bill to Norwich and there took a Place in the Coach for him. We drank Coffee at the King's Head this evening. We supped at the Angel Inn, as the London Machine set out from thence at 12 at night. I stayed with Bill till 12, saw him safe into the Machine and then I went to the King's Head where I slept but very little. . . . At the Angel this evening I paid and gave 0. 7. 0. I was very restless and uneasy all night.

Sept. 3. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. I told Sukey this morning my Opinion of her respecting the late affair that has happened to her.

Sept. 7. . . . I sent a Note this morning to Mr. Custance of Ringland to let him know that I would dine with him to-day, but he was gone to dine with Sir Edmund Bacon at Earlham.[1] I took a ride in the evening to Lyng, called at Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Hammerton's

[1] Earlham has recently been made famous by Mr. Percy Lubbock's book of that title. A long history of the two manors there will be found in vol. iv of Blomefield's *History of Norfolk* (pp. 509–16, edition of 1806). The property appears to have passed to the Bacon family in the second half of the seventeenth century through the marriage of Elizabeth Waller to Francis Bacon, Esq., a descendant of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon. Edward Bacon, Esq., is stated by Blomefield in 1745 to be 'the present lord and patron, who hath his seat here'. Edward Bacon was for many years M.P. for Norwich (returned in 1754, 1761, 1768, 1744, and 1780), and Recorder. Sir Edmund Bacon had succeeded to the premier baronetcy of England (1611) and another of 1627 creation on March 26, 1773. He married on January 29, 1778, Anne, first daughter of Sir William Beauchamp-Proctor (first baronet, 1745), and died September 5, 1820. (See Cokayne's *Baronetage* under Bacon.) His wife was Mrs. Custance's sister. It will be remembered that Mr. Lubbock describes Earlham as being leased to the Gurneys towards the end of the eighteenth century; in 1786, to be precise. The Vicars of Earlham date back to 1267; until the Reformation they were 'presented by the Nuns of Carrow'.

and returned home again. About 10 at Night my Nephew returned from London and he brought me a letter from Mr. Hammerton who informs me that Captain Allen of the Chatham a 50 gun ship will take my Nephew if he is properly and handsomely equipped, which will cost about 60 Pounds. He must therefore go into the West and try his Friends. For my part I cannot do it for him I am sure. . . .

Sept. 8. . . . Bill breakfasted, dined and spent the afternoon here and in the evening set of from my House for the West to consult his Friends on the affair, and try what they will do. I gave him to bear his expenses 3. 13. 6. He went to Norwich on Horseback and my Servant Ben went with him, and then Ben returned about 11 o'clock. He could not get a place in the inside of the London Coach and therefore obliged to ride in the outside. He goes from London in the Frome or some other coach from the West. He is greatly fatigued already.

Sept. 9. I breakfasted and slept again at home. Sent a Letter this morning by Mr. Burton to Mr. Priests at Reepham respecting my servant Boy whom I take out of Charity, whether I am to pay for him according to the late Act relating to Servants.[1] Mr. Priest is one of the Commissioners and there is a Meeting this day at Reepham, concerning that and the duty on Houses. To Mr. Burrow's Harvest Men gave 0. 1. 0. I took a ride to Ringland about 2 o'clock

[1] The tax on men servants was imposed in 1777 by Lord North when compelled to find fresh revenue of nearly £250,000. He borrowed the idea from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Adam Smith had borrowed it from Holland, where the tax was in vogue. In 1785 Pitt extended the tax to maidservants, despite 'many jokes of a free description', as Stephen Dowell observes. (See Dowell's *History of Taxation, etc.*, vol. ii, pp. 169–70 and 190–1.)

and there dined, spent the afternoon and supped and spent the evening at Mr. Custance's with him, his Wife and an old maiden Lady by name Miss Rush. I spent a most agreeable day there and was very merry. Mrs. Custance and self played at Back Gammon together. Mr. and Mrs. Custance are very agreeable people indeed, and both behaved exceedingly polite and civil to me. I there saw an Instrument which Mrs. Custance played on that I never saw or heard of before. It is called Sticcardo pastorale. It is very soft Music indeed. It is several long pieces of glass laid in order in a case, resting on each end of every piece of glass, and is played in the middle parts of the glasses by two little sticks with Nobbs at the end of them stricking the glass. It is a very small Instrument and looks when covered like a working Box for Ladies. I also saw the prettiest working Box with all sorts of things in it for the Ladies to carry with them when they go abroad, about as big again as a Tea Chest, that ever I saw in my Life. It could not cost less than five guineas. We had for dinner some common Fish, a Leg of Mutton rosted and a baked Pudding the first Course; and a rost Duck, a Meat Pye, Eggs and Tarts the second. For supper we had a brace of Partridges rosted, some cold Tongue, Potatoes in Shells and Tarts. I returned to Weston about ½ past ten o'clock. To Servants at Ringland—2.—gave 0. 2. 0. Mr. Custance also gave me to carry Home a brace of Partridges, which my servant Will brought home. They keep 6 Men Servants and 4 Maids.

Oct. 3. . . . Had a letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett and another from Mr. Pounsett both inclosed in a Frank. Had another from Bill from

London to desire me to send him a 10 Pd Bill, but cannot. He has got however from his Friends 50 Pounds.

Oct. 5. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Mr. Palmer called on me this morning and I had a long chat with him about Sukey, also about the Highways, and lastly about Methodists. To Mr. Cary for things from Norwich etc. pd—0. 8. 4. About 11 o'clock at night just as I was going to bed my Nephew Wm. Woodforde came to my House on foot. He came this evening in the Norwich Coach from London. He was much disappointed at London on hearing that the Chatham was sailed and therefore prevented going on board her. He slept at my House but all the Folks were gone to bed and he obliged to sleep without any sheets. The Ship was sailed about a Week, they kept him in the Country so long about raising 50 Pounds, that occasioned his disappointment. 3 Weeks there.

Oct. 10. . . . I went to East Tuddenham and read Prayers and preached a Charity sermon for du Quesne there. A Mr. and Mrs. Reevans by Will gave some Land to the Poor of that place and likewise money for a sermon to be preached as on this day for ever. I had not above 10 People at Church there to-day. . . . Due to me from du Quesne for preaching for him at Honingham 14 sermons at 10/6 each—7. 7. 0.

Oct. 14. . . . Paid my Servant Maid Sukey Boxly this morning a yrs wages due Oct. 10. The sum of 4. 0. 0. Gave to her besides her Wages, as going away 0. 4. 0. I sent Cary's Cart with one of my Horses by Ben to Little Melton about 4 Miles beyond Easton after my new Maid this afternoon, and she returned about 6 o'clock. Her name is Eliz: Caxton about 40 yrs

of age, but how she will do I know not as yet but her Wages are 5. 15. 6 per annum, but out of that she is to find herself in Tea and Sugar. She is not the most engaging I must confess by her first appearance that she makes. My other Maid came to me also this evening. Her name is Anne Lillistone of Lenswade Bridge about 18 years of age but very plain, however I like her better than the other at the first sight, I am to give her 2. 0. 0. per annum and to make her an allowance to find herself in Tea and Sugar. Sukey this evening left us, but in Tears, most sad.

Oct. 29. . . . Myself and Bill took a ride about Noon to Mr. Baldwins at Lyng and there dined, spent the afternoon, supped, and spent the evening and stayed till after 1 in the Morn. We were very merry and very agreeable there. We had for dinner a dish of Fish, some boiled fowls, some Bacon, a Tongue boiled, a Leg of Mutton rosted, some Oysters, Mince Pyes and Syllabubs. We had for supper fryed Herrings, hash Mutton, cold Tongue, Mince Pies, and Syllabubs and stewed Pears. Mrs. Hammerton, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Vertue, and Miss Nancy Baldwin, and a Mr. Shute, a young Man Ensign in the Guards, and a near Relation of Mrs. Baldwin, and whose Father lives near Oxford at a place called Shottover. We played at Cards both before and after Supper. At which I lost the most in all about 0. 9. 0. We did not get to Weston till 2 in the morning and did not get to bed till near 4 o'clock.

Nov. 6. . . . This morning I had some suspicion that Bill was concerned with my Maid Nancy and also that she appeared to me to be with child. I was uneasy. But the Truth will appear e'er long if so. Sukey my late Maid was at my House all day today

to shew Nann to make Butter, and help in ironing. . . .

Nov. 10. . . . Had a letter this evening from Sister Pounsett with a Bank Bill in it of 10. 0. 0. Had a letter also from Js. Lewis to petition my assistance, he having lately broke his left arm. Put some Peas into ground in my walled garden.

Nov. 13. . . . [The Diarist and Bill go to Norwich for the day.] I supped and spent the evening with Mr. Francis Senr, his Son and Daughter and Family are at Saham. Bill was to have been at Mr. Francis's this evening but I apprehend he was after some of the Town Ladies. After I came from Mr. Francis's I took a walk in pursuit of Bill but he was got to the Inn.

Nov. 21. . . . I told my Maid Betty this morning that the other maid Nanny looked so big about the Waist that I was afraid she was with Child, but Betty told me she thought not, but would soon inform me if it is so.

Nov. 23. . . . I told Bill this morning that I should have nothing more to say to him or do for him— and I gave him his money that he desired me to keep for him. He was very low on the Occasion and cried much. . . .

Nov. 26. . . . [He visits Mr. du Quesne with his servant.] As we came back it was stormy and dark and as we came out of the Lane that goes to du Quesne's upon the Turnpike on the right hand just by the Direction Post we could perceive a black Horse standing still against the Hedge, but could not discover any Man upon it, but as we just got into the Wood, Will said he heard the Horse move as if coming after us, but we jogged on and thank God got home very safe and

undisturbed. It was between 11 and 12 at night. It had rather a suspicious appearance I thought.

Nov. 28. . . . Bad News upon the Papers this evening as the French, Spaniards, Americans and the Dutch are all against us.

Nov. 29. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. I had notice given in Church this morning for my Parishioners to meet at my House on Tuesday next and pay their respective dues for Tithe. Mr. Hammerton sent a letter to Bill this afternoon and in it one from a Mr. Toulmin agent for the Chatham to Mr. Hammerton to inform him that the Chatham would be at Sheerness the ensuing week, and that Bill would set out to meet her there. Bill went down immediately to Lyng to Mr. Hammerton and stayed there till near 8 o'clock. He is to go off the ensuing week which I am glad of.

Dec. 7. . . . About 8 this afternoon I went to Norwich with my nephew who goes in the London Machine this Night, on his sea expedition, which if he does not succeed in on board the Chatham, is not to return here but go into the West and get into a Bristol Privateer. Mrs. Hammerton sent up a Bottle of Catchup to be carried to her son, but we could not carry it. I put up my Horses at the King's Head and slept there. We drank Tea at the King's Head this evening and we supped together at the Angel Inn in the Coffee Room there, from whence the Coach sets of, I stayed there till the Coach went of, which was exactly at 12 at night. I saw Bill safe into the Coach and then returned to my Inn to sleep. Bill set off in tolerable good spirits. I gave him to spend between young Hammerton and self as we could not carry the Catchup 0. 10. 6. Gave to Bill besides for

himself 1. 1. 0. My servant Will went with us to Norwich, and carried behind him two very fine Turkey Cocks which went in the Coach, and they were Presents from me to Mr. Toulmin and Mr. Charles Hammerton. Mr. Toulmin is Agent to the Chatham and Mr. Hammerton is Brother to Mr. Hammerton of Lyng and who behaved particularly civil to Bill when last in London for there he slept etc. . . .

Dec. 8. I breakfasted and slept again at the King's Head. . . . I went to Mr. Priest's where I dined and spent the afternoon with him, his Wife, Miss Fanny Priest their daughter who is but just alive, their son John, Mr. Priest of Reepham and daughter Rebecca. I paid Mr. Priest for Wine and Rum 6. 13. 0. We had for dinner some Norfolk Dumplins and a Goose. A very poor dinner for so many of us I think. The two Priests and myself went to the Castle Hill in the afternoon to see the Man Satire which was nothing more than a large Monkey. I gave there 0. 0. 6. It did not answer our Expectations at all.

Dec. 19. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. I shot a Rook and a Jackdaw at one shot this morning and I believe 50 yards from me. I had a long letter from my sister, Pounsett, this even'. Admiral Keppell and Sir Hugh Palliser two of our chief Admirals have had a grand Quarrel and are both to have a Court Martial set upon them soon.[1]

[1] The quarrel between Sir Hugh Palliser (1723–96) and Admiral Keppel (1725–86) arose out of the indecisive action in the Channel of July 24–7, 1778, between the French and British Fleets. Keppel was in command, and Palliser in second command. It appears that Palliser disobeyed an order of Keppel's at a vital moment, so the French Fleet got away. Keppel honourably but unwisely suppressed any official report of Palliser's insubordination, but the facts leaked out, and Palliser, who hated Keppel

Dec. 23. . . . Mr. du Quesne, Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mr. Bodham, Mrs. Davy and children Betsy and Nunn, Mr. and Miss Donne, and their cousin a little boy by name Charles Donne of London dined and spent the afternoon with me being my Rotation and all but Mr. du Quesne supped, and spent the whole night with me being very dark and some falling rain. Mr. Bodham, myself and Mr. Donne sat up the whole night and played at cards till 6 in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Howes went to bed in my Bedroom about 2 in the Morning. Miss Donne, Betsy and Nunn Davis slept together in the Yellow Room. Mr. Donnes Nephew slept in Will's Room with Mr. Donne's Man Charles. All my Folks sat up. About 6 in the Morning we serenaded the folks that were a bed with our best on the Hautboy. Mr. du Quesne went home about 10 o'clock. I did all I could to prevail on him to stay, but could not. I gave them for dinner 3 Fowls boiled, part of a Ham, the major part of which Ham was entirely eat out by the Flies getting into it, a tongue boiled, a Leg of Mutton rosted, and an excellent currant Pudding. I gave them for Supper a couple of Rabbitts smothered in onions, some Hash Mutton, and some rosted Potatoes.

—Keppel was a Whig and Palliser a Tory—urged his friend, Lord Sandwich (see pp. 249–50) to have Keppel court-martialled. Keppel was charged with every kind of inefficiency and even cowardice by his subordinate. The court-martial was held, and resulted (February 11, 1779) in a triumphant vindication of Keppel. The popular feeling was all on Keppel's side, and the overjoyed mob burnt Palliser's house in Pall Mall and tore down the Admiralty gates. London was illuminated for two nights, and Keppel's head was painted on the signs of country inns, where it is to be seen to this day. (See notices of Keppel and Palliser in *D. N. B.* and Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv, pp. 93–4.)

We were exceeding merry indeed all the night. I believe at cards that I lost about 0. 2. 6.

Dec. 26. . . . Bad news from Oxford on the Paper this evening, viz. that on Dec. 18 a terrible fire broke out in Queen's College at 3 in the morning, and entirely destroyed the West Wing of the New Quadrangle with the Provosts Buildings and burnt quite to ground. I am very sorry for the sad Misfortune.

Dec. 27. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. I read Prayers and administered the H: Sacrament this morning at Weston. Mr. and Mrs. Custance of Ringland at Church and at the Sacrament. As Mr. and Mrs. Custance were going to see their brother, Mr. Press Custance after church, they took me up in their coach and brought me home, and they came into my House and warmed themselves and stayed ¼ of an Hour. J. Smith my clerk, Harry Dunnell and my late maid Sukey all dined with our Folks in the Kitchen. I had part of a Rump of Beef boiled and a Turkey rosted. I sent Harry Dunnell's wife a dinner to-day. I was rather dull, being quite alone.

Dec. 30. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Potter dined and spent the afternoon with me and stayed till 8 in the evening. I gave them for dinner a piece of boiled Beef and a plain suet Pudding, and a fine Turkey rosted. Mason of Sparham came to my House, with his 10 Bells this afternoon and played before my Company and they were as well pleased as Children on hearing them. . . .

1779. Jan. 1st. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. This morning very early about 1 o'clock a most dreadful storm of wind with Hail

and Snow happened here and the Wind did not quite abate till the evening. A little before 2 o'clock I got up, my bedsted rocking under me, and never in my life that I know of, did I remember the Wind so high or of so long continuance. I expected every Moment that some part or other of my House must have been blown down, but blessed be God the whole stood, only a few Tiles displaced. My Servants also perceived their Bedsteds to shake. Thanks be to God that none of my People or self were hurt. My Chancel received great damage as did my Barn. The Leads from my Chancel were almost all blown of with some Parts of the Roof. The North West Window blown in and smashed all to pieces. The East Window also damaged but not greatly. The North W: Leads on the top of the Church also, some of them blown up and ruffled, besides 2 windows injured. The Clay on the North end of my Barn blown in and the West side of the Roof the Thatch, most all blown away, leaving many holes in it. The damage sustained by me will amount I suppose to 50 Pounds if not more. However I thank God no lives were lost that I hear of and I hope not. Mr. Shaddlelows Barn, Michael Andrews's, with many others all blown down. Numbers of Trees torn up by the Roots in many Places. In the evening the Wind abated and was quite calm when I went to bed, about 11 o'clock. Since what happened this morning, I prolonged the Letter that I designed to send to my sister Pounsett to relate what had happened here by the storm. And this evening sent it to her by Mr. Cary. A smart frost this evening. As the year begins rather unfortunate to me, hope the other Parts of it will be as propitious to me.

It appears from subsequent entries that so badly had the church been damaged by the storm that no services could be held till February 19th, by which date the necessary repairs to the chancel roof had been completed.

Jan. 3. . . . I sent Will to Mrs. Hammerton's at Lyng this afternoon to enquire after Bill and by a Letter recd there Bill has altered his Mind. N.B. Bill is gone into Somersett and does not intend going into the Chatham.

Jan. 16. . . . A sad gang of Villains that infested these parts of 10 in number apprehended and sent to the Castle.

Jan. 18. . . . This being the Queen's Birthday about 1 o'clock I fired off my Blunderbuss once on the occasion. It had 2 Tops of Powder put in with Paper upon it. To my maid Betty for 1 couple of Rabbits 0. 0. 8.

Jan. 21. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Poor Js. Pratt died this afternoon in the small Pox in the natural way. He never could be prevailed on to be inoculated. He has left a wife just ready to be brought to bed, with 6 more small children. Pray God send comfort to the poor widow and Family.

Jan. 22. [He spends the day at Mr. Baldwin's and meets Mr. Hammerton]. . . . Mr. Hammerton and I had some talk about my nephew, he said that he believed him to be a very unsteady Man. That he was very desirous and eager after the Chatham before she returned, and that when she did, he altered his Mind, forsook her, and fled into the West. Mr. H: told me also that the Captain had

kept a place open entirely for him, and that he would have been very soon promoted. The Captain was much displeased as well as Mr. Hammerton, who had both been very kind to him and did all they could for him. He will never I believe turn out very well anywhere, and his Parents whatever they may promise, will do nothing. His Father had wrote a Letter to him to let him know that he would get a Lieutenancy of Marines for him—that his Uncle Thos. Woodforde had promised to speak to my L^d^. Guildford[1] for him about the same. I wish my Head might never ake before that Time.

Jan. 25. . . . Busy this morning in cleaning my Jack, and did it completely. My stomach rather sick this evening—Mince Pye rose oft.

Jan. 26. [Rotation Day at Mr. Howes]. . . . Just as the Company was gone Mrs. Howes attacked Mr. Howes about putting down the chaise and she talked very roughly to him and strutted about the Room. It was rather too much in her. I did not stay long to hear it, but soon decamped and was at home before 10.

Feb. 6. [at Norwich]. . . . I went to Mr. Priest's and Mr. Priest, a Mr. Ferman and myself went to see a remarkable large Pigg, which even exceeded our Idea of him. He is said to weigh 50 stone, is 9 foot from the Tip of his Tail to the Top of his Snout in length, and 4 foot high when standing. He is obliged to be

[1] Francis North, first Earl of Guilford (1704–90). He was father of the famous Lord North, Prime Minister (though he himself asserted that 'there was no such thing in the British Constitution') from 1770 to 1782. Lord Guilford was not a remarkable man in any way, but he was a great favourite at Court (of George III and Queen Charlotte), and therefore very influential. (See *D. N. B.*)

helped up when down. I never saw such a Creature in my Life.

Feb. 9. I breakfasted and slept again at home. At 1 o'clock took a ride to Lyng and dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening and stayed till after 2 this morning at Mr. Hammerton's, with him and his Wife, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Nancy. Mr. Loyd and his wife of Belough, dined and spent the afternoon and stayed till near 8 in the evening with us at Mr. Hammerton's. We had for dinner a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers, 3 Fowls rosted, and a Tongue, a plain Pudding, Custards, Tarts and Syllabubs. For supper a hot Gibblett Pye, cold Fowl and Tongue, Potted Beef, Tarts, Custards and Syllabubs. Mr. Loyd is a very agreeable Man, sings exceeding well, keeps a Pack of Hounds, is a Captain in the Militia, a Justice of Peace, and of good Fortunes. At Loo this evening Nancy Baldwin and myself going partners, we won between us 0. 5. 0. I took 2 shillings and gave Nancy the rest. We were very merry indeed all the whole Time. I gave to Mr. Hammerton's servants—0. 2. 0. I did not get to bed till after 4 this morning. My Maid Nanny walked downstairs to the kitchen door naked this night in her sleep.

Feb. 13. . . . By this Days Paper an account is given that the trial of Admiral Keppel is over, and that the Court had 'declared and said that the Court are 'unanimously of opinion that the charge of Sir Hugh 'Palliser is malicious and ill-founded, and that 'Admiral Keppel behaved as became a judicious, 'brave and experienced officer. This Court there-'fore do honourably acquit him. . . .' At the receipt of the above intelligence a general Illumination took

place throughout London and Westminster accompanied by ringing of Bells, firing of Canon etc.[1] I gave the People at work for me at church a pretty severe Jobation this aft: finding them at the Inn.

Feb. 17. . . . I lent my servant Will: Coleman this evening to subscribe towards raising a Man for the Militia if he should be drawn, as there are many more that have done the same at 10/6 each 1: 1: 0.

Feb. 27. . . . Never known scarce such fine weather at this season of the year, and of so long Continuance ever since almost the storm of the 1. of Jan. It was like June to-day. Thanks to God for such glorious weather.

March 5. . . . Sent a letter this evening to Dr. Oglander, Warden of New College to petition him for assistance in repairing my Chancel with the Society. . . .

Mar. 15. . . . I spent some part of the morning at Church and my new seat (and a very handsome one made of Deal) was finished this day in putting up in the Chancel and made by Mr. Pyle of Hockering, but I found most of the Deal to do it with. The old seat that was is converted into a Servants seat—and they both look neat and will completely so when painted.

Mar. 23. I breakfasted, and slept again at home. Memorandum. In shaving my face this morning I happened to cut one of my moles which bled much, and happening also to kill a small moth that was flying about, I applied it to my mole and it instantaneously stopped the bleeding.

Mar. 30. . . . Never known perhaps such a long continuance of dry and fine Weather, we have had no

[1] See pp. 240–1, foot-note.

settled Rain for any time for almost two years last past.

Mar. 31. I breakfasted and slept again at home. I took a ride about 2 o'clock to Mr. Custance's at Ringland, and there dined, supped, spent the even' with him and his wife and Lady Bacon. We had for dinner for the 1. course a dish of fish, a Leg of Mutton, rosted and some Ham and Chicken Tarts. The 2nd Course an Orange Apple Pudding, some Asparagus, Veal Collops, Syllabubs and Jelly. Soon after dinner was obliged to return to Overton to bury old Mrs. Pegg at 5 o'clock which I did aged 73 yrs. I had a Hatband and a pair of white kidd gloves. I returned to Mr. Custances by tea time and after tea we got to Cards to Whist at which I lost 0. 1. 6. Mrs. Custance and self attacked Lady Bacon and Mr. Custance. I spent a very agreeable day there to-day. We had some Parmezan Cheese after dinner and supper of which I eat very hearty and like it exceedingly. I gave to one of Mr. Custance's servants 0. 1. 0. I got home about 11 at night.

April 3. . . . Quite a Summer's day and exceeding fair. Had a letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett. Had another from Dr. Oglander, Warden of New Coll: Oxford, in answer to mine, and very satisfactory it was. Five poor unhappy young men were hanged this day at Norwich, for divers misdemeanours, at the last Assizes they were condemned—Bell, Boddy, Bridges, Partridge and Gryfin, none of them but what were quite young, but Villains. . . .

April 11. . . . Between 11 and 12 o'clock this morning I went to Church and publickly christned Mr. Custance's child of Ringland, it had been privately named before, and the name of it was Hambleton

Thomas. The Gossips were Sir Edmund Bacon Proxy for Sir Thomas Beauchamp, Mr. Press Custance and Lady Bacon. Mr. and Mrs. Custance also present at the ceremony. There were Coaches at Church. Mr. Custance immediately after the Ceremony came to me and desired me to accept a small Present; it was wrapped up in a Piece of white Paper very neat, and on opening of it, I found it contained nothing less than the sum of 4. 4. 0. He gave the Clerk also 0. 10. 6.

April 15. I breakfasted, and supped again at home. About 2 o'clock took a ride to Mr. Custance's at Ringland and there dined, spent the afternoon supped and spent the evening with him and Mrs. Custance, and Lady Bacon. Sir Edmund Bacon came to us just at supper time and he supped etc there. Sir Edmund was rather merry, and was very cheerful. He is quite a young man and personable, but has an odd cast with his eyes,—rather cross sighted. I spent a very agreeable day at Ringland. We had for dinner a Breast of Veal ragouted, a fine Piece of boiled beef, a Pidgeon Pye, Custards, Puffs, and some Lemon Cream. For Supper, a young Chicken, cold tongue etc. At Whist this evening, Mrs. Custance and myself against Lady Bacon and Mr. Custance—and I lost 0. 2. 0. It was astonishing hot and sultry most part of the day, and in the evening a good deal of lightening. Most uncommon weather for the time of the year. The Thermometer as high as at any time last summer. I got home about 11 at night.

April 17. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. A Miss Wray Mistress to Lord Sandwich [1]

[1] John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718–92), after a varied career as general, politician, and ambassador, became First Lord of the

was last week shot thro the head as she was getting into her Coach from the Playhouse in London, by one Mr. Ackman, a Clergyman, he was immediately taken into custody and will be hanged it is supposed. It is thought that it was done thro' dispair of love. He immediately after shooting her discharged another Pistol at his own head, it grazed his fore-head but did not kill him, as some one pulled his arm. A Captain Bruce also last week shot himself thro the head, but not immediately killed him, he then fell on his sword which broke in his body ; a servant then got into the room, a Surgeon was sent for who dressed his wounds and put him to bed. He then took a large knife, not having despatched himself and stabbed himself which also broke and that wound was dressed. He then took a Pen-knife and cut his throat and then expired soon. He had not a great while ago married a woman of 3000 Pd per annum. No reason assigned for it. Such things indeed are very dismal to read.

Admiralty in Lord North's Ministry on January 12, 1771—a post which he held till Lord North's fall from power in 1782. His tenure of office synchronized with a deplorably corrupt and inefficient administration of the Navy, continuing throughout the American War. He was nick-named ' Jemmy Twitcher ' (of *Beggar's Opera* fame) as early as 1763, on account of his conduct against Wilkes, once his boon companion. On the other hand he was the patron of the celebrated pioneer, Captain Cook, who named the Sandwich Islands after him. Sandwich's mistress, Miss Martha Ray, had lived with him for sixteen years when she was murdered by the Rev. James Hackman. She was a good musician, and the musical entertainments at Hinchinbroke (which the Montagus bought from the Cromwells in the seventeenth century) were celebrated for their excellence. (See *D. N. B.*, also Mr. D. A. Winstanley's *The University of Cambridge in the Eighteenth Century*, for an account of the famous contest between Lord Sandwich and Lord Hardwicke for the Stewardship of the University.)

April 18. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Custance of Ringland were at Church and sat in my new seat in the Chancel—their new seat in the Church not being finished as yet. I gave Mrs. Custance a fine flower, a double Stock. . . .

April 28. I . . . took a ride . . . to Sparham and made a visit to the Revd. Mr. Attle who behaved very complaisant and civil tho' a visit so long due to him from me. I drank a dish of Coffee, and one dish of Tea there and returned home. He has a noble House and his fields about him look exceeding neat and well. He built the House himself and it cost him 1000 Pound.

Between May 4 and May 8, the Diarist and Mr. Hall of Winborough ' put into execution a Scheme upon the Northern Coast of Norfolk which had been some time talked of '. Servant Will went with them. First they went to Cromer, ' famous for catching of Crabbs and Lobsters '. Next they went to Cley and thence to Wells. At Wells they spent the night at ' the Royal Standard kept by one Smith, a civil and obliging man ', and the day following ' got into a small boat, and went to sea in it '. The Diarist, however, did not enjoy himself, though they went out but a little way, as he was very ' near sick as was Will—and the waves so large that frightened me, as I thought it dangerous '. From Wells they went to Houghton Hall, Lord Orford's [1] seat, ' the House and Furniture the grandest I ever saw and the Pictures are supposed to be the best collection in Europe '. After visiting Lynn Regis, Swaffam, and Dereham the

[1] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, 1730–91 ; he was grandson of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

party returned to their respective homes on May 8, Mr. Hall to Winborough, and the Diarist and Will to Weston.

May 15. . . . Bled my three Horses this morning, 2 quarts each. . . .

May 18. . . . Mr. Howes and Wife and Mrs. Davy, Mr. Bodham and his Brother, and Mr. du Quesne all dined and spent the afternoon and part of the evening with us to-day. I gave them for dinner a dish of Maccarel, 3 young Chicken boiled and some Bacon, a neck of Pork rosted and a Gooseberry Pye hot. We laughed immoderately after dinner on Mrs. Howes's being sent to Coventry by us for an Hour. What with laughing and eating hot Gooseberry Pye brought on me the Hickupps with a violent pain in my stomach which lasted till I went to bed. At Cards Quadrille this evening—lost 0. 2. 6.

May 21. . . . Sent a letter this evening by Cary to Dr. Oglander Warden of New Coll: with a bill of the expenses on the repairing of my Church—in all 73. 10. 11½.

May 22. . . . My Boy Jack had another touch of the Ague about noon. I gave him a dram of gin at the beginning of the fit and pushed him headlong into one of my Ponds and ordered him to bed immediately and he was better after it and had nothing of the cold fit after, but was very hot. . . .

May 27. . . . My Maid Nanny was taken very ill this evening with a dizziness in the Head and a desire to vomit, but could not. Her straining to vomit brought on the Hickups which continued very violent till after she got to bed. I gave her a dose of rhubarb going

to bed. Ben was also very ill and in the same complaint about noon, but he vomited and was soon better. I gave Ben a good dose of Rhubarb also going to bed.

May 31. I breakfasted at home, and at 6 this morning set forth on my Mare for the West-Country, and took my man Will: Coleman with me, who rode my great Horse. . . .

The journey occupied six days and was uneventful. On the 31st they slept at Barton Mills at the Bull; on June 1st at Royston at the Talbot—as they passed through Newmarket in the morning they saw Lord Orford, 'just going out a-hawking'—on June 2nd at Aylesbury at the George Inn; on June 3rd at Newbury at the Pelican; on June 4th at Amesbury at the New Inn; and on June 5th they arrived at eight in the evening at Ansford, 'and I thank God found all my Friends there hearty and well, and exceeding glad to see me. I supped and slept at Mr. Pounsett's—my Horses there also. My man Will: Coleman supped and slept there also. . . .' The six days' journey cost the Diarist in all £6 3*s*. 3½*d*., including the horses.

For more than three months the Diarist and Will stayed at Ansford—Mr. du Quesne taking the duty meanwhile at Weston. At Ansford we immediately get back into the old Somerset atmosphere, the days spent in a constant interchange of generous hospitality between the numerous relations and friends, in frequent fishing expeditions, occasional visiting of feasts and fairs, and jaunts further afield. Needless to say the Lewis's, father and son, very shabby as usual, turn up, having walked from Nottinghamshire, and live on their hospitable relations for some weeks.

June 12. . . . Mr. Js. Clarke, Brother John's Wife and Nancy Woodforde and sister Clarke, dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening with us. Richard Clarke and Wife and Brother John spent the afternoon with us also, but was very disagreeable, being drunk, and was going to fight with James Clarke and swore abominably. It was 12 o'clock before we got to bed being so much disturbed—I pity his wife much. . . .

July 1. . . . About noon I walked down to Cary with Brother Heighes and read the London Paper at the George Inn. I treated Brother Heighes with a Pint of Beer—I pd. 0. 0. 2½. After that I went to Richard Clarkes and dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening there with him and his Wife, James Clarke, my Brother John's Wife, and Nancy Woodforde, and my Sister Pounsett. We had for dinner 3 fowls boiled and a Piggs Face, a Haunch of Venison rosted and sweet Sauce, Tarts and Cheese cakes. N.B. Not a bit of Fat was there on the Venison. Brother Heighes, Brother John, Juliana Woodforde and Sister Clarke supped and spent the evening with us.

July 3. . . . Brother Heighes complained of being very poor this afternoon. I therefore let him have 1. 1. 0 for which I had of him an old Family gold ring which he is to have again when he can repay me.

July 9. . . . I went a fishing by myself this morning down to Wick Bridge and angled from thence to Cole and there I dined, and spent the afternoon at Mr. Guppey's with him, his sister and Mr. Pounsett. We had for dinner some bacon and beans, a shoulder of Mutton and Currant Pye. I caught 3 Trout, the

largest 14 inches and half long—which I caught with two Grasshoppers and a small hook. Whilst I was a fishing this morning, Bill Woodforde came to me on Horseback to take his leave of me as he was then going of for Portsmouth to go aboard the fortune Sloop of War, of 12 gunns, and in the same capacity as he was to have went in the Chatham of 50 gunns. The latter would have been much better and he repents much of not going, but is now too late. I wished him well, but gave him nothing at all. To Mr. Guppey's Maid Sybbyll, for a poor woman in distress at Shepton Montague—gave 0. 1. 0. To Mr. Guppey's man to Ellis Coleman gave 0. 1. 0. Sister Clarke supped and spent the evening with us.

July 19. . . . This being the Bishop's Visitation at Bruton to-day I took my Mare and rode over to see some of the Clergy whom I have been long acquainted with. I went to the Church, heard the Prayers read by Mr. Hall and heard also the Visitation Sermon preached by Mr. Wickham of Shepton Mallett, and after that I heard the Bishop's charge to his Clergy, which chiefly consisted of advising them to catechise the children publickly and to give them Lectures on the same, recommending the late Metropolitan's (Dr. Secker) [1] Dissertations on the Catechism, and lastly of visiting the sick with an encomium on the

[1] Thomas Secker (1693–1768), Archbishop of Canterbury. He was one of the best of the lesser known archbishops, a man of great intellectual ability—the devoted friend of the great Bishop Butler—of wonderfully tolerant mind, sympathetic to Wesley, friendly with the Dissenters, hostile to any persecution of the Jacobite Scottish clergy after the defeat of 1745. Originally intended for the Dissenting ministry, then temporarily turning from theological studies to medicine—he was made an M.D. of Leyden in 1721 for a brilliant medical thesis—he finally decided to enter Anglican Orders. Through the stages of country parson and London

King. I saw Will: Bailey, little Mr. Hunt, Mr. Wragg, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Rawkins, Mr. Wickham, Mr. Millard, Mr. Goldsborough, Mr. Thomas of Cary etc. etc. The Bishop of Bath and Wells is Dr. Charles Moss. . . .[1] N.B. I stole a goose this morning from my Sister White and asked her to dine upon it to-morrow, and she is to know nothing of it. I told her I had a Swan. Mr. White went to Sherborne Fair this morning. I lent him my great Horse to go there.

July 21. I breakfasted and spent the morning at Ansford. About 12 o'clock I got into the Weymouth Machine from Bath and set of by myself for Weymouth. There was only one man in it who was dressed as a gentleman and behaved as such. His name was Watson. We dined at Sherborn at the George, a shabby Inn and had a most miserable dinner, about 2 Pound of boiled beef and a old tame Rabbitt. I paid for my dinner at Sherborne 0. 1. 6. We then went on to Dorchester and there we had a bottle of the famous Dorchester Beer and very good it was. For the bottle of Beer I paid myself 0. 0. 6. We got to Weymouth about 8 o'clock and there

parson he became successively Bishop of Bristol and Bishop of Oxford, finally entering Lambeth Palace in 1758. (See the account of Archbishop Secker in Mr. A. W. Rowden's *The Primates of the Four Georges*; Murray, 1916. Also *D. N. B.*)

[1] Charles Moss (1711–1802), Bishop successively of St. Davids and of Bath and Wells, nephew of Robert Moss (1666–1729), Dean of Ely, and father of Charles Moss (1763–1811), Bishop of Oxford. He was son of a Norfolk gentleman-farmer, and inherited a large fortune from his uncle the Dean. He was an amiable prelate, and strongly supported Hannah More's educational activities in Somerset. Most of his considerable wealth he left to his son, upon whom he had already bestowed various promotions in the Church. (See *D. N. B.*)

I supped and slept at the King's Head kept by one Loder a very good Inn and very civill people. To the Coachman for my fare paid 0. 9. 6. To the Coachman for himself gave 0. 1. 0. Mr. Watson and self supped together—for my share pd 0. 2. 0.

July 23. . . . Mr. Watson who came with me (I heard this afternoon) was a Hair Dresser from Bristol and dresses Ladies heads. Weymouth at present has but little company in it. For my dinner to-day and supper to-night and lodging three nights paid this evening to Mrs. Loder 0. 6. 9.

July 27. . . . About 11 this morning I took a ride with my Sister (who rode behind my Servant) to S. Cadbury, and there I left her at Mr. Slades, where she dined etc. I went afterwards on my Mare by myself to Milborne Port about 5 miles from S. Cadbury and there I dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Lucas's, with him, his Mother and Sister Chandler and 2 young gentlemen. Lucas is just the same man as at New College. He has the Vicarage of Milborn Port being Fellow of Winton Coll: his Mother and Sister keep his House for him,—he told me that his present income was about 350 Pd. per annum. One of the young Gentlemen that dined with us lives at Queen Camel and is a Clergyman—his name Charles. The other was a lad and lately a Chorister of New Coll: His name was Charles Marsh, and I remembered him there. Lucas was very glad to see me. At 5. left him. We had for dinner some boiled Pork and Beans, a couple of Ducks rosted, and an Apricot Pudding. Going to Lucas's, I saw Jack Windham and his Wife in a Phaeton and Pair going from Corton to Cadbury, but was not near enough to speak to him. He has the Living of Corton and

resides there. He married a Miss Bowls of Salisbury, Canon Bowls's daughter. Jack Windham is a Doctor of Law. I returned to Cadbury about 7 in the evening, stayed there half an hour, and returned with my Sister to Ansford about 9 o'clock.

Aug. 12. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Bath [whither he had gone on a jaunt on August 10, visiting Bristol also]. Js. Lewis and his son called on me this morning at Bath but did not stay long—they were going for Nottingham. I did not give either of them anything at all. [The Lewis's had been at Ansford since July 11, having walked from Nottingham.] To a Barber this morning of Bath gave 0. 0. 6. After breakfast and dressing I took a walk and near the Parade met with my good old Friend Dr. Penny who was hearty and well. I walked with him to the Bank and to the Coffee House, and the Dr. seeing a Miss Blisse walking by the Coffee House, he joined her and I saw nothing more of him afterwards at Bath. I called at the 3 Innes etc but he was gone. At the 3 Innes for some Rum and water pd. 0. 0. 3. For a pair of Garters this morning pd. 0. 1. 0. To some Fish Hooks—2 dozen pd. also 0. 2. 0. To 2 new Pamphletts concerning a Tithe cause pd. 0. 6. 0. I went and saw the Abbey Church which is kept very neat, and a great many Monuments in it. At Davis's Fruit Shop this aft. for a Melon pd. 0. 2. 6. For 3 Pd of Filberts pd also 0. 1. 4. After tea this evening I took a walk in the Fields and met in my walk two Girls, the eldest about 17, the other about 15, both common Prostitutes even at that early age; I gave them some good Advice to consider the End of things. I gave them 0. 1. 0. I paid my Bill this evening at the Christopher as I intend going of

early tomorrow morn' in all 0. 14. 6. Bells ringing etc at Bath today, being the Prince's Birth Day.

Aug. 13. I got up this morning about 6 o'clock and at 7 got into the Diligence for Ansford. To the Chamber Maid at Bath gave 0. 1. 6. Waiter 1/0. Dep. Waiter 6*d*. Boot Catch 6*d*. 0. 2. 0. A Clergyman by name Austin from the City of Kilkenny in Ireland went with me in the Diligence from Bath he being going to see a Friend at Weymouth. He was a very good kind of man by his appearance. He knew Js. Lewis and his Father very well. He was a Scholar of old Mr. Lewis and he gave him a very high character, but a very bad one of Js. Lewis. He told me that Js. Lewis was one of the most wild turn, that when a Boy he shot another Boy thro' the head but by accident. That he had been a Deserter to the French in the Rebellion 45 and saved being shot by bringing back 10 Deserters with him. That he had quite tired his Friends in Ireland and would do the same in England. A common expression of Js. Lewis's when in Ireland was that his Being was in England. We breakfasted together at Gannards Grave on some Brandy and Milk for which I paid 0. 0. 6. At Gannards Grave we took up 2 Passengers one inside and one outside—three Passengers in the inside made it very disagreeable in so small a Diligence. I got to Ansford about 12 and there I supped and slept at Mr. Pounsett's—gave the Driver Tom Smith 0. 1. 0. Mr. Guppey, Mr. Thomas, Sister White and one John White of Brinton who came with Mr. Guppey dined etc here. We had a fine young Hare for dinner.

Aug. 19. . . . When I returned home [from a fishing expedition] I found the people at Ansford etc in

great Consternation, a report being spread by John Burge of Castle Cary that the French and Spanish Fleets were engaging at Portsmouth, that 3 of our Line were sunk and that the Spanish and French Fleets consisted of more than 60 Ships of the Line, and ours only 40 Ships. That the Stones in Portsmouth Street were taken up etc. As it came from such Authority I don't credit it at all. John Burge said that he had it from a Man who saw the engagement, and saw also our 3 Ships sink and that the Sea looked on fire where the Engagement was. It frightened my Sisters White and Pounsett very much.

Aug. 20. . . . In the evening I walked to South Cary to old Mrs. Pennys and there Mr. Pounsett and self smoked a Pipe with Dr. Penny. Nothing true about the French as mentioned yesterday. . . .

Aug. 23rd. I got up this morning between 5 and 6 and at 6 I took a ride and my servant with me to Wells, we got there about 8 and there we breakfasted at the Goat kept by Robin Coleman's Widow. For my Breakfast etc. pd. 0. 1. 4. After breakfast I walked down to Mr. Wickham's who lives close to the Deanery and there saw Mr. and Mrs. Wickham their son Tom and his two sisters, Betty and Fanny. A Mr. Skinner and Son from Richmond were there also. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham pressed me to dine with them. I then went back to my Inn got upon my Mare and went on to Cheddar 8 miles from Wells. We got there about 11 o'clock, put up my Horse at the Buck there and then Will and myself walked to the Cliffs to see them, about ½ mile from the Inn, and most grand appearance did they make. We walked quite thro' them, which could not be less

than a mile. They are supposed to be rent asunder by an Earthquake. Some of the Rocks I suppose are above 300 feet Perpendicular, each side of the Rocks exactly corresponds with one another, like the teeth of a gin when extended. It exceeded my expectation greatly indeed. I set of from Cheddar a Qr before 2 o'clock, and we returned to Wells by 3. I got of at Mr. Wickhams and Will had the Horses to the Goat and there he dined etc. Paid at Cheddar for ourselves and Horses 0. 1. 4. I dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Wickhams with him, his Wife, 2 daughters and son, Mr. Skinner and son, and a clergyman by name Purcell who lives on the public. We had for dinner some boiled Beef, a Fillett of Veal rosted and a plumb Pudding. Mulberries and Pears after dinner. A Mr. Cambridge and his two sisters from Richmond called at Mr. Wickhams in a Chaise this afternoon, being just returned from Plymouth, he informed us that Plymouth and Exeter were in great consternation about the French and Spanish Fleets who were on Wednesday last about 5 leagues from Plymouth, they saw them very plain from the Hill near Plymouth and could distinctly tell the numbers of the Ships and they amounted to only 73 sail instead of 103 as reported. Mr. Cambridge saw an engagement between one of our Ships by name the Ardent of 50 Gunns, Capt. Boteler, and 3 of the Enemy's and she was obliged to strike to them after an engagement of 4 Hours and half. It happened on tuesday last,—Sir Charles Hardy not to be found—a general engagement is daily expected between the Fleets. . . .

The entries of August 19th and 23rd bear vivid witness

to the extraordinary peril the country was in in this summer of 1779. Mr. John Burge was, of course, a mere purveyor of rumour, but the actual danger was very great. The French and Spanish Fleets had combined, and entering the Channel in August, outnumbered the English Fleet under Sir Charles Hardy (1716–80) by practically two to one. 'For the first time', says Lecky, 'since 1690, England saw a vast fleet commanding her seas, and threatening and insulting her coasts.' Invasion was almost hourly expected. 'The danger appeared extreme. The humiliation was intolerable, and the letters of the most serious members of the Opposition show that, in their opinion, the country had been conducted to the very brink of ruin. Fortunately, however, the hostile fleet was feebly commanded, and very imperfectly equipped. Sickness raged violently in its crews, and early in September, as the season of the equinoctial gales was rapidly approaching, it retired to Brest, where it remained inactive for several months. A great panic and humiliation, and the capture of a single ship of war of sixty-four guns, were the sole fruits of the expedition.' [1]

Sep: 6. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at Ansford. Nancy Woodforde dined and spent the afternoon with us. I gave this morning to my Sister Pounsett 1. 1. 0 to be laid out in something for her little Maid. To Nancy Hossy late my Sister's Maid for making some Handkerchiefs for me etc.—gave her—0. 2. 6. I gave her coming away being a pretty Girl one Kiss. Mr. White, Js. Clarke, and Mr. Pounsett and self walked up to Ansford Inn in the afternoon and smoked a pipe there. On Liquor etc.

[1] Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iv, pp. 111–13. See also notice of Hardy in *D. N. B.*

we each paid 0. 1. 0. Dr. Rock an old Schoolfellow of mine and Mr. Wickham's son Thomas, came to Ansford Inn this evening in a Whiskey and they were with us half an hour. Gave to James White and little Ann White this evening 0. 10. 0. Great firing of Cannon heard at Ansford this afternoon.

Sep. 8. . . . At 9 this morning I took my Leave of my Friends, leaving them in Tears, and was of for Norfolk. . . . [He and his servant sleep that night at Salisbury.] I went and saw 150 French Prisoners this even' that are on their march to Winchester.

Sep. 9. I slept exceeding well last night having a very good bed. I got up at 6 this morning and saw the French Prisoners march of for Winchester, accompanied by a Troop of Horse. After that I took a walk by myself to the Camp about two miles South of Salisbury, and there breakfasted at the Camp Coffee House for Officers etc. All Horse encamped there 6 Regiments in all. The Camp made a very pretty appearance. . . . [They proceed on their way and sleep at Winchester.]

Sep. 10. I slept very sound last night having a very good bed. I breakfasted at the George [Winchester] and after breakfast took a walk to the King's House and saw the French Prisoners, walked over the Prison with a civil Soldier. I gave the Soldier that went with me 0. 0. 6. I saw also the 150 French Prisoners that came from Stockbridge this morning, delivered into Prison, each of them had a new straw Bed given him and a coarse Hammock to lay it upon. There are now in the Prison about 4000, and it is said that the Prison will hold 6000 more. Many of the Prisoners are supposed to be English, especially some of the

Boys who talk English very well. About noon we marched of from Winton. . . .

These references by the Diarist to the cavalry camp, south of Salisbury, and the prison for French prisoners at Winchester, bring out with vivid force the fact that our defensive system throughout the eighteenth century and until the end of the nineteenth century was directed against the ancestral enemy France. So entirely had the national energies been concentrated in facing towards France that when the menace changed—historically with dreamlike rapidity—from the Channel to the North Sea, we were so unprepared that no really safe harbour was ready in 1914 for the Grand Fleet on the eastern coasts either of England or Scotland. This is admirably brought out in Mr. Winston Churchill's book, *The World Crisis, 1911–14*.[1] The general unpreparedness of the eastern coast of Great Britain, on the outbreak of war with Germany, is in itself an overwhelming proof that our intentions towards Germany were pacific.

Sep. 12. I breakfasted and slept again at the Blue Boar [Oxford, whither the Diarist and Will had come via Andover where they had slept the night of the 11th]. About 1 o'clock dressed myself and then walked to New College where I met with Crowe, Webber, who has the Living the Adderbury late Blackstones, Eaton, Coker Senr. and King. I dined, supped and spent the evening with them at New Coll: They were the only Fellows now in College and all Seniors. I saw the Chapel and Garden before dinner. In the West Window of New Coll: Chapel are three most beautiful emblematical figures of Faith, Hope and Charity,

[1] See specially p. 154, Notes by the First Lord of the Admiralty.

painted on glass. They were done by one Jervase of London, and only put up in the Chapel the last week. No Painting can exceed them I think on glass. The whole of that great West Window is to be painted by him. The design is of Sir Joshua Reynolds's. I could not go to St. Mary Church either morn' or aft. I called and spoke with Locke this evening, my late Silversmith and he looks very well, he lives where he used to do.

Sep. 13. I breakfasted and slept again at the Blue Boar. Before breakfast I took a long walk on the Botley Road, having a violent pain in my stomach, owing I believe to eating too many wallnutts yesterday at Coll: On my walk called at a House and had a dram pd. 0. 0. 2. After breakfast I took another walk but longer over Port Meadow, called at 2 Houses and had some Rum and Water at each, being in great pain, pd. 0. 0. 6., going over the Ferry at Binsey gave 0. 0. 2. I dined, supped and spent the evening at New College with Webber, Crowe, Coker Senr, Eaton and King. Coker, and King looked rather cool on me I thought. It was after 11 this evening before I got to my Inn. Dr. Wall I hear is married and lives in St. Giles in Oxford, I had no opportunity of seeing him. Webber's Fellowship is vacant today or tomorrow. The High Street in Oxford is exceeding handsome, being lately paved. Magdalen Bridge also finished. The Upper Room of New Coll: Library also finished.

On September 13 they proceeded by the usual route to Weston, which they reached on September 17th.

Sep. 18: I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again

at home. Soon after breakfast my Friend Mr. Hall called on me and dined and spent the afternoon with me. Poor Mr. Hall was very uneasy concerning an affair that happened at Walton about 3 weeks ago, where he was insulted in public Company by one Nelthorpe and endeavouring to come at him to lick him had greatly hurt his leg between a door and its lintel. Mr. Hall could not get at him or else would have licked him handsomely, I wish that he had done it. I gave him for dinner some rost Beef and an Apple Pudding. I sent Will: this morn' to Mr. Custance's at Ringland and Mr. Du Quesne's at Tuddenham to enquire after them.

Sep. 23. . . . Mr. Howes called on me about dinner time and stayed and dined with me and spent the afternoon. Mr. Howes made so free with my strong Beer that he got himself quite drunk, tho' I pressed him not to make too free. I sent my man Ben home with him.

Sep. 25. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Mr. Priest of Reepham and son St. John made me a morning visit as they came from Du Quesne's. Mem: On Monday morn' last about 11 o'clock I pulled of the head of a large Flesh Fly, and the Body had life in it and stood upon his legs, and at different times moved his legs, and so continued till Thursday last, and then fell down. . . .

Sep. 30. . . . I let my man Ben have my little Mare to go to Norwich this morning to try to get a Substitute to serve for him in the Militia as he is drawn. . . . I paid Mr. Du Quesne for serving my Church for me in my absence, 15 Sundays at 10/6 7. 17. 6. . . . My man Ben Legate returned home in the evening from Norwich, having got a Substitute and seen him

sworn in immediately, as well as accepted. He was obliged to give the Substitute 9. 9. 0. I gave him, in part of it, this evening 1. 1. 0.

Oct. 2. . . . As I was out in my Garden this morning in my Ermine old Hat and Wigg, Beard long and a dirty shirt on, who should walk by at the end of the garden but my Squire and Mr. Beauchamp with him, Mrs. Custance's Brother. They walked into my Garden and went over it, they liked it exceedingly. They would not walk into my House. . . .

Oct. 9. . . . Had a letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett in which she tells me that Sister Clarke and Sam, and Nancy Woodforde are coming to Weston and were to set of from Ansford on last Wednesday, to stay three or four days in London and then of for Weston. Two boxes with their cloaths were already sent.

Oct. 12. . . . About 8 this evening my Sister Clarke, Nancy Woodforde and my Nephew Saml. Clarke arrived at Norwich [where the Diarist was meeting them] in the London Machine from the West greatly fatigued by being up all last night. They drank some tea immediately and soon decamped to bed—they slept at the King's Head.

Oct. 21. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Kerr sent over to us this morning to desire that we would dine with them, we sent word back that we could not having no carriage to go there, he then sent back word that he would send his one Horse Chair after the Ladies—which we could not refuse complying with,—therefore at about 1 o'clock Sister Clarke and Nancy went in the Chair and myself walked to Mr. Kerr's, and there dined, spent the aft: supped and spent the evening, with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Bodham of Mattishall. We

had for dinner a Leg of Pork boiled, a Turkey rosted and a couple of Ducks. We had for Supper a couple of Fowls boiled, a fine Pheasant rosted and some cold things. Dinner and Supper served up in China, Dishes and Plates. Melons, Apples and Pears, Walnuts and small Nutts for a desert. We played at Quadrille after tea, at which I won 0. 0. 6. My Servants Will and Ben went out a coursing this morn' by my order and did not return till after we were gone. They coursed a brace of Hares but killed never a one. We returned as we went and got home about 11 o'clock. Mr. Kerr would make me accept of a Hare also. To Mr. Kerr's servants gave 0. 1. 6. Sister Clarke gave the Servants 0. 3. 0. We spent a very agreeable day indeed at Mr. Kerr's.

Oct. 23. . . . Had a letter this evening from Bill Woodforde from on board the Fortune Sloop of War, and now at Spithead performing Quarantine, being lately arrived from the Barbary Coast, had been out about 2 months. He informs me that he had suffered many hardships, and he seems to be tired of the Sea already. He now sincerely repents of his late behaviour at my House at Weston, and of his not taking my advice to him. He also tells me that he has bought some curious things for me and desires me to accept of them—one of them is a large Moorish sword—also a curious Purse with some pieces of money in it. . . .

Between October 26th and 30th the Diarist, Sister Clarke, Sam Clarke, and Nancy Woodforde enjoyed the now familiar 'Scheme' to Yarmouth, the Diarist's guests being 'highly delighted with the sea, having never seen it before'. They were away—spending a night or two at Norwich, four nights in all: 'we got

home to Weston about 3 o'clock and there we dined, supped and slept at the old House. We all seemed very glad of our getting home.'

Oct: 31. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. My Squire and Lady were not at Church being from home. Sister Clarke and Nancy had a little Miff today.

Nov. 1. . . . Sister Clarke and Nancy had a high quarrel this morning. . . . Stephen Andrews gave me a grey-hound Bitch this morning by name Fly. To 5 Chickens this morning pd. 0. 2. 6. To Chambers of Lyng for a Pr of Breeches paid 1. 0. 0.

Nov. 13. . . . Had a letter this evening from Mr. Kingston, Bursar of New College, with a Draught in it on Hoare the Banker for the sum of 73. 10. 11½ being a Present from that Society for the Loss I sustained the first of January, owing to the high Wind, concerning my Chancel—very handsome indeed was it of them. . . .

Nov. 18. . . . At 3 o'clock myself and nephew took a ride to the Hon. Charles Townshend's [1] at Honingham where we dined and spent the afternoon—by invitation. Just as we got to Mr. Townshend's, Mr. du Quesne overtook us and went with us there and dined etc. etc. A Mr. Hill and son from Wells a rich Merchant and owner of the Standard Inn at Wells where Mr. Hall and self slept at Wells, kept by one Smith—He with another Wells Merchant by name Springle a very droll, sensible man and who has travelled much abroad, also dined and spent the afternoon with us. Mrs. Townshend was dressed in a scarlet riding dress, her head dressed very high and

[1] See foot-note, p. 211.

no cap at all on. We had for dinner a loin of Mutton rosted, rost Beef, a boiled Chicken, Soup, Pudding etc. first course. A Turkey rosted, a rosted Hare, Mushrooms, Tarts, Maccaroni and a Custard Pudding etc. Neither Turkey nor Hare above half done. I never made a worse dinner I think. We dined at 4 drank tea at 7 or after. At 9 we returned home, left the other Company there. Madeira and Port Wine etc. to drink after dinner. I gave nothing to the servants at Mr. Townshend's. Mr. Townshend is going next week for London.

Nov. 30. . . . This being my Frolic, I had about 20 Farmers that dined with me and paid me their several Compositions. Recd. this day from them 229. 8. 6. To John Pegg for Taxes for ½ a year pd 9. 4. 6. . . . I gave them for dinner a fine Rump of Beef boiled, 4 fowls boiled and Bacon, a fine neck of Pork rosted and quantities of plum puddings. Sister Clarke and Nancy dined by themselves in the Study. Wine, Punch and Beer as much as they would. There was drank 3 Bottles of Wine, of Rum 5 Bottles. . . . They all went away about 11 o'clock. . . . We did not get to Bed till 1 in the morning.

Decem. 2. . . . To a Letter from Bill Woodforde pd 0. 0. 7. Bill Woodforde is now on board the Ariadne Frigate of 32 [guns] and now at Sheerness. The Captain (whose name is Squire) is exceeding civil to him. Bill sent me in a Box a present of a sword—pd. for the carriage of—0. 1. 2.

Decem. 4. . . . This evening by Mr. Cary came Bill's present to me, viz: a large Moorish sword and a curious Moor's purse made of Morocco leather with some coins in it. He also sent me two curious shells and a quill that came from Falklands Island. It is

WILLIAM WOODFORDE

By Samuel Woodforde, R.A.

(The Diarist's nephew is here depicted as a Lt.-Colonel in command of the Western Battalion of the East Somerset Rifle Volunteer Infantry in 1805.)

some gratitude in him I must confess—but he expects something in return as he complains in his letter to me of being very low in pocket. . . .

Dec. 18. . . . In the Norwich Paper this evening I saw my name put down to preach a Charity Sermon at St. Stephens, Norwich, the 16th of April next. . . .

Dec. 25. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Sister Clarke, Nancy and Sam breakfasted etc. here again. Bitter cold indeed all day and froze within doors. Js. Smith, my Clerk, Richd Bates, Tom Cary, Tom Carr, Richd. Buck, Thos. Dicker, and Tom Cushion all dined at my House today being Christmas Day and I gave them for dinner a Surloin of Beef rosted and plumb Puddings, and to each of them to carry home to their Wives—gave 15/0—0. 7. 0. I read Prayers, Preached and christened 2 Children of Palmers (by name John and Sarah) this afternoon at Weston—had but a small Congregation. Neither my Squire or Lady at Church today.

Anno Domini 1780.

Jan. 1st. . . . Had a Letter this evening from my Brother Heighes in which he informed me that he had lately recd. a letter from Ld. Guildford [1] concerning his Son William, who lately waited on Ld. Guildford in Person as a Midshipman—and his Lordship desired to know his name and age. We were pleased with it. . . .

Jan. 5. . . . My Maid, Nanny Lilistone left my service this morning having had proper notice before given her.

I paid her a Qrs wages due now 0. 10. 0. To her also for a Qrs allowance for tea—0. 2. 6. I gave to

[1] See foot-note, p. 245.

her also a free gift of 0. 2. 6. I had no other fault to find with her, but that she did not chuse to be under the other Maid. In every other respect a very good Servant I believe. Betty Greaves a girl of about 15 came to my House in the room of Nanny Lillistone. She is a neat girl and I hope will do—tho she is small. . . .

Jan. 15. . . . Recd. a Letter this evening from Sister Pounsett in which she tells me that poor Mrs. Joany Russ of Dimmer is dead. She was a good Woman and I hope now happy. Recd. also a Letter from Bill Woodforde on board the Ariadne Sloop now of the Yarmouth Roads. He tells me that his Ship had been in great danger striking on the Sands near Yarmouth. It was also on the Norwich News Paper—but got of again. He also tells me that he has not a single farthing in his Pocket and desires me to send him some Cash.

Jan. 18. . . . This being our gracious Queen Charlotte's Birth Day I fired my Blunderbuss with 3 Charges of Powder in it and a good deal of Paper—and gave 3 Cheers. . . .

Jan. 28. . . . I breakfasted, supped and slept again at home. Sister Clarke, Nancy and Sam breakfasted etc. here again. I went to Church this morning a little before 12 and publickly presented Mr. Custance's child in the Church. Sir Edmund Bacon and Lady, and Mr. Press Custance assisted as Sponsors. Mr. Custance was also at Church with the others. After the ceremony Mr. Custance came up to me and presented me with a Norwich Bank Note of five Guineas, wrapped up in some writing Paper. He asked me to dine with the Company at Ringland at 2 o'clock, therefore I walked by myself there and

dined and spent the afternoon and stayed till after 7 in the evening and then walked back home. The Company present were Sir Edmund Bacon and Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Custance and Mr. Press Custance. Coming away gave George the servant 0. 2. 6. We had for dinner a Calf's Head, boiled Fowl and Tongue, a Saddle of Mutton rosted on the Side Table, and a fine Swan rosted with Currant Jelly Sauce for the first Course. The second Course a couple of Wild Fowl called Dun Fowls, Larks, Blamange, Tarts etc. etc. and a good Desert of Fruit after amongst which was a Damson Cheese. I never eat a bit of a Swan before, and I think it good eating with sweet sauce. The Swan was killed 3 weeks before it was eat and yet not the lest bad taste in it.

Jan. 31st. . . . A very comical dull day with us all. Sister Clarke very low. In the evening Sam spoke in favour of the Methodists rather too much I think. We did not play Cards this evening as usual.

Feb. 4. . . . This being a Day [it was a Friday] for a general Fast to be observed thro' the Kingdom, to beg of Almighty God his Assistance in our present troubles being at open rupture with America, France and Spain, and a Blessing on our Fleets and Armies ; I therefore went to Weston Church about 11 o'clock and read the proper Prayers on the Occasion, but there was no Sermon preached. My Squire and Lady at Church, and there was a very respectable Congregation that attended at it. Most of my Family went and Sister Clarke and 3 Servants. We did not dine till 4 o'clock this afternoon. Sent a long Letter to my Sister Pounsett this evening. Sister Clarke, Nancy, Sam, and myself, all took it in our heads to take a good dose of Rhubarb going to bed.

Feb. 8. . . . We were rather comical this evening as we did not play Cards on account of Sam who disliked it.

Feb. 11. . . . Sister Clarke and Nancy had a few words at breakfast. My Sister cant bear to hear anyone praised more than herself in any thing, but that she does the best of all.

Feb. 14. . . . To 60 Children being Valentines Day at 1d each 0. 5. 0. We were all comical with Sister Clarke today agst her. Nancy and self played at Cribbage. I won of her 0. 0. 9.

Feb. 17. . . . [The Diarist takes tickets for the Play for himself and his Guests at Norwich.] About 4 my Sister Clarke, Nancy and Sam came in Mr. Du Quesne's Chaise to the King's Head and a little after them came Mr. Du Quesne and Mr. Hall to the same place—and we all drank Coffee and Tea together and then we all went to the Play. Sister Clarke and Nancy and Sam went in a Coach which I hired. The Play was Hamlet and the Entertainment the Camp. The Play was very well, but the other like a Puppet Show, fit only for Children. I treated Mr. Du Quesne and Mr. Hall with a Ticket. Mr. Priest and his Brother of Reepham came to the Theatre to us, and they returned with us to our Inn, and there we all supped and spent an agreeable evening together. For the Hire of the Coach pd and gave 0. 3. 6. We had for Supper a couple of rost Fowls, a Barrel of Colchester Oysters, some cold Meat and Tarts. It was after one o'clock before we got to bed. Mr. Du Quesne and Mr. Hall slept at the K: Head. Mr. Priest and Brother went home. Both the Mr. Priests offered faintly to pay their part of the reckoning this evening, but I told them there

was no occasion for it—which at once they acquiesced in. They did not press it again. Gave Mr. Du Quesne's Man Stephen to go to the Play by my Servant Man Will 0. 1. 0.

Mar. 8. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Sister Clarke breakfasted, etc here again, as did Nancy and Sam. We were very quere after dinner today, having but a plain dinner, viz. some hash Mutton, a plain sewet Pudding and a couple of Rabbits rosted. Sam made me rather angry at dinner when I asked Sister Clarke if she would have the outside of the Pudding or the first cut of it, upon which Sam said I hope you will not Madam, for you know that I always give the outside to the Dogs. . . .

Mar. 12. . . . My Maid's Brother came to our House this morn' to inform his Sister that their Father was dead; he breakfasted and dined here. My Maid Betty Caxton. Betty was very low all day upon the account, pray God comfort them all under so great a loss. . . .

Mar. 14. . . . I let my Maid Betty Caxton have my Great Horse to go to the Funeral of her Father. Ben went with her. She returned with Ben in the evening. . . .

Mar. 26. . . . I went to Brand this morning for Mr. Bodham and there read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament for him, as he served Mr. Hall's Church at Garveston. Brand is about 7 miles from my House and very difficult road to find—had a very small Congregation there, not above 20 People and not more than 7 People at the H. Sacrament. When I returned from Brand I eat a bit of cold Mutton, pulled of my Boots and went to Weston Church at half past 2 and read Prayers and Preached, gave notice

of a Sacrament on Sunday next and read four Briefs also. Mr. Custance and Lady at Church and after Church they asked my Sister etc to dine with them on Tuesday next and that they would send their Carriage after them. They apologised in not asking them before to dine. I had a large Congregation at Church this afternoon. Sister Clarke, Nancy and Sam went to Church. Being Easter Day I had a Loin of Veal rosted. Sister Clarke was very ill in the Cholic after dinner. We did not dine till 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Mar. 28. . . . We all dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Custance's of Ringland today and were handsomely entertained. Mr. Custance sent his Coach and four after my Sister and Nancy with a Servant to ride by the Coach besides. There were two drivers to the Coach. My Sister, Nancy and Sam went in the Coach and returned on her. My Man Will went with me. Just as I was going out of my gate to go there I met Mr. Du Quesne on horseback who was going to dine with us and he and I rode together there. We returned to Weston after tea and got home abt. 8. We had for dinner for the first course some fine Soup, a rosted Pike, a saddle of Mutton rosted, some Veal Collops etc. The second course, some Eggs, a rost Fowl, Orange Pudding, Custards, Jellies etc. Madeira, Port and Calcavella Wines to drink. Oranges and Apples by way of desert. Mr. and Mrs. Custance, Mr. Du Quesne and ourselves all the Company. We did not give any vails to Servants. Sam talked rather strange to me before breakfast today—that I did not behave well to him yesterday. Poor Sam cant take a Joke. I forgot what I said to disoblige him.

Mar. 30. . . . Mr. Du Quesne sent his Chaise after my Sister, Nancy and Sam this morning to go and see Mr. Townshend's House at Honingham. Mr. Du Quesne and self rode on horseback. We got to Honingham about 11 o'clock, saw the House, and then went round by Sir Wm. Jernegan's at Copsely and so home. We made quite a pleasant jant of it. The weather at first was a little stormy but at last it turned out fair and fine. Mr. Townshend's House most superbly furnished—Stately Rooms and very grand Furniture. Mr. Du Quesne returned with us to dinner and stayed with us till about 9 in the evening. I gave him for dinner a bit of boiled Beef and a Turkey rosted. At Quadrille this evening lost 0. 0. 6.

April 2. . . . Sam lost his Purse this afternoon in which was a Guinea and some silver, supposed to be lost within doors but could no where be found today.

April 3. . . . No Tidings of Sam's Purse or Money at all today, but my Servants are suspected, as Sam says he is certain that he dropped it in my Kitchin—I cannot think they are guilty.

April 4. . . . A Guinea and one of the Rings of Sam's Purse were found by my little Maid Betty this morning among the ashes in the Kitchen grate. Sam in taking out his Handkerchief out of his Coat pocket (where he always kept his Purse) must take the Purse out with it, and standing by the Fire, might fall into the Fire. Both Guinea and Ring quite black. My Servants were very glad the above was found as they were very uneasy on being suspected. . . .

April 6. . . . I sent Justice Buxton this morning a Baskett of my fine Beefans, a very fine kind of Apples. . . .

April 9. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston. Mr. Press Custance's *Lady* at Weston, she sent before Church to me for Leave to sit in my seat, which I granted. My Sister did not go to Church, as I desired her not, on account of the above Lady sitting in my seat today. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Kerr at Weston Church and in my seat in the Chancel.

April 15. . . . Sister Clarke made me rather angry this morning about the 50 Pound that I have of hers. She wants to have it now, but I told her that she could not have it till the Estate that I bought with the money was sold again, that of Speeds. I told her that I would let her have five guineas to carry her home but no more. . . .

April 16. . . . [The Diarist is at Norwich to preach a Charity Sermon.] At 3 o'clock this afternoon I walked with Mr. Francis Senr to St. Stephens Church and there heard the Revd. Mr. Carrington read Prayers, and as soon as Prayers were over I walked out of my seat into the Vestry and stayed there till the Psalm was near sung and then I walked out and went up into the Pulpit a Man walking before me with a Wand, and preached a Charity Sermon, towards the relief of the Charity Schools in the City of Norwich. Many of the Children attended at the Church. The Church was very fully crowded by rich and Poor. The Mayor was present being Treasurer of the Charity. I had some conversation with the Mayor in the Vestry Room and enquired for his Brother the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Thurlow —late of Magdalene Coll. in Oxford and who has dined with me at New College. I gave towards the Charity—0. 10. 6. There was collected at Church for the Charity 7. 13. 0½. . . .

April 17. . . . About 5 o'clock my Sister and Sam went of in Lenewade Chaise for Norwich, to take Coach for London this night. I sent my Man Will with them to Norwich. Will returned about 10 at night and informed us that they got safe to Norwich, but could not go from thence till to-morrow night, the Coach being full. I lent my Sister towards bearing her expenses—5. 5. 0. I gave Sam my little book of Mapps—Atlas Minimus. . . . We were all very low at parting with each other, poor Nancy very low indeed. I gave to Nancy this evening 0. 5. 0. . . . My Head Maid slept with Nancy and is so to do.

April 18. . . . Mr. Du Quesne sent his Chaise here today about 1 o'clock to carry us to the Rotation, and about half past one we both got into it and went to his House and there we dined, spent the afternoon and part of the evening with him, Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, little Miss Roupe, a Captain Lodington, and Mr. Bodham. We were very merry till just at last, when Mr. Howes behaved strangely, that is Mrs. Howes had invited all the Company to dinner on Thursday next and all settled, but just as Mr. Howes was going away, he desired to be excused from having Company at his House to dinner on the above day, but should be glad to see them at Tea. It made all the Company stare again. . . . Nancy and myself got home about 10 in Mr. Du Quesne's Chaise, but was rather afraid as the driver was merry, but he drove us very well and very safe. . . . Captain Lodington is a cheerful little man and not above 20 years of age if so much. He was on board the Monmouth when last engaged by the French. He has seen a good deal of service abroad in the E. Indies, has been in the service

about 4 years—is first Lieutenant in the 61 Company of Marines.

April 24. . . . Nancy begun learning Latin of me this day.

April 26. . . . Busy in painting some boarding in my Wall Garden which was put up to prevent people in the Kitchen seeing those who had occasion to go to Jericho.

April 27. . . . Nancy desired me to let her have Aristotle's Philosophy to read this afternoon, Miss Millard she says has got it in the Country and had it of a Married Woman.

April 30. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. After service I ordered the Clerk to give notice that the bounds of the Parish would be gone over on Wednesday next to meet at the Hart by 10 o'clock. . . .

May 3. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. About ½ past 9 o'clock this morning my Squire called on me, and I took my Mare and went with him to the Hart [1] just by the Church where most of the Parish were assembled to go the Bounds of the Parish, and at 10 we all set of for the same about 30 in number. Went towards Ringland first; then to the breaks near Mr. Townshend's Clumps, from thence to Attertons on France Green, where the People had some Liquor, and which I paid, being usual for the Rector—0. 4. 6. Mr. Press Custance was with us also. From France Green we went away to Mr. Dades, from thence towards Risings, from thence down to Mr. Gallands, then to the old Hall

[1] The Hart survives as an inn at Weston, looking precisely the same, I imagine, as it has looked for some centuries: it is a charming little old inn, with the cosiest of kitchens.

of my Squire's, thence to the old Bridge at Lenewade, then close to the River till we came near Morton, then by Mr. Le Grisse's Clumps, then by Bakers and so back till we came to the place where we first set of. Mr. Custance Senr then called the six following old men (that is) Richd. Bates, Thos. Cary, Thos Dicker, Richd Buck, Thos Cushion and Thos Carr, and gave each of them half a guinea—To George Wharton, who carried a Hook and marked the Trees, my Squire gave also five shillings. To Robin Hubbard also who carried a Spade he gave 5 shillings, and sent all the rest of the People to the Hart to eat and drink as much as they would at his expense. The Squire behaved most generously on the occasion. He asked me to go home and dine with him but I begged to be excused being tired, as I walked most of the way. Our Bounds are supposed to be about 12 miles round. We were going of them full five hours. We set of at 10 in the morning and got back a little after 3 in the afternoon. Nancy was got to dinner when I returned. Ben, Will and Jack all went the Bounds. Ben's Father Wm. Legate in crossing the River on horseback was thrown of and was over head and ears in the River. My Squire's man John was likely to have had a very bad accident in leading the Squire's horse over a boggy place, both horses were stuck fast up to their Bellies, and by plunging threw him of in the mire and was very near being hurt by the horses plunging to get out, but by great and providential means escaped free from any mischief. The horses also were not injured at all. The man had his new suit of Livery on and new hat, which were made very dirty. Where there were no Trees to mark, Holes were made and Stones cast in.

May 9. . . . To a man (whose name was Pedralio an Italian, and who is the Manager of the Fire Works at Bunns Gardens at Norwich) and who makes Thermometers and Barometers and carries them about the country, called at my House this morning with some of them and I bought one of each for which I paid him 1. 16. 0.

May 13. . . . Had a letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett inclosed in a Frank of Ben Allen's—in which she informed me that my Aunt Jane of Bath was dead and had left all that she had to her Maid Betty. A great disappointment to my Uncle Tom and Family. However, pray God she may be for ever happy.

May 17. . . . I did not go to bed till after 12 at night, as I expected Richd. Andrews the honest Smuggler with some Gin.

May 21. . . . Nancy had a new Pr of Stays brought home this morn' by one Mottram a Staymaker at Norwich. She paid him for the same 1. 11. 6. For his journey from Norwich to measure her she pd. 2. 6. I read Prayers, Preached and christened a child by name George this afternoon at Weston Church. My Squire and Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Mr. Press Custance's Mistress and some other genteel Strangers at Church this afternoon. Mr. Hardy and Wife dined with our Folks in Kitchen.

May 27. . . . To Richd. Andrews [smuggler] for 2 Tubbs of Ginn pd. 2. 10. 0. . . . Had another letter from Bill Woodforde on board the Ariadne. He has been in an engagement but not hurt. Mr. Cary [Carrier] forgot my Wiggs from Norwich this evening. . . . Mr. Du Quesne's name mentioned on Chase's Norwich Paper today, to succeed to a Prebendary of Ely in the room of Dr. Harvey, lately deceased.

June 3. . . . Had a very long Letter this evening from my Sister Clarke and a very civil one. I wished she had sent it before, especially as I have sent a Letter to my Sister Pounsett wherein I upbraided Mrs. Clarke for not writing. . . .

June 5. . . . Mr. Mann's Boy who was taking care of some Horses in a Field, where there was a large Clay Pitt full of water, by accident fell in and was drowned and found about Noon Time quite dead. He was a Child of one Spincks by the Church—a sad misfortune indeed, but hope the poor Lad is much happier than if he had stayed longer here. Mr. Mann very uneasy.

June 9. . . . About 2 o'clock who should make his appearance at my House but Nancy's Brother William, who is a Midshipman aboard the Ariadne of 20 Guns. He came from Yarmouth on horseback this morning. He wore his Uniform, and he dined, supped and slept at my House. Nancy was very happy to see him indeed.

June 10. . . . Great Riots have been in London this week.

These were the Gordon Riots, an outburst of uncontrolled mob violence fomented by the maniacal Lord George Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, against the Roman Catholics. They were the sequel to the measure [1] recently promoted by Sir George Savile which aimed at mitigating some of the acerbities of the existing anti-Catholic statutes, the sequel in the sense that the fanatical spirit of religious persecution was aroused thereby. The house of Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice, who

[1] A measure supported in the House of Lords by that singularly magnanimous statesman, Lord Shelburne. See Lord Fitzmaurice's *Shelburne*, vol. ii, pp. 41–2 (1912 edition).

was supposed to be sympathetic to the Catholics, was burned with its priceless library, and he himself narrowly escaped destruction. 'Wednesday night will be remembered by all the present inhabitants of London and Westminster to their latest hour for the horrors and calamities with which it abounded. . . . The King's Bench, Marshalsea and Fleet Prisons, the dwelling-house, shop, and distillery of a Roman Catholic in Holborn, the house of another in Great Queen Street, and of a third in the Poultry—all these and more furnished a sight from my observatory, particularly that of the distillery, which surpassed the appearance of Mount Vesuvius in all its fury.' So wrote Dr. Charles Burney to the Rev. T. Twining on Sunday, June 11th.[1] Readers of the *Memoirs of William Hickey* will remember his description (vol. ii, pp. 265–6) of the scene of desolation in London following the riots. The outbreak was, of course, purely a fanatical mob affair, and decent Protestant opinion was greatly shocked. Of such was the Rev. T. Twining, who replying, in July 1780, to Dr. Burney, brilliantly observes: 'As to toleration, we are children yet; the very word proves it; religious liberty can never be upon its right footing while that word exists. Tolerate!—it is a word of insult. Suppose a man should say to you when you were commending Pachierotti [a famous musician], "Sir, your opinion is very different from mine, but, however, I shall put up with it."'

June 11. . . . Bill breakfasted, dined and drank Tea this afternoon and about 5 o'clock this evening he went for Yarmouth to go on board the Ariadne—Nancy very low at parting. I made Bill a Present this afternoon of 5. 5. 0.

[1] *Twining Correspondence*, pp. 80–4 (John Murray, 1882).

June 13. . . . I dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Du Quesne's being his Rotation, with him, Mr. Howes and Mr. Bodham. We had for dinner a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers, three nice Spring Chicken rosted and a Piggs Face and a Pudding. . . . I returned home about 9 o'clock and who should I see but Nancy's Brother returned from Yarmouth his Ship being sailed but will return e'er long. . . .

June 16. . . . Bill painted our Coat of Arms today on the front of the Temple [just erected] in my garden. . . .

June 17. . . . Bill breakfasted and spent the morning at Weston and about 1 o'clock set of for Yarmouth. He had my little [Mare] to ride some of the way and my Servt Will went with him on the great Horse. Will did not return till near 11 at night. I began to be very uneasy on his not returning—but he told me that there was no Coach set out for Yarmouth all this day for Norwich and therefore he went with Bill as far as Accle 11 miles beyond Norwich. A confirmation of the news of yesterday on the Papers—and the disturbances in London quite over. Charles Town [in Carolina] taken and 8,000 of the Rebels killed and taken.[1]

June 18. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston. My Squire and Lady at Church and a Brother of hers. Press Custance's Woman at Church and in my Seat also.

June 19. . . . My Squire called on me this morn' and talked to me a good deal about his Brother's Mistress

[1] This success and subsequent victories by Lord Cornwallis roused hopes which were shattered on October 19, 1781, by the surrender of Yorktown, into which Cornwallis had been hemmed by Washington and the French.

sitting in my Seat yesterday and whether she had leave, and also that she strutted by them in a very impudent manner coming out of Church—and stared at Mrs. Custance.

June 20. . . . At ½ past 12 I took a ride to Norwich and Will with me; got to Norwich about 2. Got of my Mare just within the Gates and called at a Public House and had some Porter pd 0. 2. Gave Will to go to Quantrells Gardens this evening 0. 1. 0. I walked thro' St. Giles's Street, and it being the Guild Day for swearing in the New Mayor (one Day) and who lives in St. Giles's, the Street was full of People and a number of Flaggs hanging out of the Windows. The Market Place also was full of People and quite down to St. Andrew's Hall where they all dined. I saw the Procession from St. Andrew's Hall up to the old Guild Hall in Coaches and all full dressed, and a very great appearance they made—a band of Musick before, and the Musicians dressed in Gowns. Bells ringing etc. etc. After that I walked about the City by myself till near 5 in the afternoon, and in my walk saw Quantrells Gardens. At 5 drank tea at the King's Head. After that went to Mr. Buckles, there stayed and talked with him and Mr. Sterling till near 6 o'clock—from thence walked to Quantrells Gardens by myself, heard a sad Concert and saw the Fireworks which were very good and worth seeing—gave on going—0. 1. 0. For which you have 6d worth of anything at the Bar. I supped and spent the evening there and stayed till 12 o'clock. For my Supper and Liquor pd 0. 1. 6. A very heavy Storm fell about 9 o'clock. A prodigious number of common girls there and dressed. The Fire Works began about 11 o'clock and lasted about an hour. In it,

a representation of the Engagement between the English and French Fleet under Sir George Rodney.[1] About 12 I came away, called at a House on the Road, spent 0. 1. 6. I was very much tired by walking so much today, was upon the Foot almost from 2 to 12 at night. I returned to the King's Head about 1 o'clock, had some Rum and Water and went to bed. My Squire and Lady at the Mayor's Feast and at the Assembly in the evening, and they went home after. Near 400 People at Dinner with the Mayor and some of the first Fashion—300 dishes for dinner. Dainties of all sorts there besides 3 Bucks.

June 23. . . . After breakfast this morning I sent my Maid Betty to Mr. Press Custance's Mistress (Miss Sharman) to desire her not to make use of my Seat in the Chancel any more, as some Reflections had been thrown on me for giving her Leave. I likewise sent Will to Mr. Kerr's on the same account as I was willing to make it general. Miss Sharman sent word back by Betty that she was much obliged to me for the use she had already made of it, and did not take it at all amiss in me, she knew from whence it came—and that she would get a new Seat made. Mr. Kerr sent me word that he was not the least angry with me, and he expected it. About 2 took a ride to

[1] These fireworks seem to have been in celebration of the engagements between Admiral Rodney (1719–92) and the French Fleet off the West Indies in April and May 1780. The actions were, in fact, quite ineffective, the French Fleet on each occasion escaping. More successful was Rodney's attack on and seizure of the wealthy Dutch Island of St. Eustatius early in 1781. But Rodney's fame is, of course, based on the wonderful victory over De Grasse on April 12, 1782, off the West Indies, a victory which enabled the Government to enter on peace negotiations, after an otherwise disastrous war, on much more favourable terms. (See *D. N. B.* under Rodney.)

Ringland and dined and spent the afternoon with my Squire—his wife, Lady Bacon, and a Mr. Prideaux, grandson of the famous and learned Dr. Prideaux who wrote the Connections.[1] . . . Mrs. Custance asked for Nancy but Mr. Custance said nothing at all about her—which I think not right.

June 24. . . . Mr. Kerr called on me this morning and talked to me about my sending to him yesterday, but not the lest angry with me. He told me he thought it would make a breach between the two Custances. My Squire sent his Brother a note before I sent. . . . To old Joe Adcock's Wife, Her Husband being ill 0. 1. 0.

June 25. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. My Squire and Lady at Church, but both went out of Church much sooner than they used to do. Nobody in my Seat.

July 13. . . . Mr. Du Quesne's Man Robert brought me some Cherries this afternoon, I suppose by his Master's orders. Mr. Du Quesne set off yesterday morn' with Mr. Townshend for Scotland alias North Britain. Mrs. Townshend also with them. Cousin Js. Lewis same to my House this evening on foot and only a dog with him by name Juno—and he supped and slept at my House,—he came here about 8 o'clock. . . .

July 15. . . . Had a Letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett in which she mentions that our Brother

[1] Humphrey Prideaux, D.D. (1648–1724), Dean of Norwich from 1702, was a considerable Oriental scholar. His chief works were his *Life of Mahomet*, 1697, and his *Connection* (1716–18)—which dealt with the interval between the Old and New Testaments, a book frequently reprinted and translated into French and German. His letters were edited for the Camden Society by Sir E. Maunde Thompson in 1875. (See *D. N. B.*)

John had a fall lately from his Horse at Evercreech and put out his shoulder bone, being a little merry. I hope it will be of service to him as it is a Miracle almost that he never hurt himself before. . . .

July 21. . . . I heard nothing from Justice Brainthwaite (alias Gobble) today about fishing yesterday. [The Diarist had had leave to fish below Attlebridge from one Michael Andrews, and the Justice's estates only came up to the river on one side : from his nickname —Gobble—he must have been an unpleasant fellow. He had seen the Diarist fishing and said he would ' send to ' him.]

July 24. . . . The Press Gang [1] from Norwich came to Weston last night and carried of a man from Oddnam Green about 9 o'clock.

Aug. 3. . . . Mr. Thomas of Dereham (Brother of the Bishop of Rochester), a Mr. Paley (who is to be ordained deacon on Sunday next and is to be Curate to Mr. Thomas Michaelmas next at Dereham), and Mr. Hall, dined, and spent the afternoon with us and stayed with us till after 7 in the evening. I gave them for dinner some Fish, a Piece of boiled Beef, Beans and Bacon, a Couple of Ducks rosted and some Apple Tarts. We spent the afternoon in the Temple.

Aug. 11. . . . My great Horse much worse this morning [he had been taken ill the day before, and dosed with Gin and Beer] was walked up to Reeves again and Ben with him. The Dr. gave Ben a draught for him to take, but the poor horse was so [ill] on his return, that we could not give it him, and about 10 o'clock this morning died. I endeavoured to bleed him a little before and sent Will to Gould of Attlebridge to come and see him, but he was dead long before he

[1] See p. 9.

came. Gould said that he died of a Fever in the Bowels—and that he should have been bled, had a Clyster and some cooling Physic also. Am very sorry for him as he was so good natured a Beast. Don't intend to employ Reeves any more as a Farrier. I could not have thought he would have died so soon. The death of my poor good natured Horse (by name Jack) made me very uneasy all the day long. Ben and Will skinned him, we kept one half of him and we gave the other half to Mr. Press Custance. Whatever the skin fetches is to be divided between Will and Ben and Jack.

Aug. 12. . . . Fretting and vexing about my Horse made me much out of order to-day—quite low. . . .

Aug. 21. . . . Cousin Lewis breakfasted here and about 9 o'clock took his leave of us and set of on Foot for Nottinghamshire. I gave him going away 1. 11. 6. I gave him besides a Coat and Waistcoat, 3 Pair of Breeches, a Pair of Stockings and a Pr of new Shoes since he has been with us. . . .

Aug. 26. . . . Bad news on the Papers—60 Sail of East and West India Ships taken by the French and Spanish Fleets.

Sep. 8. . . . Mr. Howes sent his Chaise after my Niece to go and dine at Hockering, I rode my Mare there. We dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Howes's with him, his Wife, Mrs. Davy and daughter Betsy, Charles and Turner Roupe, Mr. Paine and Wife with a long chin, Mr. Donne and his new married Lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt of Mattishall at whose House Mr. and Mrs. Donne are at. Mrs. Donne is an agreeable Lady, but rather deaf. We had for dinner a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers, a Couple of Fowls boiled and a Tongue, a couple of

Ducks rosted, some Blamange and Tarts. At Quadrille this afternoon—won—0. 0. 6. Turner Roupe is in the Militia and appeared in Regimentals. We returned to Weston about 9 o'clock. Charles Roupe accompanied Nancy back in the Chaise. I was on my Mare and caught in a little storm on the Road. Gave Tye the Driver of the Chaise 0. 2. 0. Gave to a Boy that went behind the Chaise 0. 0. 6. Great bustle at Norwich on account of the Dissolution of Parliament—great Opposition expected. The Election is to be for the City on Monday next.

Sep. 11. . . . This day the Election began for the City of Norwich. N.B. Candidates for Norwich Mr. Bacon [see p. 233 foot-note], Sir Harbord Harbord, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Thurlow.

Sep. 12. . . . Sir Harbord Harbord and Mr. Bacon rechosen for Norwich.

Sep. 19. . . . My Man Will. Coleman had a Citation from the Ecclesiastical Court to appear there the 3 of October in a cause respecting defamation [1] of one Ann Lillystone, who lived with me last year, and is now with child by a Servant Man of John Bowles—by name Robt Woodcock. Will was in a Peck of troubles about it, tho' nothing. Nancy and myself dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Custance's of Ringland with him and his Lady—We spent a very agreeable day there. . . . Mrs. Custance came after Nancy in a Coach and four—in which also I went and we returned in the same about 7. To the Coachman and Postilion and an Outrider—gave 0. 3. 0.

Sep. 22. . . . My Squire called on me this morning to desire me to come over in the afternoon and privately

[1] See remarks on pp. 69–70.

name his new born son. I married one John Wont and Rose Branton this morning by License at Weston Church—a compelled marriage. N.B. am owed by Mr. Mann the Church Warden for marrying them, as I could not change a Guinea—0. 10. 6. I took a ride in the afternoon to Mr. Custance's of Ringland and privately named his child by name Edward. I stayed and drank a dish of Coffee with the Squire and one Mr. Martineau of Norwich, a Doctor and Man Midwife.[1] Recd. a printed Letter from the Bishop to send him an account of the Roman Catholicks in my Parish—but I don't know of one in it.

Sep. 23. . . . Had another Letter from my Sister Pounsett this evening to inform me that my Niece Sophy Clarke, and my Nephew Robt White were set of together to be married. Js. and Richd Clarke, Frank Woodforde and his Wife were all confounded angry about it—as they think Robt too much of the Clown. Their Pride is hurt much—for my part I think it a good Match on both sides and if they marry I wish them happy—they are both good natured.

Sep. 28. [The Diarist and Will ride to Norwich]. . . .

[1] Doubtless an ancestor—possibly grandfather, certainly a kinsman of the famous nineteenth-century Martineaus, Harriet and her brother James. The Martineaus were of Huguenot origin, Gaston Martineau of Dieppe settling as a surgeon in Norwich after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In the biography of James Martineau by James Drummond and C. B. Upton (1902), it is stated (pp. 2–3): 'The profession of this founder of the English branch of the Martineaus became to some extent hereditary. In the records of the French Church at Norwich we twice meet with the name of David Martineau entered as that of an eminent surgeon. Philip Meadows Martineau, the uncle of James, was also distinguished; and within the family in Magdalen Street the eldest son devoted himself to the ancestral calling.'

Went to Mr. Morphews Office to talk with him about my Servant Will being cited into Court, but he was not at home.

Sep. 29. . . . After breakfast walked again to Mr. Morphews but he was not come home—I talked with his Clerks. From thence went to Mr. Uttens of the Cathedral and employed him as a Proctor for my Servant. Gave him a retaining Fee of 0. 5. 0. . . . [We hear no more of the case, and may presume that Will was exculpated from the charge of defaming Ann Lillystone.]

Oct. 13. . . . Mr. Cary's daughter (the Widow Pratt) is we hear with child by her Servant that lived with her last year, but she pretends to say that she was ravished one night coming from her Father's by a man whom she does not know.

Oct. 15. . . . Will came home drunk this evening after Supper from Barnard Dunnell's at Morton and he and my head Maid had words and got to fighting. Will behaved very saucy and impudent and very bold in his talk to me. Shall give it to him to-morrow for the same. . . .

Oct. 16. . . . I gave Will a Lecture this morning concerning last night's work.

Oct. 24. . . . My Squire Mr. Custance called on me this morning and spent the best part of an hour with me. He talked with me about his new Tenants, Galland and Howlett, concerning Tithe, but spoke very open and ingenuous about it, and left it entirely to me respecting the same. Mrs. Davie came to us this morning and dined and spent the afternoon with us. . . . Mrs. Davie slipped of the Horse as she was getting up to go home; she did not hurt herself—I laughed much.

Nov. 12. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. Neither my Squire nor Lady at Church this morning. As I was returning from Church this morning Mr. Press Custance overtook me and acquainted me that Mr. Custance had lost his last [i. e. latest] Child this morning—it had been ill some time. I walked with Mr. Press Custance back to Church and fixed on a Place in the Church where the Child is to be buried. We heard this morning by Mr. Press Custance, that many people were robbed yesterday between Norwich and Mattishall by two Highwaymen. They are both known and were very near being taken—One of them is a Nephew of one Parferoy (a gardner at Ringland) and his name is Huson. My Man Ben knows him very well. These two Fellows slept at Ben's Father's on Friday Night and were in the Parish of Weston most of the day yesterday. Nancy was much alarmed on hearing the above. It was lucky that I did not go to Norwich last week.

Nov. 13. . . . About 11 o'clock this morning took a ride to Norwich and my Servant Will[m] Coleman went with me. I carried with me upwards of 150 Pound in Bills and Cash, and got to Norwich very safe with the same. Went to Mr. Kerrison's Bank and there recd. a Bank Note of 150 Pd which I immediately inclosed in a Letter and sent it by the Post to Dr. Bathurst of Christ Church, and which I hope will get safe to him there. [This was tithe the Diarist had collected for his friend, Dr. Bathurst, the non-resident Parson of the neighbouring parish of Witchingham.] Kerrison the Banker asked me to dine with him but cd not. . . . At 4 o'clock this afternoon I set of for Weston, and got

home safe and well thank God about 6 in the evening. . . .

Dr. Bathurst's name is mentioned frequently in the Diary, and an outline of his life may help the reader. He was Henry Bathurst (1744–1837), nephew of the first Earl Bathurst, and from 1805 Bishop of Norwich. He was the Diarist's contemporary and friend both at Winchester and at New College. As a Bishop he was notable as being in politics a Liberal—considered, indeed at the time 'the only Liberal bishop' in the House of Lords, and as a warm supporter of Catholic emancipation. His eldest son, Henry, was also in the Church, and was appointed—presumably by his father—Archdeacon of Norwich in 1814. The Diarist did not live to see his old friend made Bishop of Norwich, otherwise he himself might have been promoted for his faithful services in collecting tithes for the non-resident Rector of Witchingham. Between 1775 and 1805 Dr. Bathurst was Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. The author of the notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says that 'Dr. Bathurst's love of literature was great, and his literary instinct just'. There is a fine statue of him in Norwich Cathedral.

Nov. 15. . . . Went to Church this morning at 11 o'clock and there buried Mr. Custance's son Edward—aged 7 weeks and 3 days. The Corpse was brought in a Coach and four attended by two Servant maids in very deep mourning and long black Hoods. Mr. Press Custance was the Chief Mourner, none of their Relations attended besides. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Custance there. The Coffin was Lead with a Copper Breast-Plate on it and on that was engraved

the Age and Name of the Child. The breast-Plate was plain and made thus ◇. The Child was buried in the Church in the North Aile. The Coach came up close to the Church door. The Drivers and other Servants had hatbands and gloves. I had also a fine black silk Hatband tied with white Love-Ribband and a pair of white Gloves. After the Funeral Mr. Press Custance gave me a Bit of White Paper sealed up with Mr. Custance's Arms on it and in which there were—5. 5. 0. Only a clean white Napkin covered the Lead Coffin. Very rough with much snow this morning and very cold.

Nov. 18. . . . Had a Letter this evening from my Sister Pounsett, who informed us that the late Mr. Guppey had left Mr. Pounsett whole and sole Executor—that Mrs. Pounsett of Cole had 30 Pound per Annum for her life—that Mr. Guppey's Maid, Sybbyl, had ten Pounds in cash and a little House and garden left her by Mr. Guppey also. Recd also a Letter from Bill Woodforde from Sheerness who tells us that he is going to leave the Ariadne, the Captain whose name is Squire and him not agreeing and that he intends to try again for a Lieutenancy of Marines. Am afraid he will not turn out well in the end, as he is so unsteady. I doubt not but that he has given Captain Squire just cause to be angry with him. Robt White and Sophia Clarke [who eloped] my Sister tells us are married, were married in Devonshire.

Nov. 21. . . . The two Highwaymen that lately infested these Roads were taken at Swaffam last night or this morning.

Nov. 25. . . . I took my men, Will, Ben and Jack out a coursing this morning after breakfast, and coursed

till 3 in the afternoon, caught a brace of Hares and a Rabitt. . . .

Decem. 2. . . . Had Edmonds on Complete Body of Heraldry, 2 large Folio volumes in boards brought home this evening by Mr. Cary, and which I bespoke some time ago, being desired by Bathurst to accept of some books a great while ago, and therefore fixed on the above.[1]

On December 5 the Diarist has his annual tithe-frolic, with the usual excellent hospitality for the farmers who attended it: 'Mr. Press Custance neither came or sent to me which I think very ungenteel, after my sending so civil a note. . . .'

Decem. 7. . . . Paid Mr. Thos. Palmer for Malt for a year—22. 0. 0. To a travelling Pedlar for Moore's Almanack pd 0. 0. 8. To ditto for the Ladies Pocket Book 0. 1. 0. Mr. Palmer brought me a very large Hare, but very old one I believe it be, however it was kind of him.

Decem. 9. . . . Recd a letter from Edmund Lewis son of Cousin Js. Lewis to let us know that his Father, the above Coz. Js. Lewis was dead, that he died the 24 of September last, owing he said to laying in a Pair of damp sheets on his return from my house, homeward. I had a letter from Cousin Js. Lewis soon after he got home, which mentions nothing of his catching the least cold, and it was wrote in good spirits by him. Edm[d] also mentions in his letter that his

[1] This book is now in the possession of Dr. R. E. H. Woodforde (see prefatory note), and contains a charming Latin inscription referring to their (W.'s and B.'s) early friendship from Winchester days. See also p. 295.

Father shd say that he had left some shirts behind him here, but poor man, he never brought any but what he had on his back when he came here. I am very sorry for him, hope that God will pardon his past Errors and that he is now happy. It is strange that his son should not acquaint us of his death long before. His sending now was only to beg Charity of me and hope I would be kind to the Family.

Dec. 15. . . . Nancy and myself being rather out of spirits and ill last night, took a dose of Rhubarb each last night and this morning we were both brave. Mr. Hall dined and spent the afternoon with us. He also dined here the day that I went to Norwich, with Nancy—Nancy was not well pleased with him, and about leaving a dog here behind him, which however he did not, as Nancy was against it. I gave him for dinner some Fish and a Shoulder of Mutton rosted—he left us about 4 o'clock. Mrs. Davie called here this aft. in Mr. Howes's Chaise with her daughter Betsy, who is just returned from School and is to spend a few days with Nancy, therefore Mrs. Davie left her with us. . . . Betsy slept with my Niece Nancy Woodforde.

Dec. 16. . . . Nancy had a letter from her Brother Will this evening wherein he mentions that all matters between him and his Captain are made up—dated from Sheerness. Little Betsie Davie cried a good deal this evening after Supper, but about what I know not. She is of a very meek Spirit, poor little maid.

Dec. 20. . . . Mrs. Davie came on foot to our House this morning just after we had breakfasted, and she stayed and dined and spent the afternoon and part of the evening with us till 7 o'clock, and then went

home on horseback behind Mr. Howes's Servant who came after her. It was very dark when Mrs. Davie went away. . . . Little Betsie Davie complaining of an Head-Ache this morning, I gave her a little Rhubarb this evening which she took exceeding well and I hope will do her good. Betsie Davie is a very good, sensible Child, talks like a Woman, tho but 10 years of age.

Dec. 21. . . . To poor People of this Parish being St. Thomas's Day gave each of them *6d* against Christmas. Gave in the whole today—44 in number 1. 2. 0. My Squire gave them a shilling apiece. . . .

Decem. 25. . . . I read Prayers and administered the Holy Sacrament this morning at Weston, being Christmas Day. My Squire and Lady both at Church and at the Sacrament. This being Christmas Day, the following old poor men dined at my House, and I gave each of them a shilling to carry home to their wives—Richard Bates, Richard Buck, Thos. Dicker, Thos. Cary, Thos. Cushion, Thos. Carr, and my Clerk Js Smith—in all gave them 0. 7. 0. I had a prodigious fine surloin of Beef rosted with quantities of plumb-Puddings. We also began on Mince Pies today at dinner.

Dec. 30. . . . Nancy had her new Cotton Gown brought home this evening from Norwich by Mr. Cary and I think very handsome, trimmed with green Ribband —a Cotton of my Choise.

Dec. 31. . . . This being the last day of the year we sat up till after 12 o'clock, then drank a Happy New Year to all our Friends and went to bed. We were very merry indeed after Supper till 12. Nancy and Betsie Davie locked me into the great Parlour, and both fell on me and pulled my Wigg almost to Pieces. —I paid them for it however.

1781. Jan. 9. . . . Mr. Hall breakfasted and spent the morning with us—and about noon he eat a bit of cold Beef and then went of for Dereham.—This being the Assembly night at Dereham and the first this winter there. Mr. Hall is a Subscriber to the Dereham Assembly. Dereham Assembly is monthly and only 4 Assemblies. . . .

Jan. 11. . . . This day heard the news that Jersey was taken by the French and retaken by the Islanders afterwards—between 4 and 6000 French landed there, but were all destroyed or taken Prisoners by us. It is too good news to be true I am afraid the whole of it is. Country News very bad, hearing of nothing but Highwaymen and breaking houses open at Norwich. Trade at Norwich never worse—Poor no Employment.

Jan. 13. . . . Mrs. Dade was robbed this evening coming from Norwich near the 3 Mile Stone and had 2 guineas taken from her by a single Footpad.

Jan. 14. . . . Gave Betsy Davie this evening a fine bright shilling. Betsy was sent for on horseback this afternoon but I would not let her go as she is not well.

Jan. 16. . . . Betsy Davie very bad indeed today, was obliged to be brought down stairs about noon, but could not sit up long being in such violent Pain in her right knee and left Foot, something like the Gout. The Pain was so great towards the Evening that she cried incessantly. Betty [the Maid] sat up with her all night as she was so ill. It alarmed me much and the more so, as we had sent in the morning to her Mama, to let her know that she was better, which she was till she was had up. Nancy and myself sat up in the Study all the night long as she was so ill, and

we thought her very dangerously so. We amused ourselves most of the night by playing Cribbage. We played 12 Rubbers at 6d per Rubber at which I won 0. 1. 0. but had lost to her before 1/6, so that it reduced my loss to 0. 0. 6. [Next day Betsy's Mama and Dr. Thorne are sent for, physic administered, etc., and in a few days Betsy is better.]

Jan. 21. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. Neither My Squire or Lady at Church, but a small Congreg: Mrs. Davie, Nancy and Betsy gave me a good trimming this evening.

Jan. 24. . . . I was sadly used this evening by Mrs. Davie, Nancy and Betsy, had my money picked out of my Pocket of 0. 11. 6.

Jan. 26. . . . The 11/6 that was taken out of my Pocket the other Night Mrs. Davie is to lay out on an Apron for Nancy by my Consent. We had for dinner today some Beef Stakes and Mutton Stakes, a couple of Fowls rosted and Mince Pies. . . .

Jan. 27. . . . Nancy had a Letter from her Father and another from her Brother Will. Her Father informs that his son Sam was at Mr. Hoare's and is taken great notice of by Mr. Hoare for his ingenuity in Painting etc.[1]

Mrs. Davie sent me some Brawn and Oysters by Mr. Cary and likewise a Silk Bonnett for my Maid Betty. . . .

Jan. 30. . . . Was very ill this morning, being much disturbed and had very little rest during last night. Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Davie, and Mr. Hall dined and spent the afternoon with us. Mrs. Davie stayed and supped and slept here. I gave them for dinner a knuckle of Veal and a Tongue, a prodigious

[1] See p. 208 for a notice of Samuel Woodforde, R.A.

fine Cock Turkey rosted (and which weighed when alive 20 Pound) and a Currant Pudding. . . .

Feb. 3. . . . Had but an indifferent night of Sleep, Mrs. Davie and Nancy made me up an Apple Pye Bed last night. . . .

Feb. 12. . . . We did not go to bed till after 12 this night, the Wind being still very high. We were as merry as we could be, I took of Mrs. Davie's Garter tonight and kept it. I gave her my Pair of Garters and I am to have her other tomorrow. . . .

Next day Mrs. Davie, who had been staying at the Rectory on and off since January 30, went to Parson Howes's of Hockering, taking Betsy with her, who had been at the hospitable Diarist's since December 15th.

Feb. 17. . . . Mr. Howes made us a morning visit and brought Nancy a Pr of Tongs to pinch her Hair with, from Mrs. Davy, as a Present to her.

Feb. 18. . . . I read Prayers and Preached, read a Proclamation for a Fast on Wednesday next and churched Forster's wife this morning at Weston Church. My Squire at Church but not his Lady. Received for churching Forster's Wife—0. 1. 0.

Feb. 19. . . . I christened two Children, Twinns, this morning privately at my House by names, Anne and Susannah. They are two Spurious Children of one Anne Lillistone late a Servant Maid of mine. . . .

Feb. 21. . . . This being the Day for a general Fast to be observed during our present Troubles, I went to Church this morning and read Prayers, but did not preach. I had a large Congregation that attended. . . .

Feb. 22. . . . I was very stingy this morning alias in a bad hunour and made Nancy uneasy by my talking.

About 10 this morning took a ride to Mr. Townshend's Clumps, there met Du Quesne by appointment, and went acoursing.... We coursed till 2 o'clock, had a number of courses, saw at least 12 brace of Hares, and killed only 1 Hare. My Bitch Dutchess went with me, and she had not begun coursing before she was caught in a Rabbitt Gin, by one of her forefeet. She did not perform at all well after, being very shy and her foot painful. I went home with Du Quesne and dined and spent the afternoon with him and Mr. Hall. . . . We had for dinner, some Brawn, boiled Pork and Peas, and a Hare rosted, but spoiled by being over done.

March 3. . . . Will went on my little Mare to Du Quesne's this morning with my Greyhound, Dutchess, acoursing, I could not go. I sent by Will, to Mr. Townshend's Gamekeeper Jack 0. 1. 0. They killed 2 brace. Mr. Du Quesne sent me back an Hare. Will returned time enough to wait at dinner. . . .

March 14. . . . In the afternoon I took a ride to Norwich, Will went with me within a mile of Norwich, and then I got of and sent my mare back by Will to Weston. I supped and slept at the King's Head. Put a letter to Dr. Bathurst into the post this evening and in it two Bills of 10 Pound each. Great and good news brought from London this evening an account of the English having taken St. Eustatia and St. Martins two of the Caribbee Islands in the West Indies, from the Dutch, with 270 sail of Ships.[1]

Mar. 15. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at the King's Head. Mr. Hall came to Norwich about 12 o'clock to the King's Head and we dined etc. together there. We had some fresh Salmon for

[1] See foot-note, p. 287.

dinner today. Great rejoicings in the City all day, St. Peter's Bells ringing all day. The City Cannon 5 in number were fired three times. The light Horse also were drawn up in the Market Place about 12 o'clock and fired three vollies. Illuminations at night over the City with large Bonfires. After dinner Mr. Hall sent his Compts to a Captain Coleman of the Marines and that he would come and drink a glass of Wine with us which [he did] and likewise went to the Play with us and after supped, and spent the evening with us till 2 in the mŏrn. We went to the Theatre after the 5 Act of the Play which was the Plain Dealer. The entertainment which was, Harlequin Touchstone, was highly diverting. The Play etc. was over about 10 o'clock. We did not sup till after 11 at night. At the Theatre paid half price, 0. 1. 6. To other trifling expenses this evening pd 0. 3. 6. The market place was full of People this evening and very noisy. Fireworks etc. playing off.

Mar. 16. I breakfasted and spent the morning at Norwich. Mr. Hall and Captain Coleman breakfasted with me. After breakfast I took a walk to Priests and tasted some Wine and ordered a Qr of a Pipe, with 3 gallons of Rum and 3 gallons of the best Holland Geneva. To 2 ivory Shuttles for Nancy of Baker, pd 0. 1. 0. To 7 pieces of Wood, a Puzzle thing, pd 0. 0. 6. About 1 o'clock Mr. Hall and myself left Norwich and he went home to Weston with me and dined and spent the afternoon with us and then went for Dereham. At the King's Head for my part of the Bill pd. 0. 13. 0. For Horses at the King's Head, pd. 0. 3. 0. To servants at the King's Head, gave, 0. 5. 0. Mr. Hall nor myself would not suffer the Captain any part of the Bill to

be paid by him. We had for dinner a Leg of Mutton rosted only. To a poor Man of Easton who lately lost an Horse and who came to my House this afternoon, gave 0. 2. 6. Mr. Hall being with me gave him the same. Mrs. Davie still at my House and dined and slept here again. Quite tired and fatigued this evening.

Mar. 19. . . . Sent by my Maid Betty to one Tooley, whose Family has got the Small Pox and is very poor, 0. 2. 6. . . .

Mar. 20. . . . About 12 o'clock I took a ride to Dereham and Will went with me. Got there about 2 o'clock, put up my Horses at the King's Arms kept by one Girling and there I supped and slept, had a very good Bed. Soon after I got to Dereham I walked to Mr. Hall's Rooms, he lodges at a Barbers by name Field, and there I dined and spent the afternoon with him by appointment. We had for dinner a fine Lobster hot and some Mutton Stakes, had from the King's Arms. Before dinner Mr. Hall and myself took a Walk about Dereham, went and saw a whimsical Building called Quebec. We dined at 3 o'clock and after we had smoked a Pipe etc., we took a ride to the House of Industry about 2 miles West of Dereham, and a very large building at present tho' there wants another Wing. About 380 Poor in it now, but they don't look either healthy or cheerful, a great Number die there, 27 have died since Christmas last. We returned from thence to the King's Arms and then we supped and spent the evening together. To Mr. Hall's Clerk of Garvaston who came to give him notice of a Burial on Friday, being very poor, gave, 0. 1. 0.

Mar. 21. I breakfasted with Mr. Hall at his lodgings.

To a Barber for shaving me etc., gave, 0. 0. 6. After breakfast we took a walk, called at Miss Gage's School and saw Betsy Davie, who cried on seeing us. Miss Gage the Mistress never came to us tho' at home which I think was very rude and impolite in her. After that we took a long walk about the Town. About 1 o'clock Mr. Hall took a ride with me to Weston and dined and spent the afternoon with us. Mr. Hall's Horse fell with him on Hockering Heath and threw him of, but luckily received no hurt. . . .

Mar. 24. . . . The four Highwaymen that infested these roads last Winter, were all tried at the Assizes held last week at Thetford, found guilty and all condemned. Since that they made an attempt to get out of the Castle and very near completed an escape.

Mar. 31. . . . Had a letter from one Singlehurst of the Town of Nottingham petitioning for poor C. Lewis's Family, but am not able to assist them having so many demands. . . .

April 1. . . . I read Prayers and preached this morning at Weston. Neither my Squire or Lady at Church, being from home. Mr. Hardy and his Wife dined with our Folks in Kitchen. Nancy and myself took a walk this afternoon to Mr. Custance's new Hall stayed there an Hour and returned. To one Bushell for shewing us the House, gave, 0. 1. 0. Nancy walked there and back very well, not very much tired. She walked up to the top Rooms tho' the stair Case has no Rail to it as yet, and looks dangerous to go up.

April 7. . . . Gave my servt Will leave to go to Norwich this morning to see the three Highwaymen hung there today. Will returned about 7 o'clock in the

Evening. They were all three hung and appeared penitent. . . . The names of the Highwaymen were, Wm Skipper, Michael Moore, and Willm Fletcher. Skipper was most abandoned but cried at the last.

April 14. . . . I got up very ill this morning about 8 o'clock, having had none or very little sleep all the night, owing to the pain in my Ear which was much worse in the night and broke, and a good deal of blood only came away. The pain continued still very bad all the morning tho' not quite so bad as before. It made me very uneasy abt it. A throbbing pain in my Ear continued till I went to bed. I put a rosted onion into my Ear going to bed tonight.

April 15. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined, etc. here again. I thank God I had a tolerable good night to sleep and was much better this morning for it. I read Prayers and administered the Holy Sacrament this morning at Weston being Easter Day. Had a Loin of Veal rosted for dinner as usual on Easter-day. My Clerk and Js Hardy of Ringland dined with our Folks. Continued brave tho' low, thank God, all day.

April 22. . . . I went to Brand this morning and read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament there for Mr. Bodham. Brand is about 6 miles from my House. There were only 6 Communicants, myself one of them. I read Prayers and Preached this aft: at Weston. Had a very large Congregation this afternoon at Church. We did not dine till the afternoon service was over.

April 23. . . . Mr. Townshend's gamekeeper Jack brought me over this morning a greyhound Puppy by order of Mr. Townshend. I gave the Gamekeeper for bringing it over 0. 2. 6. . . .

May 2. I breakfasted and slept again at the King's head [he had gone to Norwich the day before]. About 11 this morning Mrs. Davy with my Niece came to Norwich in Lenewade Chaise, and my servant Will came with them on horseback. They went to Mr. Priest's where they are to sleep. After breakfast I took a walk till 1 o'clock by myself. Called on Manning and bespoke an Urn for Nancy. Also a Copper Kitchen and a Copper Coal Scoup. At Chase's for Skipper's Narrative pd 0. 0. 6. At Scott's for a pair of riding gloves pd 0. 2. 2. Called on my Mercer, Mr. Smith, and bespoke a Coat, Waistcoat, and Pr of Breeches, and a fishing Frock. To the driver of Lenewade Chaise, gave 0. 1. 6. To my man Will, to go to the Play tonight gave 0. 1. 0. At 2 o'clock went to Mr. Priest's and there dined and spent part of the afternoon with him, his Wife, and Family, a Mrs. Heigh of Tuddenham, Mrs. Davie and Nancy. We had for dinner some Codfish and Cockle Sauce, a foreqr. of Lamb, Tarts and Jellies. After dinner called at Mr. Francis's etc. Returned to Tea at Mr. Priest's. Mrs. Cooper drank tea there. About 6 o'clock Mr. Priest, his son John and myself took a walk to the Theatre. Mrs. Davie and Nancy went in a Hackney Coach thither. For the Coach I pd 0. 1. 0. We all sat in one of the Front Boxes. The Theatre was pretty full and the Play was the Royal Suppliants—A new Tragedy for the Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Holland. The Entertainment Harlequin Touchstone. Between the Play and Entertainment an Interlude called Buxom Joan or the Farmer's journey to London. They collected at the Theatre for this night fifty two Pounds. I treated Mrs. Davie, Nancy and John Priest with Tickets.

For four tickets I paid 0. 12. 0. After the Play etc. the Ladies etc. returned to Mr. Priest's. I went to my Inn, had some Rum and Water and went to bed.

May 4. . . . We [Mrs. Davie is again staying at the Rectory] were very merry this morning with Nancy, making her believe that she took a bad half Guinea at Norwich and which I took of her again, but gave her only 9/6. I soon after sent it to Cary's and got 10/6 for it which greatly heightened our Mirth. She had the 1/0 after.

May 10. . . . Mrs. Howes came after Nancy about 1 o'clock in her Chaise to carry her to Hockering to dinner. I rode my Mare thither, and there we dined and spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Davy, Mr. Dawson and Wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paine of Shipdam and Mr. du Quesne. Mr. Dawson is a Clergyman and has a Living, but his Tenets are Presbyterian. He married Mr. Howes's eldest daughter, lives at Wingfield. . . .

May 16. . . . Between 7 and 8 o'clock this morning went down to the River a fishing with my Nets. Ben, Will, Jack, Harry Dunnell and Willm Legate (Ben's Brother) were my Fishermen. We begun at Lenewade Mill and fished down to Morton. And we had the best day of Fishing we ever had. We caught at one draught only ten full Pails of Fish, Pike, Trout and flat fish. The largest Fish we caught was a Pike, which was a Yard long and weighed upwards of thirteen pound after he was brought home. We caught about 20 brace of Pike, but threw back all the small ones—also we caught abt 15 brace of Trout, the largest not more than a Pound and half—all the smallest we threw back—3 brace also of Perch—one tolerable Tench and I dare say

near if not quite five hundred Brace of Roach and Dace. Prodigious sport indeed we had today tho' cold and wet. As we were fishing by Coplin's, he came out and ordered my men of from his land, and behaved quite contrary to the opinion I had of him. After talking with him some little time he said I might fish, but then I would not, at which he seemed rather uneasy. We eat some cold meat which we carried about one o'clock and returned home to dinner at 4. For Beer at Barnard Dunnells of Morton, pd. 0. 1. 0. Gave Beeston, Cantrell, Palmer of Morton and Barnard Dunnell some Pike, and most of the flat Fish to the Poor at Lenewade and Morton and of my own Parish. Harry Dunnell and Will Legate dined etc. with our Folks. Paid them also for their labour today 0. 3. 0. I was rather fatigued this evening by Fishing.

May 17. . . . Mr. Priest of Norwich came to my house about 1 o'clock and he stayed and dined with us and spent the afternoon and in the evening returned to Norwich. I was very glad to see him, as he and wife behaved very civil to Nancy. Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Davie, and Mr. du Quesne dined and spent the afternoon with us also. I gave my Company for dinner my great Pike which was rosted and a Pudding in his Belly, some boiled Trout, Perch, and Tench, Eel and Gudgeon fryed, a Neck of Mutton boiled and a plain Pudding for Mrs. Howes. All my Company were quite astonished at the sight of the great Pike on the table. Was obliged to lay him on two of the largest dishes, and was laid on part of the Kitchen Window shutters, covered with a cloth. I never saw a nobler Fish at any table, it was very well cooked, and tho' so large was declared by all

the Company to be prodigious fine eating, being so moist. At Quadrille after tea, neither won or lost. At about 9 they all left us. I put a large Pike into the Boot of Mr. Howes' Chaise before he went.

May 19. . . . My man Ben went early this morning to Norwich with my white Cow and Calf to sell, he returned about 3 this afternoon having sold them and pd me for them 5. 5. 0. I gave him out of it 0. 2. 6.

May 21. . . . A Mr. Smyth, an Attorney (and who was with me the first time of my coming to Weston to settle some matters between Mrs. Ridley and myself) called on me this evening for a copy of the Register, concerning his Son's age who is now at New College and Fellow there. His Son is going to take Orders soon. I never saw his Son. He stayed with me about half an Hour, and then walked to Peachman's where he is to sleep, being his Tenant.

May 22. . . . At one o'clock took a ride to Mr. Bodham's at Mattishall, and there dined and spent the afternoon with him, Mrs. Bodham, old Mr. Downe and Wife of Dereham and their grand-daughter a Miss Downe from London, a fine girl about 16. A Mr. Grigson, a young Clergyman, Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Davy and Mr. du Quesne. It was Mattishall Gaunt today. I was late to dinner. Mr. Downe of Dereham came in a new contrived machine with only two Wheels, and is drawn by one Horse only. It answers both the end of a Chair and a Post Chaise; it has front and side Windows when shut up, and when down and thrown back, a chair. It is a very good Contrivance and cost him 40 guineas. Mr. Grigson appears to be a sensible, good Young Man. We had for dinner a piece of

boiled Beef, a foreqr. of Lamb rosted, a Pidgeon Pye, Custards and Tarts. At Quadrille this afternoon, lost 0. 2. 6. To a little girl at Mr. Bodham's gave 0. 0. 6. As I went to Mr. Bodham's, called at East Tuddenham and saw the Church and the new Altar Piece there. It is a very handsome one (but put much too low). Mr. Howes's man (Bird) and my man (Will) kept us later than we intended to stay, being gone to the Gaunt and not come back till near 9 o'clock. I did not stay for my man but went with du Quesne when he did, about half past 8. I went with du Quesne as far as Tuddenham and then went home by myself—which I did not like. Will came home about 11 o'clock but I did not see him tonight. I am very sorry that he behaves so, as the last time we were at Mr. Bodham's the same was done and Mr. Howes's man then (by name Tye) was turned of.

May 23. . . . I talked coolly and calmly to Will this morning and told him that it would not be in my Power to excuse him any more for such behaviour, and that he would be cautious. . . .

May 28. . . . About 2 o'clock Mrs. Custance came in her coach after Nancy to go with her to Ringland to dinner. Mrs. Custance wanted me to go in the Coach also, but I preferred riding on Horseback. We dined and spent the afternoon with them and Mr. du Quesne. We had for dinner some Maccarel, a Couple of Fowls boiled and a Tongue, a leg of Mutton rosted for the First Course. Some Pidgeons and Asparagus, Tartlets, Raspberry Cream, and Blancmange with Currant Jelly. We spent a very agreeable day at Ringland, we returned to Weston about 9 in the evening. Mrs. Custance made my Niece a present

of a very fine India Fan, another for Common Use, but all the Fashion at London, a fine Tortoise-shell Shuttle and also a pretty straw Baskett for to hold work. Mrs. Custance is very fond of Nancy and so is she of her.

May 30. . . . Nancy scarce eat any thing for dinner today, I desired her not to eat too much, and therefore she would not eat after, neither would she eat any supper.

June 3. . . . I read prayers and administered the Holy Sacrament this morning at Weston Church being Whitsunday. It rained very heavy in the Night a Thunder storm, with little Thunder or Lightning, but much Rain. All Nature seemed this morning greatly refreshed by the Rain, as it was so much wanted. Thanks be to the Lord for so blessed and gracious a Rain. My Squire and Lady at Church and at the H. Sacrament. Nancy also was at Church and at the H. Sacrament by my desire, and was the first time of her ever receiving it. My Clerk Js Smith dined with our Folks today.

June 8. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Custance and Mr. du Quesne dined and spent the afternoon with us and stayed till 8 o'clock in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Custance were dressed very neat. We put their Coach in my Barn. I gave them for dinner, a Couple of Chicken boiled and a Tongue, a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers and Batter Pudding for the first Course, Second, a couple of Ducks rosted and green Peas, some Artichokes, Tarts and Blancmange. After dinner, Almonds and Raisins, Oranges and Strawberries. Mountain and Port Wines. Peas and Strawberries the first gathered this year by me. We spent a very agreeable day, and all well pleased and merry.

June 10. . . . I slept but very indifferent last night. Very sickly time now, many very ill in Ague and Fever. I read Prayers and Preached this afternoon at Weston. I prayed for John Bowls at Church, almost dead by drinking. Neither my Squire or Lady at Church this afternoon.

June 11. . . . To a poor old soldier who sells Matches by name Clem: Syms near 80 years old and who broke his leg about Christmas last, gave this morning 0. 0. 6. He used to call on me about once in half a year. He has a Pension from Government of abt 7 Pd a Year. . . .

June 13. . . . I went this morning and read Prayers by John Bowles being ill and prayed for Sunday last at Church. I found him in bed, but a great deal better than I expected to find him, speaks very strong, eats very little, is blind, and has a Pain in his Stomach all from drinking. To some poor children gave 0. 0. 2.

June 18. . . . To one Cock of Booton and another man also of the same place, who very lately had their house burnt down and lost almost their all, gave, 0. 5. 0. I gave Nancy to give to them also 0. 2. 6. In the evening took a ride to Norwich and supped and slept at the King's Head. I sent my Horses back to Weston by my man Will.

June 20. . . . I called on Mr. Francis Senr this morning and talked with him about the letter he sent me to pay in the £100 to know whether he could get it for me by the time, but he declined very coolly. It made me rather uneasy, and made me rather wish I had never borrowed it at all. However, I hope I shall manage it some way or other. I called on Francis also last night, but Parrott of Saham being there, did not talk of it. . . .

June 24. . . . Mrs. Davy came after Nancy this evening in Mrs. Howes's Chaise by appointment, as Nancy is to spend a few days with them at Hockering. Recd a Letter this afternoon by my Squire's Servant from Mrs. Le Neve dated from Winsdor, to desire me, as she intends visiting Oxford soon, to send her a line or two to the Warden of New College by way of introducing her to him. Her Daughters are with her and are to go with her. Also for me to recommend an Inn to her in Oxford. Was very dull and low this evening and the more so, being quite alone.

June 26. . . . About 6 o'clock Mrs. Custance with her two little Boys and their Nurse came to my House, and the young Gentlemen supped here, on bread and milk. They returned home to Weston about 9 o'clock.

June 28. . . . Mr. du Quesne asked me to dine with him as he has a large Company at his House, but would not; however I promised to drink Tea with them. Mr. du Quesne's man Robert a very old servant very ill, in the Fever that prevails so much in Norfolk now. Very bad at Norwich. 53 were buried last week there. I sent Will to wait at Table at dinner at du Quesne's. I dined at home by myself on a Leg of Mutton rosted. . . .

June 30. . . . Nancy by being with Mrs. Davy had learnt some of her extravagant Notions, and talked very high all day. I talked with her against such foolish Notions which made her almost angry with me, but when we went to bed we were very good Friends and she was convinced.

July 1. . . . Poor Robert England Mr. du Quesne's old servant died this afternoon in the Fever that rages so much. He drove Mr. du Quesne's Chaise to Norwich

and back again with Mr. Priest and Wife in it, only Wednesday last. Mr. du Quesne is sorely grieved about him.

July 3. . . . Mr. Baldwin called on me this morning, but did not stay long, he walked into my garden, I gave him some Artichokes to carry home to Mrs. Baldwin. . . .

July 9. . . . I took a ride this morning to du Quesne's, found him very low, and sorely vexed for his poor Man Robin. He was then just going of for London. I was wet thro' before I got to du Quesne's. I am really sorry to see du Quesne so very much dejected. From du Quesne's rode on to Howes's to let them know that I should expect them at my Rotation tomorrow. I saw only Mr. and Mrs. Howes. Mrs. Davy at Norwich. I returned to dinner by 3 o'clock.

July 13. . . . Mackay, Gardner at Norwich, called here this Even', and he walked over my garden with me and then went away. He told me how to preserve my Fruit Trees etc. from being injured for the future by the ants, which was to wash them well with soap sudds after our general washing, especially in the Winter.

July 17. . . . Mr. Galland and Mr. Howlett called on me this evening to advise them what to do with one Norton who threatens to burn half the Parish, he has burnt this afternoon all the Break upon the Common that Mr. Howlett had cut to put under his stacks. He is a sad Rogue I believe. I advised them to have a Warrant and secure him. He was therefore this evening secured by the Constables.

July 18. . . . Norton was had before a Justice this morning but he was done nothing to, as the Justice could not have proof. . . .

July 24. . . . I read a good deal of the History of England today to Nancy whilst she was netting her Apron. Very dry again. I feed my Geese with Cabbage now.

July 30. . . . Nancy and myself get up every morning before 7 o'clock under the penalty of forfeiting sixpence each day—Sundays only excepted.

Aug. 2. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Custance got into their new House for the first time to sleep there. But Mrs. Custance was taken ill before she got there. Supposed to be in labour.

Aug. 6. . . . Nancy took a walk this morning to Mr. Custance's new House and there stayed and dined and spent the afternoon there. I walked in the afternoon there and drank Tea, and about 8 walked back to our House with Nancy. Begun shearing Wheat today. Harvest very forward. Gave Mrs. Davie a very genteel steel Cork Screw this afternoon. Gave Nancy some Muslin to make a shawl.

Aug. 8. . . . About 2 o'clock a strange young Man called at my House (shabbily dressed with one shoulder higher than the other) to ask me leave to set up a School in this Parish, said he came from Yarmouth and was recommended he said by a Mr. Gosling of Yarmouth to this Parish, brought no Character with him, said also he was a Scotchman. I told him that I thought it strange that he should apply without any kind of Certificate, Character etc. A suspicious Man I take him, and might belong to a bad crew, but hope not.

Aug. 12. . . . I read Prayers and preached this morning at Weston. Mr. and Mrs. Custance both at Church, and it being so hot they were afraid that they should be obliged to go out of Church during the Service, but did not. Poor John Bowles died this morning

about 10 o'clock, hope he is departed out of this Life for a better one. Poor Man, he killed himself by drinking so much spirit.

Aug. 14. . . . I buried this evening about 7 o'clock in the Church poor John Bowles, aged 63 years. Most of the Parish attended at the Funeral which was a very decent one, Peachman, Stephen Andrews, Mann, John Pegg, Wm. Dade and Page, Pall Bearers and had silk Hatbands and Gloves. I had also a silk Hatband and a Pr of Gloves, and as he was buried in the Church and for breaking of the ground recd. 0. 10. 6.

Aug. 16. . . . I took a walk this morning to Mr. Custances, but neither of them at home, being gone to visit Mr. Bacon of Earlham. I stayed and chatted with the children some time.

Aug. 18. . . . Mr. du Quesne returned home Wednesday last. The Arch Bishop of Canterbury and his Lady Mrs. Cornwallis are come also to Mr. Townshends at Honingham.[1]

Aug. 21. . . . Nancy and myself dined and spent the afternoon at Mr. Jn. Custance's at the New Hall with him and Mrs. Custance. They sent their Coach after us and carried us back home in it. We had for dinner Ham and 2 Fowls boiled, some young Beans, Veal Collops and hash Mutton for the first course. A rost Duck, baked Puddings, Apple Tart etc. second. They behaved very civil and very

[1] Frederick Cornwallis, D.D. (1713–83). He succeeded Dr. Secker (see pp. 255–6, foot-note) as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1768. Though apparently a popular man, he was a prelate very much of the world, and altogether inferior to his predecessor in talents. He married in 1759 Caroline Townshend, a sister to Mr. Charles Townshend of Honingham (see p. 211): hence his visit there. (See *The Primates of the Four Georges*, by Alfred W. Rowden, K.C., 1916; also *D. N. B.*)

friendly to us. Mrs. Custance gave Nancy a Pearl necklace and Pearl Chain to hang from the Necklace, a Pr of Pearl Ear-rings and another Pr of Ear-rings. Mrs. Custance is exceedingly kind to my Niece indeed. We returned home about 8 o'clock in the evening. After spending a very agreeable day.

Aug. 22. . . . I took a ride to du Quesnes this morning, stayed with him about an Hour, found him rather low still, and fretting himself about being so tyed by the leg, in dancing backward and forward to Townshends with his great Company. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lady are there etc. The Archbishop and Lady go from Townshends Saturday next. Du Quesne is then determined to visit his Neighbours, tho' Townshend be ever so much affronted at it. . . .

Aug. 25. . . . Nancy had a letter this evening from her father, in which he mentions the death of poor Tom Syms by a Fall from a Horse. Poor Fellow! hope he is much happier than he was here.

Aug. 27. . . . Nancy saw Sr Wm. Jernegan and a General Jernegan a German at Mr. Custance's. The General is some relation of Sr William's, lives in Germany, a very good kind of Man.

Aug. 30. . . . About 2 o'clock took a Walk to Mr. Custances and there dined and spent the afternoon with him, Mrs. Custance, and Mr. Martineau (a man Midwife from Norwich) a sensible young gentleman and well behaved,[1] and my Niece. We returned home in Mr. Custances Coach and Mr. with Mrs. Custance attended us in it—but they did not unlight. I was very low and dull going to bed to-night and could not go to sleep. We had for dinner to-day a Couple of Fowls rosted, a piece of boiled Beef,

[1] See p. 292, foot-note.

stewed Mutton, Fricasseed Rabbitts, a Currant Pudding and Tarts. Mr. Rawlins (Mr. Custance's Architect) also dined with us to-day.

Sept. 9. . . . I read Prayers and Preached this morning at Weston. My Squire and Lady both at Church, as was Nancy. As I was walking to Church I met Mr. Custance's Coach and four about half way from my House with Mr. and Mrs. Custance in it, coming after Nancy to carry her to Church, but she was gone to Church before. It was very kind of them by so intending. During my Sermon at Church a poor Woman was taken in Fits, which disconcerted the whole Congregation and made me conclude sooner than I intended. They could not get her out of Church. The Woman was old Richd Bates' Wife, an old Woman. One guineas worth of Bread was given away this morning to the Poor of Weston. A Legacy of late Jn Bowles's. A much greater Number of poor People at Church this morning than used to be owing to the above. Spraggs my Gardner dined with our Folks to-day, he being at Weston Church.

Sep. 18. . . . At Noon took a walk to Mr. Custance's and to my great surprise as well as satisfaction Mr. Custance acquainted me that his Wife was brought to bed this morning of another Boy and that they were both extremely well. Mr. Custance desired me to christen the Child which I did immediately and by name William. He asked me to dine with them but could not. I returned therefore home to dinner and told Nancy of the good news of Mrs. Custance being brought to bed, she was very glad to hear of it, and that they were well. To Lizzy's Mother Mrs. Greaves for 6 Turkies this afternoon pd 0. 9. 0.

Sep. 19. . . . Weston Bells rung yesterday and again to-day, on Mrs. Custance being brought to bed and in the New House.

Sep. 22. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. etc. here again. To an old man of Reepham for 40 Oysters pd 0. 2. 6. Mrs. Davy and with her Alexander Payne made us a morning visit, stayed with us about an Hour and returned home. To my Butcher's Man Simonds for Pork at 3½ pd 0. 6. 6. Mr. Custance, my Squire, made us also a visit this morning immediately almost after Mrs. Davy left us, and he also stayed with us an Hour. Mrs. Custance brave. My Name, I saw, inserted on the Norwich Paper this evening as Preacher at the Generals next Monday at Aylsham, the Archdeacon Dr. Berney. The death of Mrs. Le Neve mentioned on the Norwich Paper also, as happening at London, and of a raging Fever. Pray God she be happy and send Comfort O Lord to her two disconsolate orphan Daughters.

Sep. 23. . . . There was a grand Funeral at Ringland to-day about noon. Poor Mrs. Le Neve brought from London there.

Sep. 24. . . . At 8 this morning took a ride to Aylsham about 10 miles from Weston, with my man Will. Coleman; we got there about 10, put up my Horses at the 3 black Boys and then sent for a Barber, dressed myself in my Gown and Cassock and Scarf, being the Archdeacon's visitation to-day, and went about 11 o'clock to Church, where Mr. Taswell read Prayers, and after Prayers I ascended the Pulpit and gave them a Sermon. From Church we returned to the 3 Boys to dinner. The Clergy present were as follows, the Revd. Mr. Greene who sat in the Chair

and represented the Arch-Deacon Dr. Berney, myself next as Preacher, Mr. Taswell next as Reader, Mr. Priest of Reepham, Mr. Whitmell, Mr. Browne, Mr. Sandiford, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Leath, and Mr. Juvel. Myself and Taswell were treated by the Chairman. To a Barber at Aylsham, gave 0. 0. 9. Mr. Morphew, Mr. Morse, Mr. Priest's son, Richd. and a Mr. Robins dined with the Clergy at Aylsham. It was almost unanimously agreed by the Clergy that the Generals should be alternately at Aylsham and Reepham, and desired Mr. Morphew to mention it to the Arch Deacon. Lent my servant Will at Aylsham this morning 0. 10. 6. We broke up at about 4 o'clock, and then I mounted my Mare and returned home to Weston about 6. The Church of Aylsham is large and handsome and an organ at the West End of it and which was played. We had for dinner part of a Rump of Beef boiled, a Loin of Veal rosted, 3 Fowls rosted and an Ham with some plain Puddings. It was a shabby dinner and overdone. Plates, Knives and Forks very shabby indeed. To Mr. Morphew paid for Procurations and Pascals 0. 9. 7½. I drank some spruce beer of Mr. Taswell's at dinner and liked it very well. It was in Bottles.

Octob. 2. I breakfasted, dined supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. To an old poor Man, Thos. Wall, gave this morn 0. 0. 2. Ben caught a Hare in the Cover this morning with ye dogs. Cut my Patagonian Cucumbers this morning, the largest weighed 14 Pounds—the other 12 Pounds.

Octob. 4. . . . Mr. Bourroughs of Morton called on me this morning to let me know that Captain Le Grisse had heard that I had carried from his Gravel Pit

a large Quantity of Gravel lately, and more than was promised me, and that I would make some acknowledgement for the same. But I believe it is Burroughs's scheme to get some mony for himself. I intend waiting on Mr. Le Grisse concerning it, when I go to Norwich. Mrs. Custance, (tho' only brought to bed about a fortnight) called here this morning in her Coach and took Nancy with her to spend the day with her at the New Hall. She is very finely and brave indeed, am heartily glad for it. At 2 o'clock took a walk to Mr. Custance's and there dined. Spent the afternoon and evening till 8 o'clock. Mrs. Custance dined by herself above stairs. Mr. Press Custance, a Mr. Walton who is a Portrait Painter from London and is drawing Mr. Custances Picture, and Mr. Rawlins the Architect dined with us there. We had for dinner, a jugged Hare, a Leg of Mutton rosted, stewed Beef and hashed Duck for the first course, besides a fine Piece of boiled Beef on the side table. For the second Course we had a brace of Pheasants rosted, some grilled oysters, Pudding and Tarts and Custards. After Tea Mrs. Custance, Nancy, Mr. Custance, Mr. Press Custance, Mr. Walton and Self played a Pool of Commerce of one shilling apiece, drawing two Pences, at which I lost, 6d. Nancy lost 1/6, having bought in a second time. Mrs. Custance won the Pool, in all neat 0. 4. 6. Myself and Nancy returned home in Mr. Custance's Coach. We spent a very agreeable day at the New Hall. The weather also was very fine, Evening cold rather.

Octob. 5. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. Mr. Charles Townshend of Honingham called on me

this morning about 11 o'clock and walked round my gardens with me, and afterwards came in and sat with us about half an hour, and then retired. He caught me on the hop, busy in my garden, and dressed in my cotton morning gown, old Wigg and Hat. Soon after Mr. Townshend left us, Dr. Thorne of Mattishall made us a visit, walked about the garden, eat some grapes, and after spending half an Hour with us in my Study, he went away. About 2 o'clock Mr. du Quesne, and Mr. Priest of Reepham in Mr. Priest's Chaise came to us and dined and spent the afternoon with us and part of the evening till 8 o'clock and then they went on to du Quesnes. I gave them for dinner a Bit of boiled Beef, a boiled Fowl with Pork and Greens and a Hare rosted. After Tea we played one Pool at Quadrille, neither won or lost. This has been quite a Levee day with us.

Octob. 7. . . . About 5 o'clock this afternoon who should come to my house but Hall, who is just come into Norfolk from Hampshire ; he supped and spent the evening with us and wanted sadly to sleep at my House, but it could not be. He slept at Lenewade Bridge, left us about 9 o'clock. Hall fights very cunning about self, he loves himself too well and would fain get a firmer footing at my House. I never asked him to come to my House when he went. He is very bold and will not take broad Hints. He will do anything to save his own Pocket. To a Brief for Fire gave 0. 1. 0.

Octob. 8. . . . Mr. Hall never called here this morning.

Octob. 11. I breakfasted and dined at the King's Head. [He had ridden to Norwich the day before.] To Mr. Baker for things at his shop pd 0. 19. 6. that is —Tobacco Pott 4/6, 3 Quire of Paper, gilt, 2/6,

8 Quire of Paper not gilt 3/0, 3 cork screws 1/0, 2 Pr of Nutt Crackers 2/0, glass Crackers 6d, humming Top 1/0, Bottle of Dalmahoys Perfume 1/0, Netting Kneedles for Nancy 9d, Small Candlestick for Wax 1 6, Ivory thing to wind silk or thread 6d. Crackers 3d, Ivory Kneedles 6d, Bandalore 6d, in all 0. 19. 6. Called at Captain Le Grisse's this morning about some Gravel, but he was not at home, had a long Chat however with his Wife. Then called at Mr. Francis's, saw Mr. and Mrs. Francis Junr. but not the Senior. From thence called and saw Miss Le Neve in St. Stephen's Church Yard, her Sister was in the country. Miss Le Neve seemed pretty well after her great loss of a good Mother. There was a Man with her of about 50 yrs old and I believe is a Quaker as he kept his hat on all the time. His name was [not inserted by Diarist], a near Relation of the late Mrs. Le Neve's. Miss Le Neve told me that her Mother wondered that she did not hear from me when she was at Windsor, but I told her that I did send her a letter as she desired and in it one to the Warden of New College by her desire. The letter miscarried, owing to its not being properly directed, as Mrs. Le Neve forgot to mention her address at Windsor and therefore I only directed it to her at Windsor. From Miss Le Neve went to Mr. Hall who has lodgings near St. Peter's Church behind the Market Place at a Glazier's, by name Smith. He was very glad to see me and pressed [me] to dine with him as he was just going to dinner, but did not as I intended dining at Priest's, but when I got thither they had all dined, so I went to my Inn, and there made a running dinner about 3. Mr. Hall came to me soon after dinner and drank a glass of

Wine with me and about half past 4 o'clock I left Norwich, my man Will bringing my Horses in the morn'. Paid and gave at the King's Head abt 0. 11. 0. To Mr. Priest for an ounce of the best Rhubarb pd 0. 3. 0. To a Mr. Chamber for half an oz ditto pd 0. 2. 0. We got home to Weston about 6 o'clock and there supped and slept at home. Nancy very glad to see me returned, having been alone all the time.

Octob. 17. . . . Gave my Men Ben and Will leave to go to St. Faith's Fair to-day, they returned in good time in the evening. They had my Horses to go thither. Mr. Custance sent his Coach after Nancy and myself about 2 o'clock for us to go and dine with them by appointment and we dined and spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Custance, Lady Bacon, Mr. du Quesne, Mr. Press Custance, Mr. Carter the new Clergyman of Ringland, a Mr. Walton who is a Painter and whom we saw before there. We had for dinner, the first Course, some Fish, Pike, a fine large piece of boiled Beef, Peas Soup, stewed Mutton, Goose Giblets, stewed etc. Second Course, a brace of Partridges, a Turkey rosted, baked Pudding, Lobster, scolloped Oysters, and Tartlets. The desert black and white Grapes, Walnuts and small Nutts, Almonds and Raisins, Damson Cheese and Golden Pippins. Madeira, Lisbon, and Port Wines to drink. We returned home about 8 o'clock as we went. Du Quesne went with us and returned with us in the Coach he leaving his Horse at my House during the time. Nancy nor myself can make nothing of Mr. Carter as yet. He is a short Man, black and ordinary, tho' young. Mr. du Quesne stayed with us about a Quarter of an Hour and then went home on Horseback and a Man with him.

Octob. 18. . . . Mr. Forster of this Parrish lost a little boy this morning. I privately named it in January last. It was never brought to Church to be presented. I am sorry for it. A great negligence in the Parents of it I think.

Octob. 22. . . . Mr. Carter of Ringland made us a long morning visit and for the first time. He is a sensible man. . . .

Oct. 23. . . . Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Davy called this morning abt 11 o'clock. Mrs. Howes so weak that she could not get out. Mrs. Davy stayed dined and spent the afternoon with us. Mrs. Howes returned back again in the chaise. At half past one Lady Bacon and Mrs. Custance in a Coach and four made us a morning visit, stayed with us about an hour and then returned home. Mrs. Davy was highly pleased with Mrs. Custance, as indeed, must everybody who has once seen her. Mrs. Custance brought Nancy a present of a leer Lawn Handkerchief and the Queens Lace as it is called for her Stays. We had for dinner a Fowl boiled, and a Tongue, a piece of rost Beef, and a plain Norfolk Pudding.

Mrs. Davy returned in the evening to Hockering in the Chaise.

Oct. 25. . . . Mr. Hall called on us about noon but did not dine with us, tho' I asked him, as I dine at 3 o'clock. He is not looked upon in this neighbourhood so much as he used to be, as his visits are merely interested for himself, and that he never makes any kind of return for the same, not even the smallest Present to any Person.

Octob. 26. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc here again. Took a ride about noon to Mr. Custance's, saw him,

his Wife and Lady Bacon, they were all full dressed and just going to Earlham to Mr. Bacon's to dinner. Took a ride from thence to Lenewade Bridge and so home. Beckham the Net-Maker called here at dinner and he dined with our Folks. He fights cunning. He came to mend my dragg Net but I would not have him mend it at my House as I know him to be an expensive Boarder. If he has it to his House to mend it will cost me 1. 2. 9 which is very dear indeed. I told him that I would send it to his House, if it was to be mended by him. I saw Mr. Custance's new Brewhouse when there to-day. Everything on a very large scale, so large as to brew eight Barrels at a brewing, every article most convenient.

Oct. 29. . . . Mr. Cary and Mr. Hardy dined with our Folks to-day. Clerk Hewitt of Mattishall Burgh called on me this even' by desire of Mrs. Davy to taste some smuggled gin which I liked and he is to bring me a Tub this week.

Nov. 1. . . . Mrs. Custance with her little Boys made us a short visit this morning. I gave her eldest Boy Hamilton an Humming Top. I gave George also a silent Top, wch I bought for them some time ago.

Nov. 2. . . . It rained so all the morning till two o'clock that I was afraid I could not go to dine at Mr. Townshends but at a qr after 2 it begun to abate and then I dressed and took a ride to Mr. du Quesnes where I found Mr. Priest and after staying about half an Hour with them there we all three went to Mr. Townshends (Mr. du Quesne and Mr. Priest went in du Quesne's Chaise, myself on horse back) and we all dined and spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Townshend and stayed there till 9 at night and then we returned and supped at du Quesnes. We did not

dine till 4 o'clock, we had for dinner a Cod's Head, a Chine of Mutton, Veal Collops, Pudding baked etc. Second course an Hare rosted and a Pheasant, some Amulet Macaroni and Tarts etc. Madeira and Port Wines to drink. We were at Mr. Townshends near an Hour before dinner, during that time we went into the Billiard Room and I played one game of Billiards with Mrs Townshend and beat her, tho' she plays very well. We dined in the dining Room and drank Coffee and Tea in the drawing Room which is hung with silk and most magnificent Furniture in it. The Grate in it the finest I ever saw, all of steel and most highly polished. It cost nineteen guineas. After Tea we played Quadrille, neither won or lost. Upon the whole we spent a most agreeable day there. On our return to du Quesnes Mr. Priest's eldest Daughter was there being returned thither from Norwich. I supped and spent the evening at du Quesnes with him Mr. Priest and Daughter. I got home about 11 at night. Mr. Priest and daughter slept at Du Quesnes. My Man Will went with me to Mr. Townshend's etc. Sent a letter this evening to my sister Pouncett. Nancy was well pleased on my going out to-day.

Nov. 6. . . . Mrs. Custance in a riding Habit came to my House this morn' on foot with her two eldest Boys and a servant Boy with them about 12 o'clock much tired and very dirty and wet as were her little Boys. Mrs. Custance changed her Shoes and Stockings and had some of Nancys. Mrs. Custance drank some warm red Wine and Water, which I hope will prevent her catching cold, as did the little Boys. Being obliged to go to Lenewade Bridge to settle Dr. Bathurst's Tithe accounts I left Mrs. Custance

etc. at my House and went to Lenewade Bridge (but called at Mr. Custances in my road thither and acquainted Mr. Custance of Mrs. Custance and little Boys being at my House) and there I dined and spent the afternoon with Bathurst's Parishioners and received their Compositions from most of them, and about 6 returned home to Weston, and found Nancy gone, as Mrs. Custance desired her to return and dine with her, she went in the Coach and returned by herself in the same between 7 and 8 this evening.

Nov. 10. . . . My Boy coming from Mr. Custance's this morning found a Hare sitting, and we went with our Greyhounds to course it, which we did and had a tolerable good Course tho' short, and killed it. I gave Jack finding her as I used to do on finding a Hare 0. 1. 0. Clerk Hewitt of Mattishall Burgh brought me a Tub of Gin this evening about 5 o'clock. Pd him for it 1. 5. 0. Gave him also for his trouble of bringing it 0. 1. 0. We had nineteen Bottles and a Pint of the Tub.

Nov. 14. . . . About noon took a ride to Norwich with my man Will and dined, supped and slept at the King's Head. As soon as I got to Norwich I went to Kerrison's Bank and there recd for cash etc. a Note of 137. 0 . 0. which I immediately inclosed in a letter to Dr. Bathurst of Christchurch, Oxford. I walked to the Post Office, and put the letter into the Post which sets for London this evening at 10 o'clock. I then went to the King's Head and eat a Mutton Chop and before I had quite dined Mr. Hall came to me, and we smoked a Pipe and drank a Bottle of Wine, took a Walk about Norwich till after nine and then we supped and spent the evening together at the King's Head till after eleven o'clock and then

Mr. Hall went to his Lodgings and I went to bed. Walking so much this evening etc. made me rather fainty.

Nov. 15. I breakfasted and spent the morning at Norwich. After breakfast took a Walk to Bakers and bought a smelling Bottle of burnt salts for which I pd 0. 1. 0. For a Comb also at Bakers pd. 0. 0. 6. For a silent Top also at Bakers pd 0. 0. 6. At Mr. Beatniffe's, Lady's Pocket Book for 1782 pd 0. 1. 0. At Mr. Tolls for a Pr of Cotton Stockings for Nancy pd 0. 7. 6. Called on Mr. Hall about 11 o'clock and we took a walk to Mr. Landy's in the Market Place a Chymist and Druggist and bought of him 1 oz of Rhubarb 0. 3. 0., of ditto for a small vial of Goulard's Extract pd 0. 0. 3. The above Mr. Landy was of Winchester and his Mother whom I knew very well and often ticked with her lived in a House in College Street and kept a Huckster's Shop there, and she had many a shilling of me. Mr. Landy is married and came from London to Norwich about 3 years ago. He has a very good shop and House. I did not see his Wife. I invited him over to Weston. I returned to the King's Head about noon, paid my Reckoning and set of for Weston to dinner. I asked Hall to take a ride with me and dine at Weston but he begged to be excused. Pd. and gave at the King's Head etc. 0. 13. 10. I made Mr. Hall pay his share at the King's Head. I got home to Weston about 3 o'clock and dined, supped and slept at the Parsonage House. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. at Weston. I was rather tired and fatigued by being out. Will informed me to-night of his being ill in the venereal way.

Nov. 17. . . . Will had from Dr. Thorne's for his complaint some Salts and some Pills. He took a dose of

Salts yesterday morning and this evening took one Pill and is to take one every night till he has taken 8 and then to take another dose of salts. Dr. Thorne says that his complaint is nothing very bad and will do well soon.

Nov. 21. . . . One Mr. Alldridge who goes about with a Cart with Linens, Cottons, Lace etc. called at our House this morning to know if we wanted anything in his way. He called here whilst Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Davy were here. I bought of him some Cotton 6 yards for a morning gown for myself at 2/6 per yard, pd. 0. 15. 0. Some Chintz for a gown for Nancy 5 yds and ½ I pd 1. 14. 0. For an East Indian Silk Handkerchief for self pd 0. 5. 6. Nancy also bought a Linen Handkerchief etc of him. Mrs. Howes bought a silk Handkerchief of him also.

Nov. 26. . . . Mr. Hall came here about 12 o'clock and he stayed and dined and spent the afternoon with us. He went away about 4 o'clock and took his leave of us as he goes into Hampshire Wednesday next, with intent to stay there with his Friends for some considerable time, finding it very disagreeable to board in this part of the Country—and which it must be to him. We had for dinner some Soup, a Turkey rosted and a Pudding. . . .

Nov. 28. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy spent the day etc. at Hockering. Mr. Custance and his wife etc. returned home this afternoon from Sr Edmund Bacons. I sent to enquire after them in the evening and they were very well. They sent me back the London Papers, in one of which there was the following bad news from North America ' that Lord Cornwallis with 7000 men were obliged to surrender themselves all Prisoners to the

NANCY WOODFORDE

By Samuel Woodforde, R.A.

American Army of 15000 men'. It was not authenticated sufficiently being only mentioned in a morning Paper from London.

Dec. 1. I breakfasted dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined, etc. here again. It is very true that L. Cornwallis and his whole army and 40 Ships 160 Cannon etc. are all taken by the Americans and French in Virginia.[1] My People went out a coursing this morning and they brought home a brace of Hares, a Rabbit and a Partridge, which they found in a Trap. They saw a great many Hares to-day and had fine sport. I could not go out with them being busy.

Dec. 4. . . . The two Miss Le Neve's with another Lady called here this morning in a Chaise, but I could not prevail upon them to get out, as they were going to dine at Witchingham. I asked them to dine with us and eat some of my Frolic Pudding this day being my Tithe Audit, but they could not. The following Farmers paid me their respective dues but Mr. Dade and Mr. Page—Peachman, Howlett, Girling, Andrews, Rising, Dade, Page, Mann, Pegg, Wm. and Js Bidewell, Cary, Bush, Case, Baker, Forster, Buck, Willm and Thos. Leggatt, Burroughs, Palmer of Morton for Brother, Beanes for Mrs. Pratt and Horner. They all dined and some stayed till very near 12 at Midnight. Stephen Andrews and John Pegg very soon got quite drunk by strong Beer. The latter was quite beastly so and spued about the Passage etc. Very shameful in him. I gave them for dinner a Leg of Mutton boiled and Capers, Salt Fish and Eggs, a fine Piece of rost Beef and Quantities of Plumb Puddings, Wine, Punch and strong Beer to

[1] At Yorktown on October 19, 1781. (See p. 285, foot-note.)

drink after. They drank 5 Bottles and ½ of Rum, 4 Bottles of Wine. Nine Lemons made use of, and 1 Pound and half of sugar from Cary's. I recd. this day for Tithe and Glebe 240. 2. 6. . . . It was rather too late before they went, but they waited to see the end of the Bowls. N.B. I filled the Bowls rather too full this year. We did not sup till after 12 o'clock and did not get to bed till near 2 in the morning.

Dec. 6. . . . About 12 Mrs. Howes and Mrs. Davy came here and Mrs. Davy was left here to spend a few days with Nancy. Mrs. Howes returned back without getting out. Soon after Mrs. Howes went, Mrs. Custance with her eldest son came here in her Coach and four and they stayed with us for 2 Hours. After that Mrs. Dunnell came here and paid me for Tithe and Glebe and Coll: Land 20. 9. 6. out of which I paid her for odd things 1. 6. 2. After that just as we were going to dinner Mr. Mountain of Witchingham called here and paid me Tithe for Bathurst the sum of 35. 5. 0. Mrs. Davy dined, supped and slept here with Nancy. We had for dinner some Soup, a Piece of Beef boiled and a fine Hare rosted. At Quadrille with dummy this evening won 0. 2. 0.

Dec. 7. . . . Immediately after breakfast I rode to Honingham and married a very odd Couple, a fine young Man about 22 years of age, by name Robert Martin and an old, infirm, weak Widow about 50 years of age, by name Jane Price, by License, and for du Quesne, as he was not returned home yet. I recd. for marrying them, the usual Fee there 5. 0. We had for dinner to-day a Neck of Mutton boiled and a Goose. At Quadrille with dummy this evening won 0. 6.

Dec. 10. . . . To my Butcher Henry Baker this morning

for Meat for the whole year till now pd 37. 2. 0. Recd. of do. for a Calf 1. 5. 0. We had for dinner to-day a Rabbit, boiled and onions, and a fine piece of rost Beef. . . .

Dec. 11. . . . Sr Edmund Bacon and Mr. Custance made us a long morning visit. I signed a Paper for Mr. Custance as a Witness for seeing him write his name. About noon took a ride to Norwich and my man Will went with me, but he returned back to Weston with my Horses, as soon as I got thither. I dined etc. at Norwich. As soon as I got to Norwich I walked to Mr. Francis's and there dined and spent the afternoon with him, his Wife and Mr. Francis Senr. We had for dinner a couple of Rabbits boiled and onions, and some rost Beef. After dinner I settled some money Accounts with both the Mr. Francis's. To the Senr paid him for Acourt Dodd Esq, money lent me 4 or 5 yrs ago 100. 0. 0. For Interest for the above at 5 per Cent, for one year and one month and some odd days pd him besides 5. 8. 6. . . .

Dec. 12. I breakfasted and spent the morning at Norwich. Before breakfast walked to Lewis's shop and there bought 6 yds of printed linen for my under Maid at 2/2 per Yard—13/0. For a Lining 1/0, 0. 14. 0. Bought also 6 yds of black ground Cotton for a morning Gown for myself at 2/4, 0. 14. 0. To 5 yds also of Ell wide Calicoe for a Lining 0. 7. 6. After breakfast I took a walk to Miss Le Neves and paid them a years Rent for Coll. Land 16. 0. 0. I stayed with them near an hour. They told me that they leave Norwich next week for good and are going to London to reside. I wished them happy. To my Taylor Harland, by his man Forster pd.

4. 16. 6. I sent by him to his men in the shop to drink 0. 1. 0. Went to the Post Office and gave one John Watson who is under Post-Master, my annual gift of 2. 6. At Chase's for Moores Almanack for 1782 pd 0. 0. 9, at ditto for Baldwins Pocket Book for do. pd 0. 1. 8. To my Barber Wileham for a new Wigg pd 1. 5. 0. In the Fish Market for some Oysters 6 pd 0. 0. 3. For one Couple of Widgeon in the Market pd 0. 1. 6. My man Will came with my Horses this morning and at 2 this afternoon set off for Weston. Paid and gave at the King's Head 0. 6. 6. I got home to dinner by 4 o'clock and there dined, supped and slept at the Parsonage.

Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. there again, Mrs. Davy breakfasted, dined etc. there again. We had for dinner to-day a Couple of Rabbitts and onions and a fine Turkey rosted. For supper one of the Widgeon rosted and which was very nice.

Dec. 16. . . . I read Prayers and Preached and Churched a Woman, my boy Jack's Mother, this morning at Weston. I gave her the churching Fee and she dined at my House afterwards, as did a young Man by name Fothergill who brought a note from Mrs. Davy to Nancy. Neither my Squire or Lady at Church, the former being ill.

Dec. 17. . . . To my Malster, Palmer of Morton for Malt etc. for the last year pd him this morning a Bill of 22. 1. 6. . . .

Dec. 19. . . . To a poor lame Boy of my Gardner Spraggs gave 0. 0. 6 and some Victuals and drink. Never known scarce such a continuation of so fine, mild and open Weather as we enjoy at this season. Spent a couple of Hours this morning in my Cover hunting Rabbitts and laying one of my Fishing Nets

for them about the Furze. We caught one in the net and another the dogs caught, both young.

Dec. 21. . . . To poor People (being St. Thomas Day) of Weston that live in the Parish gave each 6d in all 1. 2. 6.

Dec. 24. . . . I took a walk to Mr. Custance's this morning and spent an agreeable Hour with him and his Wife. Mr. Custance is but very poorly indeed, and their youngest child also very ill. They sent for Dr. Donne from Norwich on the Child's account early this morn'. Their servant brought back a letter for my Niece from the Post Office, from her Father, who acquaints her that he is greatly distressed for money. I paid for the letter 8d, gave the boy Edwd 4d. 0. 1. 0. Gave to the Carpenters at Mr. Custances as I went into their shop at Sandy Hill to drink 0. 1. 0. To John Horner for Hulver agst. Christmas 0. 1. 0. Sent Mrs. Custance a very fine Colliflower this evening.

Dec. 25. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. I read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament this morning at Weston being Christmas Day. My Squire's Lady at Church and at the Sacrament. The Squire was not well enough to attend. Richd. Bates, Richd Buck, (Tom Cary), Tom Carr, Tom Dicker, Tom Cushion and Js Smith my Clerk all dined at my House. I gave each of the poor old Men 1/0, being 0. 7. 0. We had a good piece of rost Beef for dinner and plenty of plumb Puddings. Poor old Tom Cary could not dine here being ill, but he is another day and have 1/0. Gave Nancy this evening for Card Mony etc. as she is going to spend a few days at Mattishall with Mr. and Mrs. Bodham 1. 1. 0.

To Spragg's lame son for a Christmas Carol gave 0. 0. 6.

Dec. 26. I breakfasted and slept again at home. Nancy Breakfasted at home. To Weston Ringers this morning gave 0. 2. 6. About 12 Mr. Bodham of Mattishall came after my Niece in his Whiskey and at 1 they went of for Mattishall. I gave Mr. Bodham a fine Hare to carry home with him in the Whiskey. I went with them part of the way on my Mare and my man Will with me. I went from them to go and see Mrs. Howes who is but poorly again. Saw her, Mr. Howes, Mrs. George Paine, Mrs. Davy and Betsy. The Family there in great distress about Alexander Paine who made away with himself on Sunday last by throwing himself headlong into a deep Pit. He married one of Mr. Howes's daughters, but his circumstances being but very badly, is supposed to be the cause of so rash an action. The poor Man, they say, had no vicious Ways whatever, but no kind of economy or conduct in either him or his Wife. I am very sorry for the poor Fellow indeed, he has been at my House more than once. I liked him very well. From Mrs. Howes's I went on to Mattishall and there dined, spent the afternoon, supped and spent the evening at Mr. Bodhams, being his Rotation Day. Mr. Howes, Mrs. Davy, Mr. Smith, Mr. du Quesne, Nancy and myself all dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bodham. We had for dinner some boiled Beef, three Fowls rosted, a Pigg's Face, stewed Loin of Mutton, Peas Soup and Mince Pies. Mr. Howes and Mrs. Davy returned to Hockering about 9 o'clock and Mr. Smith took the advantage of their carriage to his House, as it rained then very much. Mr. du Quesne and myself being on horseback and the

weather very wet about 9 o'clock, we therefore stayed and supped with Mr. and Mrs. Bodham and my Niece. We had for supper some Brawn, cold Beef and Mince Pies. Mr. du Quesne and self stayed till after 11 o'clock and then it being tolerable weather we set of for our respective Homes. I got home about 12 and not very wet. My Niece stayed and supped and slept at Mr. Bodhams. At Quadrille this evening won 0. 2. 6. I did not get to bed till after 1 o'clock. I had my Bed warmed and was very comfortable.

Dec. 27. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. To Mr. Cary for things from Norwich etc. pd 0. 16. 5. To Betty for bread pd 0. 0. 1. To Will for Turnpikes etc. pd 0. 0. 10. To Jack, Mony borrowed of him pd 0. 1. 0. To my Blacksmith's Boy a Xmas Box 0. 0. 6. To my Butcher's son, a Xmas Box 0. 1. 0. Mr. Cary dined with our Folks to-day as he could not on Christmas Day, not being well. Du Quesne sent over to me this morning to desire me to dine with him to-day but I begged to be excused.

Dec. 28. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Had my study Chimney Place altered to-day by Mr. Hardy and to prevent its smoking, but am still afraid of it. This is I believe the 4th time of altering it already. I was hurried all day about it and also vexed. Mr. Hardy and his Man Tom Carr dined in Kitchen.

Dec. 29. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Pd Mr. Hardy and Man for work yesterday 0. 2. 9. About Noon Mr. Bodham brought home Nancy in his Whiskey. I desired him to dine with me on a fine Hare, but he promised Mrs. Bodham to

return home. Nancy dined, supped and slept at home. To my Gardner Spraggs for work pd 0. 4. 0.

Dec. 30. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. etc. here again. I read Prayers, Preached, and Churched a Woman this morning at Weston Church. My Squire and Lady at Church. recd for churching the woman 0. 0. 6. Jack's Brother, Tom Wharton dined with our Folks.

Dec. 31. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. To my Malster's Man a Xmas Box gave 0. 1. 0. To Mr. Cary for things from Norwich etc. pd 0. 6. 2. Walked out a coursing this morning with my dogs for four Hours; had a very fine course with one Hare and which we at last killed; saw no other Hare. Betsy Davy was brought this morning on horseback from Hockering to spend a day or two with Nancy. She dined, supped and slept here. Being the last day of the year we sat up this night till after 12 o'clock; drank our Friends health everywhere with many returns of the present season and went to bed.

(*As to Continuation of the Diary, see Prefatory Note, p. ix.*)

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